



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Storage

A 473316

ND

1135

.R96

1906

v. 5



1







347



DERN PAINTERS

VOLUME V







Painted by Fra Angelico

Drawn by J. Ruskin

Engrd by W. Ho

Ancilla Domini

MODERN PAINTERS

VOLUME V

V. 5

Of Leaf Beauty—Of Cloud Beauty

Of Ideas of Relation

BY

JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D., D.C.L.

HONORARY STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH
AND HONORARY FELLOW OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD

“Accuse me not
Of arrogance,
If, having walked with Nature,
And offered, far as frailty would allow,
My heart a daily sacrifice to Truth,
I now affirm of Nature and of Truth,
Whom I have served, that their Divinity
Revolts, offended at the ways of men,
Philosophers, who, though the human soul
Be of a thousand faculties composed,
And twice ten thousand interests, do yet prize
This soul, and the transcendent universe,
No more than as a mirror that reflects
To proud Self-love her own intelligence.”

WORDSWORTH

POPULAR EDITION

LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN

1906

[All rights reserved]

Storage

Undergraduate

Library

ND

1135

.R96

1906

V.5

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
At the Ballantyne Press

PREFACE

proportion between the length of time occupied in the preparation of this volume, and the slightness of result, is so vexatious to me, and must seem so to the reader, that he will perhaps bear with my name of the matters which have employed or me between 1855 and 1860. I needed resting in the fourth volume, and did little in the summer. The winter of 1856 was spent in "Elements of Drawing," for which I thought immediate need; and in examining with more than they deserved, some of the modern theories of economy, to which there was necessarily reference at Manchester. The Manchester then gave me some work, chiefly in its magnificence of its constellation; and thence I went on into a look at Dumblane and Jedburgh, and some remote sites of Turner's; which I had not all seen, received notice from Mr. Wornum that he had given me permission, from the Trustees of the gallery, to arrange, as I thought best, the Turner belonging to the nation; on which I returned to mediately.

even tin boxes in the lower room of the National Gallery upwards of nineteen thousand pieces of work upon by Turner in one way or another. Both sides; some with four, five, or six subjects. *the pencil point digging spiritedly through the foregrounds of the front into the tender pieces of*

DERN PAINTERS

VOLUME V

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PART VI

OF LEAF BEAUTY

	PAGE
PREFACE	v
CHAPTER I.—The Earth-Veil	i
CHAPTER II.—The Leaf-Orders	7
CHAPTER III.—The Bud	11
CHAPTER IV.—The Leaf	23
CHAPTER V.—Leaf Aspects	38
CHAPTER VI.—The Branch	44
CHAPTER VII.—The Stem	54
CHAPTER VIII.—The Leaf Monuments	69
CHAPTER IX.—The Leaf Shadows	86
CHAPTER X.—Leaves Motionless	98

PART VII

OF CLOUD BEAUTY

CHAPTER I.—The Cloud-Balancings	113
CHAPTER II.—The Cloud-Flocks	121
CHAPTER III.—The Cloud-Chariots	137
CHAPTER IV.—The Angel of the Sea	151

PART VIII

OF IDEAS OF RELATION :—FIRST,
OF INVENTION FORMAL

CHAPTER I.—The Law of Help	2
CHAPTER II.—The Task of the Least	2
CHAPTER III.—The Rule of the Greatest	2
CHAPTER IV.—The Law of Perfectness	2

PART IX

OF IDEAS OF RELATION :—SECOND,
OF INVENTION SPIRITUAL

CHAPTER I.—The Dark Mirror	2
CHAPTER II.—The Lance of Pallas	2
CHAPTER III.—The Wings of the Lion	2
CHAPTER IV.—Dürer and Salvator	2
CHAPTER V.—Claude and Poussin	2
CHAPTER VI.—Rubens and Cuyp	2
CHAPTER VII.—Of Vulgarities	2
CHAPTER VIII.—Wouvermans and Angelico	2
CHAPTER IX.—The Two Boyhoods	2
CHAPTER X.—The Nereid's Guard	2
CHAPTER XI.—The Hesperid Æglé	2
CHAPTER XII.—Peace	2
EPILOGUE (1888)	2
<i>DITIONAL NOTES</i>	2

ST OF PLATES TO VOL. V.

	Drawn by	Reproduced from Engravings by	
mini	<i>Fra Angelico</i>	WM. HOLL.	Frontispiece
			Facing page
yad's Toil	<i>J. Ruskin</i>	J. C. ARMYTAGE .	13
of Thorn	<i>G. Allen</i>	G. COOK	28
yad's Crown	<i>J. Ruskin</i>	J. C. ARMYTAGE .	40
Leafage	<i>Cuyt & Hobbima</i>	J. COUSEN . . .	41
Wayside	<i>J. M. W. Turner</i>	J. C. ARMYTAGE .	42
by a Clerk of the ks	<i>J. Ruskin</i>	J. EMSLIE . . .	67
e, by Dürer and nese	<i>Dürer & Veronese</i>	R. P. CUFF . . .	73
Curvature	<i>G. Allen</i>	G. COOK	76
dryad's Wayward-	<i>J. Ruskin</i>	R. P. CUFF . . .	79
ending of Leaves	<i>J. Ruskin</i>	J. COUSEN . . .	104
			Between pages
ond, from the rs	<i>J. M. W. Turner</i>	J. C. ARMYTAGE .	108
Brookside	<i>J. M. W. Turner</i>	J. C. ARMYTAGE .	109
			Facing page
oud Flocks	<i>J. Ruskin</i>	J. C. ARMYTAGE .	123
Perspective (Recti- ur)	<i>J. Ruskin</i>	J. EMSLIE . . .	128
Perspective (Curvi- ur)	<i>J. Ruskin</i>	J. EMSLIE . . .	130
in the West, Beau-	<i>J. Ruskin</i>	J. C. ARMYTAGE .	136
.	<i>J. M. W. Turner</i>	J. C. ARMYTAGE .	132
Rosa	<i>J. Ruskin</i>	G. COOK	372
es and their Friends	<i>J. Ruskin</i>	J. C. ARMYTAGE .	140
			Between pages
raizæ	<i>J. Ruskin</i>	J. C. ARMYTAGE .	142
ya Medusa"	<i>J. Ruskin</i>	J. C. ARMYTAGE .	143
			Facing page
cks of Typhon	<i>J. M. W. Turner</i>	J. C. ARMYTAGE .	16
de	<i>J. M. W. Turner</i>	J. RUSKIN . . .	17

Plate	Drawn by	Reproduced from Engravings by
74. The Mill Stream . . .	<i>J. M. W. Turner</i>	J. RUSKIN .
75. The Castle of Lauffen . .	<i>J. M. W. Turner</i>	R. P. CUFF
76. The Moat of Nuremberg .	<i>J. Ruskin</i> . .	J. H. LE KEU
78. "Quivi Trovammo" . . .	<i>J. M. W. Turner</i>	J. RUSKIN .
79. Hesperid Æglé	<i>Giorgione</i> . .	WM. HOLL.
Betwe		
80. Rocks at Rest	{ <i>J. Ruskin, from</i> <i>J. M. W. Turner</i> }	G. COOK . .
81. Rocks in Unrest	{ <i>J. Ruskin, from</i> <i>J. M. W. Turner</i> }	G. COOK . .
82. The Nets in the Rapids .	<i>J. M. W. Turner</i>	J. H. LE KEU
83. The Bridge of Rheinfelden	<i>J. Ruskin</i> . .	J. H. LE KEU
84. Peace	<i>J. Ruskin</i> . .	J. H. LE KEU
Fa		
85. Château de Blois . . .	<i>J. M. W. Turner</i> {	J. RUSKIN AN THOS. LUPTO
Betwe		
86. Dawn after the Wreck .	<i>J. M. W. Turner</i> {	J. RUSKIN AN THOS. LUPTO
87. The Lake of Zug . . .	<i>J. M. W. Turner</i> {	J. RUSKIN AN THOS. LUPTC

MODERN PAINTERS

PART VI OF LEAF BEAUTY

CHAPTER I

THE EARTH-VEIL

§ 1. "To dress it and to keep it."

That, then, was to be our work. Alas! what work have we set ourselves upon instead! How have we ravaged the garden instead of kept it—feeding our war-horses with its flowers, and splintering its trees into spear-shafts!

"And at the East a flaming sword."

Is its flame quenchless? and are those gates that keep the way indeed passable no more? or is it not rather that we no more desire to enter? For what can we conceive of that first Eden which we might not yet win back, if we chose? It was a place full of flowers, we say. Well: the flowers are always striving to grow wherever we suffer them; and the fairer, the closer. There may, indeed, have been a Fall of Flowers, as a Fall of Man; but assuredly creatures such as we are can now fancy nothing lovelier than roses and lilies, which would grow for us side by side, leaf overlapping leaf, till the Earth was white and red with them, if we cared to have it so. And Paradise was full of pleasant shades and fruitful avenues. Well: what hinders us from covering as much of the world as we like with pleasant shade, and pure blossom, and goodly fruit? Who forbids its valleys to be covered over with corn till they laugh at

sing? Who prevents its dark forests, ghostly and uninhabitable, from being changed into infinite orchards wreathing the hills with frail-floreted snow, far away to the half-lighted horizon of April, and flushing the face of the autumnal earth with glow of clustered food? But Paradise was a place of peace, we say, and all the animals were gentle servants to us. Well: the world would yet be a place of peace if we were all peacemakers, and gentle service should we have of its creatures if we gave them gentle mastery. But so long as we make sport of slaying bird and beast, so long as we choose to contend rather with our fellows than with our faults, and make battle-field of our meadows instead of pasture—so long, truly, the Flaming Sword will still turn every way, and the gates of Eden remain barred close enough, till we have sheathed the sharper flame of our own passions, and broken down the closer gates of our own hearts.

§ 2. I have been led to see and feel this more and more, as I considered the service which the flowers and trees, which man was at first appointed to keep, were intended to render to him in return for his care; and the services they still render to him, as far as he allows their influence, or fulfils his own task towards them. For what infinite wonderfulness there is in this vegetation, considered, as indeed it is, the means by which the earth becomes the companion of man—his friend and his teacher! In the conditions which we have traced in its rocks, there could only be seen preparation for his existence;—the characters which enable him to live on it safely, and to work with it easily—in all these it has been inanimate and passive; but vegetation is to it as an imperfect soul, given to meet the soul of man. The earth in its depths must remain dead and cold, incapable except of slow crystalline change; but at its surface, which human beings look upon and deal with, it ministers to them through a veil of strange intermediate being: which breathes, but has no voice; moves, but cannot leave its appointed place; passes through life without consciousness, to death without bitterness; wears the beauty of youth, without its passion; and declines to the weakness of age, without its regret.

§ 3. And in this mystery of intermediate being, entirely subordinate to us, with which we can deal as we choose, having just the greater power as we have the less responsibility for our treatment of the unsuffering creature, most of the pleasures which we need from the external world are gathered, and most of the lessons we need are written, all kinds of precious grace and teaching being united in this link between the Earth and Man ; wonderful in universal adaptation to his need, desire, and discipline ; God's daily preparation of the earth for him, with beautiful means of it. First, a carpet to make it soft for him ; then, a coloured fantasy of embroidery thereon ; then, tall spreading of foliage to shade him from sun heat, and shade also the fallen rain, that it may not dry quickly back into the clouds, but stay to nourish the springs among the moss. Stout wood to bear this leafage : easily to be cut, yet tough and light, to make houses for him, or instruments (lance-shaft, or plough-handle, according to his temper) ; useless, if harder ; useless, if less fibrous ; useless, if too elastic. Winter comes, and the shade of leafage falls away, to let the sun warm the earth ; the strong boughs remain, breaking the strength of winter winds. The seeds which are to prolong the race, innumerable according to the need, are made beautiful and palatable, varied into infinitude to appeal to the fancy of man, or provision for his service : cold juice, or glowing spice, or balm, or incense, softening or preserving resin, medicine of styptic, febrifuge, or lulling charm : and all these presented in forms of endless change. The agility or force, softness and strength, in all degrees and aspects ; unerring uprightness, as of temple pillars, the unguided wandering of feeble tendrils on the ground ; mighty resistances of rigid arm and limb to the storms of sea, or wavings to and fro with faintest pulse of summer wamlet. Roots cleaving the strength of rock, or binding the transience of the sand ; crests basking in sunshine of the desert, or hiding by dripping spring and lightless cave ; change far tossing in entangled fields beneath every wave of sea—*clothing, with variegated, everlasting films, the peaks of the trackless mountains, or ministering at cottage doors every gentlest passion and simplest joy of humanity.*

§ 4. Being thus prepared for us in all ways, and as beautiful, and good for food, and for building, and instruments of our hands, this race of plants, deserving boundless affection and admiration from us, becomes, in proportion to their obtaining it, a nearly perfect test of our being in right temper of mind and way of life; so that no one can be far wrong in either who loves the trees enough, and every one is assuredly wrong in both who does not love them, if his life has brought them in his way. It is clearly possible to do without them, for the green companionship of the sea and sky are all that sailors need, and many a noble heart has been taught the best it can learn between dark stone walls. Still if human life is cast among trees at all, the love borne to them is a sure test of its purity. And it is a sorrowful proof of the mistaken ways of the world that the "country," in the simple sense of a place of fields and trees, has hitherto been the source of reproach to its inhabitants, and that the words "countryman, rustic, clown, paysan, village" still signify a rude and untaught person, as opposed to the words "townsman" and "citizen." We accept the usage of words, or the evil which it signifies, somewhat too quietly; as if it were quite necessary and natural that country-people should be rude, and townspeople genteel. Whereas I believe that the result of each mode of life is, in some stages of the world's progress, the exact reverse, and that another use of words may be forced upon us by new aspects of facts, so that we may find ourselves saying "Such and such a person is very gentle and kind—he is quite rustic; and such and such another person is very rude and ill-taught—he is quite urbane."

§ 5. At all events, cities have hitherto gained the better part of their good report through our evil ways of going on in the world generally: chiefly and eminently through our bad habit of fighting with each other. No fields, in the middle ages, being safe from devastation, and every country lane yielding easier passage to the marauder, carelessly-minded men necessarily congregated in cities, walled themselves in, making as few cross-country roads as possible: while the men who sowed and reared

the harvests of Europe were only the servants or slaves of the barons. The disdain of all agricultural pursuits by the nobility, and of all plain facts by the monks, kept educated Europe in a state of mind over which natural phenomena could have no power; body and intellect being lost in the practice of war without purpose, and the meditation of words without meaning. Men learned the dexterity with sword and syllogism, which they mistook for education, within cloister and tilt-yard; and looked on all the broad space of the world of God mainly as a place for exercise of horses, or for growth of food.

§ 6. There is a beautiful type of this neglect of the perfectness of the Earth's beauty, by reason of the passions of men, in that picture of Paul Uccello's of the battle of Sant'Egidio,¹ in which the armies meet on a country road beside a hedge of wild roses; the tender red flowers tossing above the helmets, and glowing between the lowered lances. For in like manner the whole of Nature only shone hitherto for man between the tossing of helmet-crests; and sometimes I cannot but think of the trees of the earth as capable of a kind of sorrow, in that imperfect life of theirs, as they opened their innocent leaves in the warm spring-time, in vain for men; and all along the dells of England her beeches cast their dappled shade only where the outlaw drew his bow, and the king rode his careless chase; and by the sweet French rivers their long ranks of poplar waved in the twilight, only to show the flames of burning cities on the horizon, through the tracery of their stems; amidst the fair defiles of the Apennines, the twisted olive-trunks hid the ambushes of treachery; and on their valley meadows, day by day, the lilies which were white at the dawn were washed with crimson at sunset.

§ 7. And indeed I had once purposed, in this work, to show what kind of evidence existed respecting the possible influence of country life on men; it seeming to me, then, likely that here and there a reader would perceive this to be a grave question, more than most which we contend

¹ In our own National Gallery. It is quaint and imperfect, but of great interest.

about, political or social, and might care to follow it up with me earnestly.

The day will assuredly come when men will see that *is* a grave question; at which period, also, I doubt not there will arise persons able to investigate it. For the present, the movements of the world seem little likely to be influenced by botanical law; or by any other consideration respecting trees, than the probable price of timber. I shall limit myself, therefore, to my own simple woodman's work, and try to hew this book into its final shape, with a limited and humble aim that I had in beginning it, namely to prove how far the idle and peaceable persons, who have hitherto cared about leaves and clouds, have rightly seen or faithfully reported of them.

CHAPTER II

THE LEAF-ORDERS

§ 1. As in our sketch of the structure of mountains it seemed advisable to adopt a classification of their forms, which, though inconsistent with absolute scientific precision, was convenient for order of successive inquiry, and gave useful largeness of view ; so, and with yet stronger reason, in glancing at the first laws of vegetable life, it will be best to follow an arrangement easily remembered and broadly true, however incapable of being carried out into entirely consistent detail. I say, "with yet stronger reason," because more questions are at issue among botanists than among geologists ; a greater number of classifications have been suggested for plants than for rocks ; nor is it unlikely that those now accepted may be hereafter modified. I take an arrangement, therefore, involving no theory ; serviceable enough for all working purposes, and sure to remain thus serviceable, in its rough generality, whatever views may hereafter be developed among botanists.

§ 2. A child's division of plants is into "trees and flowers." If, however, we were to take him in spring, after he had gathered his lapful of daisies, from the lawn into the orchard, and ask him how he would call those wreaths of richer floret, whose frail petals tossed their foam of promise between him and the sky, he would at once see the need of some intermediate name, and call them, perhaps, "tree-flowers." If, then, we took him to a birch-wood, and showed him that catkins were flowers, as well as cherry-blossoms, he might, with a little help, reach so far as to divide all flowers into two classes ; one, those that grew on ground ; and another, those that grew on tre

Botanist might smile at such a division ; but an artist could not. To him, as to the child, there is something specific and distinctive in those rough trunks that carry the higher flowers. To him, it makes the main difference between one plant and another, whether it is to tell as a light upon the ground, or as a shade upon the sky. And if, after this, we asked for a little help from the botanist and he were to lead us, leaving the blossoms, to look more carefully at leaves and buds, we should find ourselves able in some sort to justify, even to him, our childish classification. For our present purposes, justifiable or not, it is the most suggestive and convenient. Plants are, indeed broadly referable to two great classes. The first we may perhaps, not inexpediently call TENTED PLANTS. They live in encampments, on the ground, as lilies ; or on surfaces of rock, or stems of other plants, as lichens and mosses. They live—some for a year, some for many years, some for myriads of years ; but, perishing, they pass as the tented Arab passes : they leave *no memorials of themselves* except the seed, or bulb, or root which is to perpetuate the race.

§ 3. The other great class of plants we may perhaps best call BUILDING PLANTS. These will *not* live on the ground, but eagerly raise edifices above it. Each works hard with solemn forethought all its life. Perishing, it leaves its work in the form which will be most useful to its successors—its own monument, and their inheritance. These architectural edifices we call “Trees.”

It may be thought that this nomenclature already involve a theory. But I care about neither the nomenclature, nor about anything questionable in my description of the classes. The reader is welcome to give them what names he likes and to render what account of them he thinks fittest. But to us, as artists, or lovers of art, this is the first and most vital question concerning a plant : “Has it a fixed form or a changing one? Shall I find it always as I do to-day—this *Parnassia palustris*—with one leaf and one flower or may it some day have incalculable pomp of leaves and unmeasured treasure of flowers? Will it rise only to the height of a man—as an ear of corn—and perish like

; or will it spread its boughs to the sea and branches the river, and enlarge its circle of shade in heaven for a sand years?"

4. This, I repeat, is the *first* question I ask the . And as it answers, I range it on one side or the ; among those that rest or those that toil ; tenters, who toil not, neither do they spin ; or treeers, whose days are as the days of a people. I find , on farther questioning these plants who rest, that group of them does indeed rest always, contentedly, the ground, but that those of another group, more ous, emulate the builders ; and though they cannot rightly, raise for themselves pillars out of the remains st generations, on which they themselves, living the f St. Simeon Stylites, are called, by courtesy, Trees ; , in fact, many of them (palms, for instance) quite tely as real trees.¹

ese two classes we might call earth-plants, and pillar-

. Again, in questioning the true builders as to their ; of work, I find that they also are divisible into reat classes. Without in the least wishing the reader ept the fanciful nomenclature, I think he may yet conveniently remember these as "Builders with the " and "Builders with the sword."

lders with the shield have expanded leaves, more s resembling shields, partly in shape, but still more ce ; for under their lifted shadow the young bud e next year is kept from harm. These are the st of the builders, and live in pleasant places, pro- food and shelter for man. Builders with the sword, e contrary, have sharp leaves in the shape of swords, e young buds, instead of being as numerous as the

m not sure that this is a fair account of palms. I have never portunity of studying stems of Endogens, and I cannot under- he descriptions given of them in books, nor do I know how far f their branched conditions approximate to real tree-structure, work, whatever errors it may involve, provokes the curiosity er so as to lead him to seek for more and better knowledge 'l the service I hope from it.

, crouching each under a leaf-shadow, are few in number, and grow fearlessly, each in the midst of a sward of swords. These builders live in savage places, are stark dark in colour, and though they give much help to the world by their merely physical strength, they (with few exceptions) give him no food, and imperfect shelter. Their mode of building is ruder than that of the shield-builders, but they in many ways resemble the pillar-plants of the open site order. We call them generally "Pines."

§ 6. Our work, in this section, will lie only among shield-builders, sword-builders, and plants of rest. Pillar-plants belong, for the most part, to other climates. I could not analyze them rightly: and the labour given to them would be comparatively useless for our present purposes. The chief mystery of vegetation, so far as respects external form, is among the fair shield-builders. These, at least, we must examine fondly and earnestly.

CHAPTER III

THE BUD

If you gather, in summer time, an outer spray of field-leaved tree, you will find it consists of a slender growing out leaves, perhaps on every side, perhaps on sides only, with usually a cluster of closer leaves at the end. In order to understand its structure, we must reduce it to a simple general type. Nay, even to a very simple type. For a tree-branch is essentially a comingling, and no "simple" type can, therefore, be a simple one.

This type I am going to give you is full of fallacies and inaccuracies; but out of these fallacies we will bring truth by casting them aside one by one.

The tree spray be represented under one of these two types, A or B, Fig. 1, the end being in each supposed to consist of leaves only (a most impermissible supposition, for it must at least have four, only the top would be in a puzzling position in A, and hidden by the central leaf in B). Give this false type pattern.

When leaves are set on a stalk one after another, they are called "alter-

nate" when placed as in A, "opposite." It is necessary to remember this not very difficult piece of nomenclature.

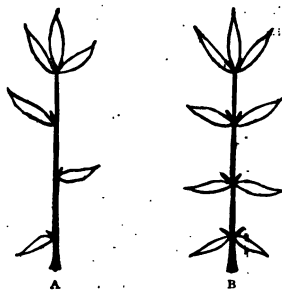


Fig. 1.

you examine the branch you have gathered, you see that for some little way below the full-leaf cluster the end, the stalk is smooth, and the leaves are set on it. But at six, eight, or ten inches down, there is an awkward knot; something seems to have gone perhaps another spray branches off there; at all events the stem gets suddenly thicker, and you may break it (probably) easier than anywhere else.

That is the junction of two stories of the building. The smooth piece has all been done this summer. At the foundation was left during the winter.

The year's work is called a "shoot." I shall tell you if you will break it off to look at, as my A and B types supposed to go no farther down than the knot.

The alternate form A is more frequent than B, and botanists think includes B. We will, therefore, begin

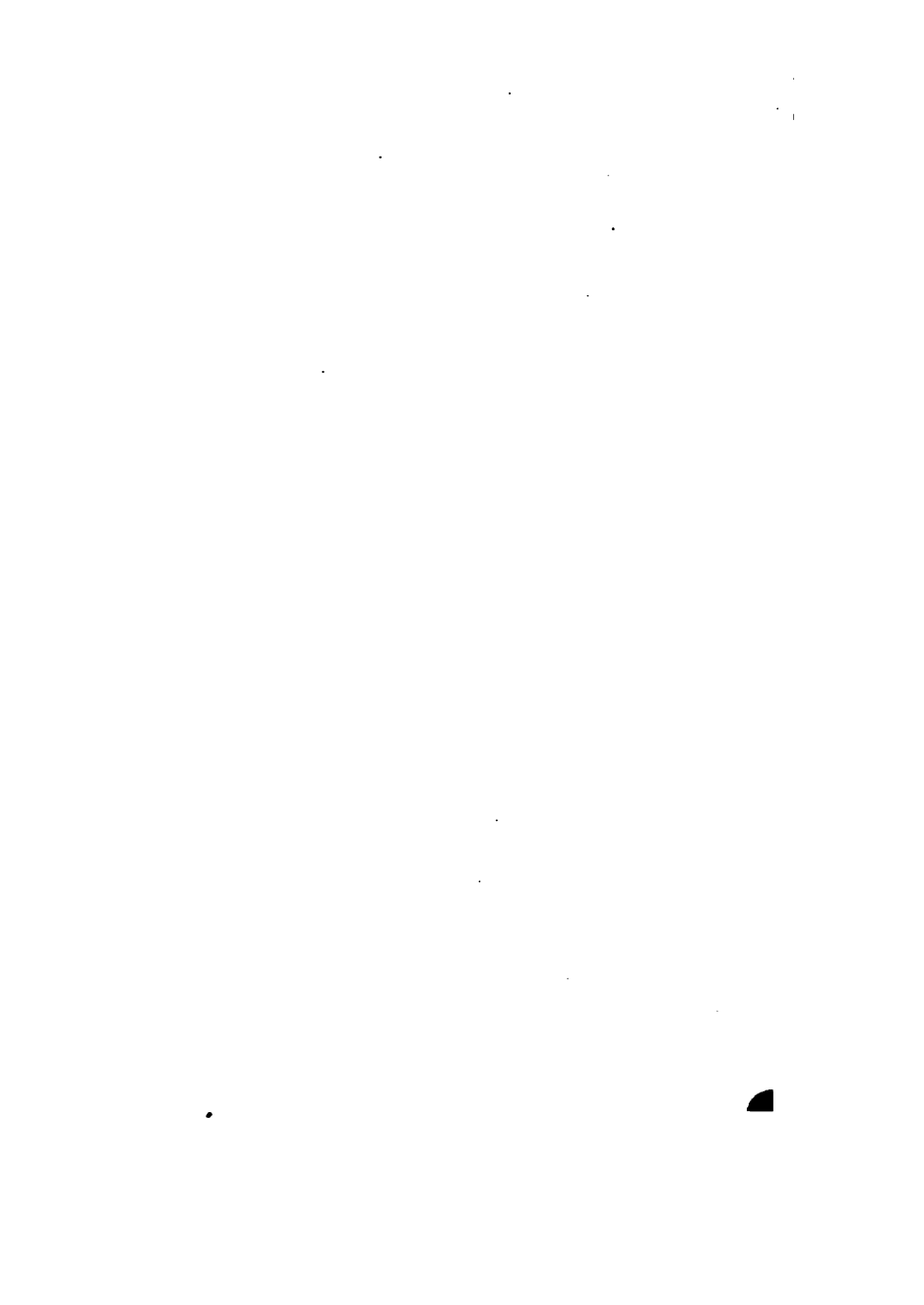
§ 3. If you look close at the figure, you will see projecting points at the roots of the leaves. The present buds, which you may find, most probably, shoot you have in your hand. Whether you find them or not, they are there—visible, or latent, does not matter. Every leaf has assuredly an infant bud to take care of tenderly, as in a cradle, just where the leaf-stalk finds its safe niche between it and the main stem. The child is thus fondly guarded all summer; but its parent leaf dies in the autumn; and then the boy-bud is put to rough winter-schooling, by which he is prepared for his personal entrance into public life in the spring.

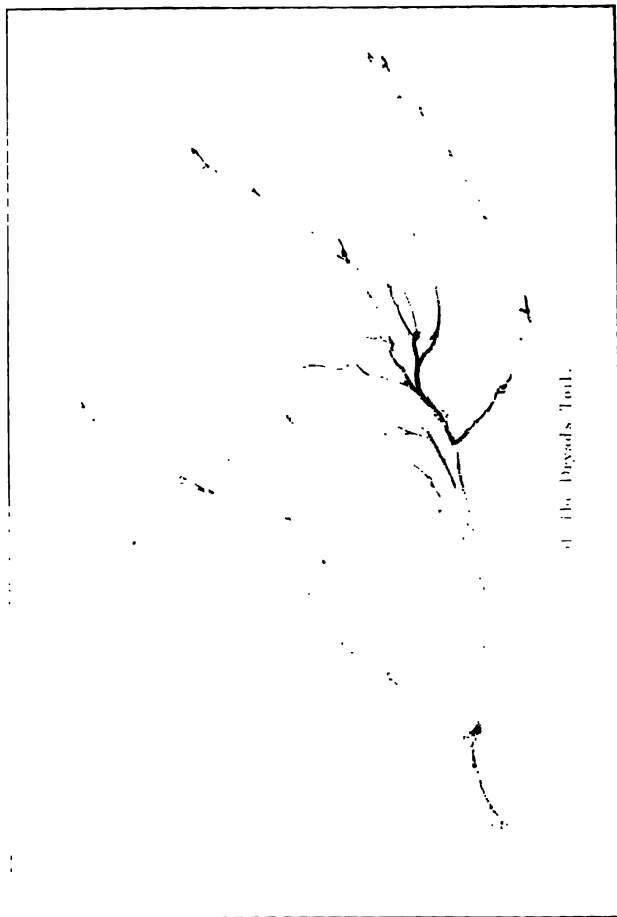
Let us suppose autumn to have come, and all the leaves to have fallen. Then our A of Fig. 1, with its buds only being left, one for each leaf, will appear as A B, in Fig. 2. We will call the buds grouped at the top terminal buds, and those at *a*, *b*, and *c*, lateral buds.

This budded rod is the true year's work of the building plant, at that part of its edifice. You may consider the little spray, if you like, as one part of the tree-cathedral, which has taken a pyramidal fashion; innumerable other pinnacles having been built at the same time on other branches.

4. Now, every one of these buds, *a*, *b*, and







of the Dryads Trail.

terminal bud, has the power and disposition to self, in the spring, into just such another pinnacle

development is the process we have mainly to study after ; but, in the outset, let us see clearly what is in.

Bud, I said, has the power and disposition to make of himself, but he has not always the opportunity. To hinder him we shall see presently. Meantime,

we will, perhaps,

allow me to assume

buds *a*, *b*, and

to nothing, and

three terminal

push forward. Each

producing the

the first pinnacle,

the type for our

summer bough of

in which observe

shoot A B has

thicker ; its lateral

ing proved abor-

now only seen as

buds on its sides.

terminal buds have

en into a new

The central or

one, B C, has

the very image of what his parent shoot, A B, was

The two lateral ones are weaker and shorter,

ably longer than the other. The joint at B is

or foundation for each shoot above spoken of.

Now now what we are about, we will go into closer

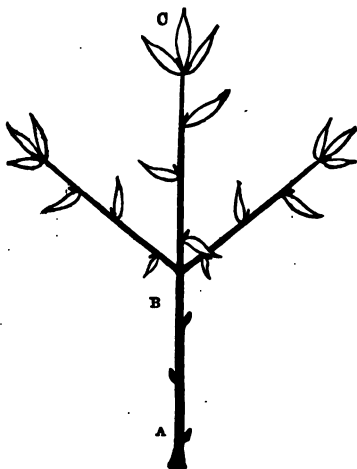


Fig. 3.

Let us return to the type in Fig. 2, of the fully shed summer's work : the rod with its bare buds.

opposite, represents, of about half its real size, any of oak in winter. It is not growing strongly simple as possible in ramification. You

easily see, in each branch, the continuous piece of stem produced last year. The wrinkles which make these shoots look like old branches are caused by drying, as the stem of a bunch of raisins is furrowed (the oak-shoot first

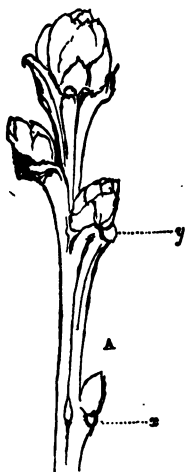


Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.

gathered is round as a grape stalk). I draw them thus, because the furrows are important clues to structure. Fig. 4 shows the top of one of these oak sprays magnified for reference. The brackets, *x*, *y*, etc., which project beneath each bud and sustain it, are the remains of the leaf-stalks. Those stalks are jointed at that place, and the leaves fall without leaving a scar, only a crescent-shaped, somewhat blank-looking space, which you may study at your ease on a horse-chestnut stem, where the spaces are very large.

§ 6. Now, if you cut your oak spray neatly through, just above a bud, at *A*, Fig. 4, and look at it with a very powerful magnifier, you will find present the pretty section, Fig. 5.

That is the proper or normal section of an oak spray. Never quite regular. Sure to have one of the projections a little larger than the rest, and to have its bark (the black line) not quite regularly put round it, but exquisitely finished, down to a little white star in the very centre, which I have not drawn because it would look in the wood black, not white; and be too conspicuous.

The oak spray, however, will not keep this form unchanged for an instant. Cut it through a little way above your first section, and you will find the largest projection increasing, till, just where it opens at last into

The added portion, surrounding two of the sides of the pentagon, preparation for the stalk of the leaf, which, on detaching from the stem, presents variable sections, of which those numbers

k, its section is Fig. 6. If, therefore, you choose to consider every interval between buds as one story of your tower or, you find that there is literally hair's-breadth of the work in which any of the tower does not change. You see in Plate 51 that every shoot is affected by a subtle (in nature an *in*-subtle) change of contour between one bud.



Fig. 6.

But farther, observe in what succession those buds are put round the stem. Let the section of the stem be represented

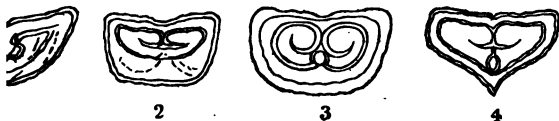


Fig. 7.

small central circle in Fig. 8; and suppose it surrounded by a *nearly* regular pentagon (in the figure it is regular for clearness' sake). Let the first of any series of buds be represented by a curved projection filling the nearest angle of the pentagon at 1. Then the second, above, will fill the angle at 2; the third, above at 3, the next at 4, the fifth at 5. The sixth will come nearly opposite the first. That is to say, each projection of the section, Fig. 5, will grow into its bud, not successively, but in leaps, always to the *next but one*; the buds being placed in a nearly regular spiral order.

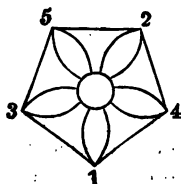


Fig. 8.

I say *nearly* regular—for there are subtleties of arrangement in plan which it would be merely tiresome to

Fig. 7, are examples. I cannot determine the proper normal bulb-shaped spot in the heart of the uppermost of the buds in Fig. 6 is the root of the bud.

enter into. All that we need care about is the general law of which the oak spray furnishes a striking example,—the buds of the first great group of alternate builders rise in a spiral order round the stem (I believe, for the most part, the spiral proceeds from right to left). And the spiral succession very frequently approximates to the pentagonal order, which it takes with great accuracy in an oak leaf, merely assuming that each ascending bud places itself as far as it can easily out of the way of the one beneath and yet not quite on the opposite side of the stem, we find the interval between the two must generally approximate that left between 1 and 2, or 2 and 3, in Fig. 8.¹

§ 9. Should the interval be consistently a little less than that which brings out the pentagonal structure, the plant seems to get at first in much difficulty. For, in such case, there is a probability of the buds falling into triangle, as at A, Fig. 9; and then the four must come over the first, which would be inadmissible (we shall soon see why). Nevertheless, the plant seems to like the triangular result for its outline, and seeks itself to get out of the difficulty with much ingenuity, by methods of succession which I will examine farther in the next chapter. It being enough for us to know at present that the puzzled but persevering vegetable does get out of its difficulty, and issues triumphantly, and with a peculiar expression of leafy exultation in a hexagonal star, composed of two distinct triangles, normally as at B, Fig. 9. Why the buds do not like to be one above another, we shall see in next chapter. Meantime I must shortly warn the reader of what we shall discover, that, though we have spoken of the projections of our pentagonal tower as if they were first built to sustain each its leaf, they are themselves chiefly built by the leaf; they seem to sustain. Without troubling ourselves about

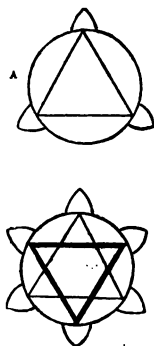


Fig. 9.

¹ For more accurate information the reader may consult Prof. Huxley's *Introduction to Botany* (Longman, 1848), vol. i. p. 7.

let us fix in our minds broadly the aspect of the matter, which is all we need for a simple practical illustration.

Take a piece of stick half-an-inch thick,

four or two long,

large knots, at

equal distances you

take a piece of pack-

thread. Then wind the

thread round the

stick any number

of constant turns you

make from one end to

the other, and the knots

show the position of

the general type of

vegetation.

Knowing the number

of turns and the turns

read, you may

ascertain the stem of any tree,

with the exception of one

only, viz., that

the shoot grows

one time than

the buds run

together when the

growth is slow. You can

ascertain this structure

by measuring the coils of

the thread, for that would

show the positions of your

turns regularly. The in-

tervals between the buds

show this gradual ac-

celeration or retardation

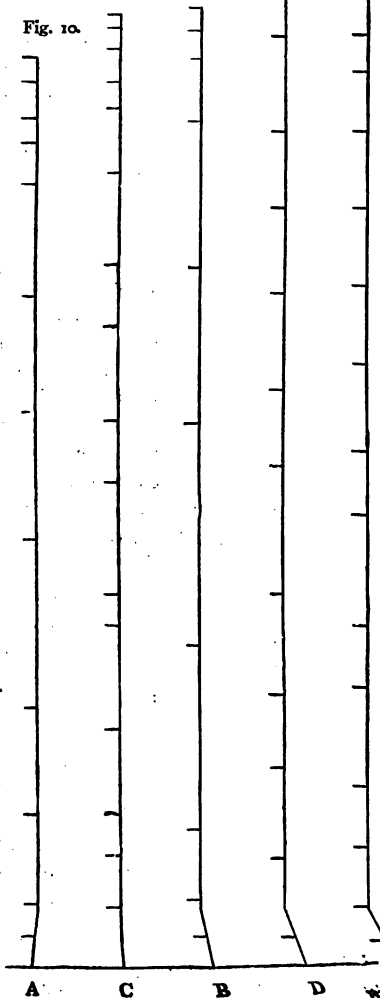
in growth, usually varied

by proportions.

This shows the eleva-

tion of buds on five

Fig. 10.



different sprays of oak; A and B being of the (short shoots); C, D, and E, on scale. I have not traced the the apparent tendency of the follow in pairs, in these longer

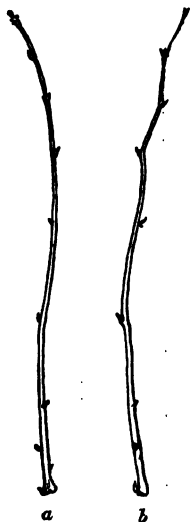


Fig. 11

§ 11. Lastly: if the spira structured so as to bring the buds on opposite sides of the stem alternate in succession, the sprays probably, will shoot a little at each bud after throwing it off, establish the oscillatory form in which, when the buds are placed in this case, at diminishing intervals, is very beautiful.¹

§ 12. I fear this has been a new chapter; but it is necessary to establish the elementary structure, if we understand anything of trees. The reader will therefore, perhaps, be content enough to look at a few examples of the spray structure

second great class of builders, in which the buds are set opposite. Nearly all opposite-leaved trees grow, like vegetable weathercocks run round with north and south, and west pointers thrown off alternately, as in Fig. 12.

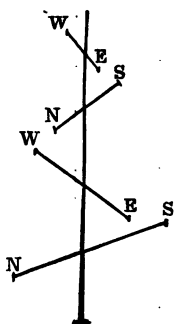


Fig. 12.

This, I say, is the normal form. Under certain circumstances, the sprays set themselves north and south-west; this concession is acknowledged and imitated by the sprays and west pointers at the next opportunity; but for the present, let us return to our simple form.

The first business of the bud is to get every pair of buds set

¹ Fig. 11 is a shoot of the lime, drawn on two sides, to show the oscillatory curve in one direction, and alternated curves in the other.

right angles to the one below. Here are some examples of the way it contrives this. A, Fig. 13, is the section of the stem of a spray of box, magnified eight or nine

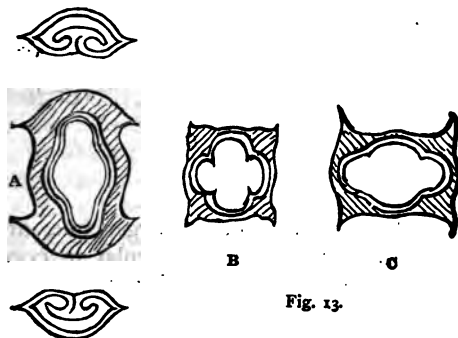


Fig. 13.

just where it throws off two of its leaves, suppose north and south sides. The crescents below and above are sections through the leaf-stalks thrown off on the side. Just above this joint, the section of the stem which is the normal section of a box-stem, as Fig. 5 of an oak's. This, as it ascends, becomes C, elongating now east and west; and the section next to C would be like A turned that way; or, taking the succession coming through two joints, and of the real size, it would be as : Fig. 14.

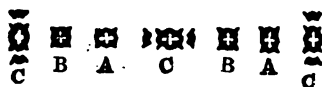


Fig. 14.

The stem of the spotted aucuba is normally hexagonal, that of the box is normally square. It is very dexterous and delicate in its mode of transformation to the two sides.

which may be seen to be at equal heights in the two figures, is visibly proportioned in their distances. There is no end to the system, if we choose to pursue it.

THE BUD

gh the joint it is A, Fig. 15. Above joint, B, go
g on into C, and D for the next joint.

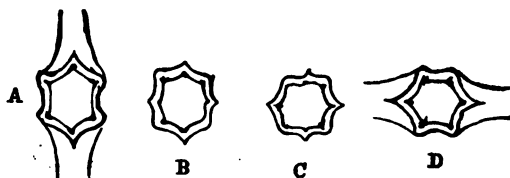


Fig. 15.

While in the horse-chestnut, a larger tree, and, as
shall see hereafter, therefore less regular in conduct
tion, normally hexagonal, is much rounded and sof

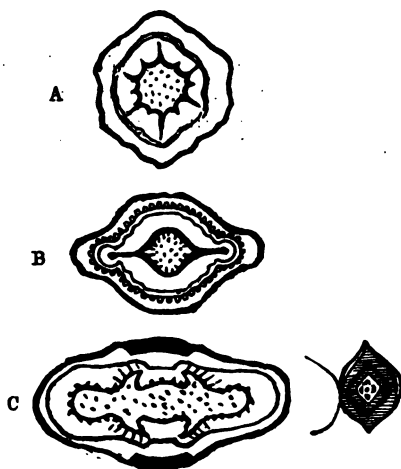


Fig. 16.

into irregularities; A, Fig. 16, becoming, as it
c. The dark diamond beside c is a section
bud, in which, however small, the quatrefoi
is always seen complete: the four little infar
queen leaf in the middle, all laid in th

keness, safe in a white cloud of miniature woollen ket.

13. The elementary structure of all important trees

I think, thus be resolved into three principal forms :
 three-leaved, Fig. 9 ; four-leaved, Figs. 13 to 16 ; and five-leaved, Fig. 8. Or, in well-known terms, trefoil, quatrefoil, and cinqfoil. And these are essential classes, more complicated than being usually, it seems to me, resolvable into these, and these not into each other. The simplest arrangement (Fig. 11), in which the buds are nearly opposite in position, and alternate in elevation, cannot, I believe, constitute a separate class, being only an accidental condition of the

If it did, it might be called difoil ; but the important classes are three :—

Trefoil, Fig. 9 : Type, Rhododendron.

Quatrefoil, Fig. 13 : Type, Horse-chestnut.

Cinqfoil, Fig. 5 : Type, Oak.

4. The coincidences between beautiful architecture and the construction of trees must more and more have been marked in the reader's mind as we advanced ; and we will now look at what I have said in other places of the sense and meaning of the trefoil, quatrefoil, and cinqfoil, and of Gothic architecture, he will see why I could hardly help talking and speaking of all trees as builders. But there is one more subtlety in their way of building which we have not noticed. If the reader will look carefully at the lateral shoots in Plate 51, he will see that the furrows of the stems fall in almost every case into continuous spirals, carrying the whole system of buds with them. This induced spiral action, of which we shall perhaps presently discover the cause, often takes place vigorously, producing completely twisted stems of great thickness. It is nearly always existent slightly, giving farther grace and beauty to the whole wonderful structure. And thus we may see as the final result of one year's vegetative labour on a single spray, a twisted tower, not similar at any height to a building : or (for, as we shall see presently, it loses in its character at each bud) a twisted spire, correspondent some principle to the twisted spire of Dijon, or twist

fountain of Ulm, or twisted shafts of Verona. Bossed, it ascends with living sculpture, chiselled, not by diminution but through increase, it rises by one consistent impulse from its base to its minaret, ready, in spring-time, to throw round it at the crest at once the radiance of fresh youth and the promise of restoration after that youth has passed away. A marvellous creature; nay, might we not almost say, a prescient creature, full of prescience in its infancy, foreboding even, in the earliest gladness of its opening to sunshine, the hour of fainting strength and falling leaf, and guarding under the shade of its faithful shields the bud that is to bear hope through winter's shieldless sleep?

Men often look to bring about great results by violent and unprepared effort. But it is only in fair and fore-ordered, "as the earth bringeth forth her bud," that righteousness and praise may spring forth before the nations.

CHAPTER IV

THE LEAF

§ 1. HAVING now some clear idea of the position of the bud, we have next to examine the forms and structure of its shield—the leaf which guards it. You will form the best general idea of the flattened leaf of shield-builders by thinking of it as you would of a mast and sail. More consistently with our classification, we might perhaps say, by thinking always of the arm sustaining the shield; but we should be in danger of carrying fancy too far, and the likeness of mast and sail is closer, for the mast tapers as the leaf-rib does, while the hand holding the uppermost strap of the buckler clenches itself. Whichever figure we use, it will cure us of the bad habit of imagining a leaf composed of a short stalk with a broad expansion at the end of it. Whereas we should always think of the stalk as running right up the leaf to its point, and carrying the expanded, or foliate part, as the mast of a lugger does its sail. To some extent, indeed, it has yards also, ribs branching from the innermost one; only the yards of the leaf will not run up and down, which is one essential function of a sailyard.

§ 2. The analogy will, however, serve one step more. As the sail must be on one side of the mast, so the expansion of a leaf is on one side of its central rib, or of its system of ribs. It is laid over them as if it were stretched over a frame, so that on the upper surface it is comparatively smooth; on the lower, barred. The understanding of the broad relations of these parts is the principal work we have to do in this chapter.

§ 3. First, then, you may roughly assume that the section

of any leaf-mast will be a crescent, as at *a*, Fig. 17 (compare Fig. 7 above). The flat

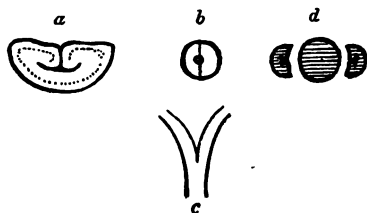


Fig. 17.

side is the uppermost, the round side underneath, and the flat or upper side carries the leaf. You can at once see the convenience of this structure for fitting to a central stem. Suppose the central stem

has a little hole in the centre, *b*, Fig. 17, and that you cut it down through the middle (as terrible knights used to cut their enemies in the dark ages, so that half the head fell on one side, and half on the other): Pull the two halves separate, *c*, and they will nearly represent the shape and position of opposite leaf-ribs. In reality the leaf-stalks have to fit themselves to the central stem, *a*, and as we shall see presently, to lap round it; but we must not go too fast.

§ 4. Now, *a*, Fig. 17, being the general type of a leaf-stalk, Fig. 18 is the general type of the way it expands

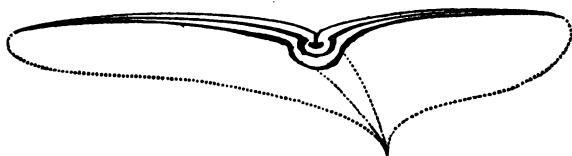


Fig. 18.

into and carries its leaf;¹ this figure being the enlargement of a typical section right across any leaf, the dotted lines show the under surface foreshortened. You see I have made one side broader than the other. I mean that. It is typically so. Nature cannot endure two sides of a leaf to be alike. By encouraging one side more than the other,

¹ I believe the undermost of the two divisions of the leaf represents vegetable tissue returning from the extremity. See Lindley's *Introduction to Botany* (1848), vol. i. p. 253.

either by giving it more air or light, or perhaps in a chief degree by the mere fact of the moisture necessarily accumulating on the lower edge when it rains, and the other always drying first, she contrives it so, that if the essential form or idea of the leaf be *a*, Fig. 19, the actual form will always be *c*, or an approximation to it;

the half being pushed in advance of the other, as at *b*, and all reconciled by soft curvature, *c*. The effort of the leaf to keep itself symmetrical rights it, however, often at the point, so that the insertion of the stalk only makes the inequality manifest. But it follows that the sides of a straight section across the leaf are unequal all the way up, as in my drawing, except at one point.

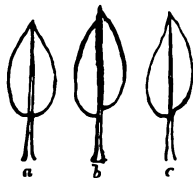


Fig. 19.

§ 5. I have represented the two wings of the leaf as slightly convex on the upper surface. This is also on the whole a typical character. I use the expression "wings of the leaf," because, supposing we exaggerate the main rib a little, the section will generally resemble a bad painter's type of a bird (*a*, Fig. 20). Sometimes the outer edges curl up, *b*, but an entirely concave form, *c*, is rare. When *b* is strongly developed, closing well in, the leaf gets a good deal the look of a boat with a keel.

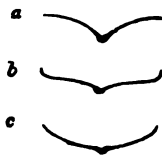


Fig. 20

§ 6. If now you take this oblique form of sail, and cut it into any required number of pieces down to its mast, as in Fig. 21, A, and then suppose each of the pieces to contract into studding-sails at the side, you will have whatever type of divided leaf you choose to shape it for. In Fig. 21, A, B, I have taken the rose, as the simplest type. The leaf is given in separate contour at *c*; but that of the mountain ash, A, Fig. 22, suggests the original oval form which encloses all the subdivisions much more beautifully. Each of the studding-sails in this ash-leaf looks much at first as if he were himself a mainsail. But you may know him always to be a subordinate, by observing that the inequality of the two sides, which is brought about

by accidental influences in the mainsail, is an organic law in the studding-sail. The real leaf tries to set itself evenly on its mast; and the inequality is only a graceful concession to circumstances. But the subordinate or studding-sail is always *by law* larger at one side than the other; and if he is himself again divided into smaller sails, he will have larger sails on the lowest side, or one more sail on the lowest side, than he has on the other. He always wears, therefore, a servant's, or, at least, subordinate's dress. You may know him anywhere as not the master.

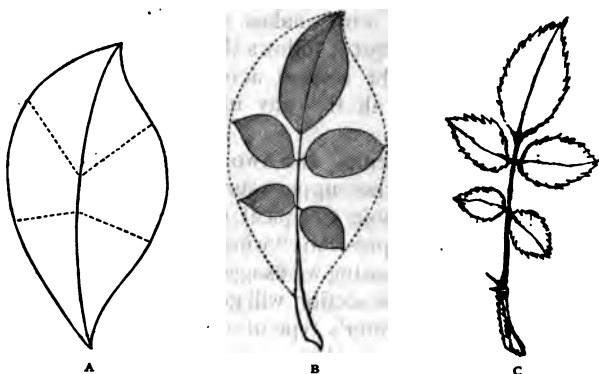


Fig. 21.

Even in the ash leaflet, of which I have outlined one separately, B, Fig. 22, this is clearly seen; but it is much more distinct in more finely divided leaves.¹

§ 7. Observe, then, that leaves are broadly divisible into mainsails and studding-sails; but that the word *leaf* is properly to be used only of the mainsail; leaflet is the best word for minor divisions; and whether these minor members are only separated by deep cuts, or become complete stalked leaflets, still they are always to be thought of merely as parts of a true leaf.

It follows from the mode of their construction that

¹ For further notes on this subject, see my *Elements of Drawing*, 4, new ed.]

s must always lie more or less *flat*, or edge to edge, continuous plane. This position distinguishes them true leaves as much as their oblique form, and distinguishes them with the same delicate likeness of *system*; as the true leaf takes, accidentally and partially, the

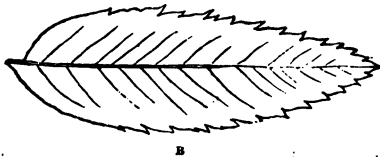


Fig 22.

ique outline which is legally required in the subordinate, the true leaf takes accidentally and partially the flat disposition which is legally required in the subordinate. And at this point of position we must now study. Henceforward, throughout this chapter, the reader will please note that I speak only of true leaves, not of leaflets.

8. LAW I. THE LAW OF DEFLECTION.—The first

law, then, respecting position in true leaves, is that they fall gradually back from the uppermost one, or uppermost group.



Fig. 23.

are never set as at *a*, Fig. 23, always as at *b*. The reader may at once that they have more and comfort by means of the arrangement. The law is carried with more or less distinctness according to the habit of the plant ;

always acknowledged.

In strong-leaved shrubs or trees it is shown with distinctness and beauty: the phillyrea shoot, for instance Fig. 24, is almost in as true symmetry as a Greek temple.



Fig. 24.

suckle ornament. In the hawthorn shoot central in Fig. 52, opposite, the law is seen very slightly, yet it rules the play and fantasy of the varied leaves, gradually depressing their lines as they are set lower. In the foliage of large trees, the disposition of each separate leaf is not so manifest. For there is a strange coincidence between trees and communities of men. Where a community is small, people fall more easily into their place and take, each in his place, a firmer standing than is obtained by the individuals of a great nation.



Shen

52. *Spiraea alba*

G. Cook

members of a vast community are separately weaker, as an aspen or elm leaf is thin, tremulous, and directionless, compared with the spear-like setting and firm substance of a rhododendron or laurel leaf. The laurel and rhododendron are like the Athenian or Florentine republics; the aspen like England—strong-trunked enough when put to proof, and very good for making cartwheels of, but shaking pale with epidemic panic at every breeze. Nevertheless, the aspen has the better of the great nation, in that if you take it bough by bough, you shall find the gentle law of respect and room for each other truly observed by the leaves in such broken way as they can manage it; but in the nation you find every one scrambling for his neighbour's place.

This, then, is our first law, which we may generally call the Law of Deflection, or, if the position of the leaves with respect to the root be regarded, of Radiation. The second is more curious, and we must go back over our ground a little to get at it.

§ 9. LAW II. THE LAW OF SUCCESSION.—From what we saw of the position of buds, it follows that in every tree the leaves at the end of the spray, taking the direction given them by the uppermost cycle or spiral of the buds, will fall naturally into a starry group, expressive of the order of their growth. In an oak we shall have a cluster of five leaves, in a horse-chestnut of four, in a rhododendron of six, and so on. But observe, if we draw the oak-leaves

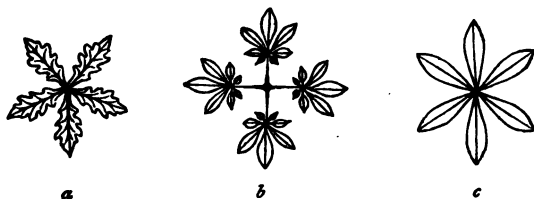


Fig. 25.

all equal, as at *a*, Fig. 25, or the chestnuts (*b*), or the rhododendron's (*c*), you instantly will feel, or ought to feel, that *something is wrong*; that those are not foliage forms—*not even normally or typically so*—but dead forms, like

crystals of snow. Considering this, and looking back at last chapter, you will see that the buds which throw these leaves do not grow side by side, but one above another. In the oak and rhododendron, all five and six buds are at different heights; in the chestnut, couple is above the other couple.

§ 10. Now, so surely as one bud is above another must be stronger or weaker than that other. The shoot may either be increasing in strength as it advances or declining; in either case, the buds must vary in position and the leaves in size. At the top of the shoot, the lowermost leaves are mostly the smallest; of course also in spring as they develop.

Let us then apply these conditions to our formal figures.

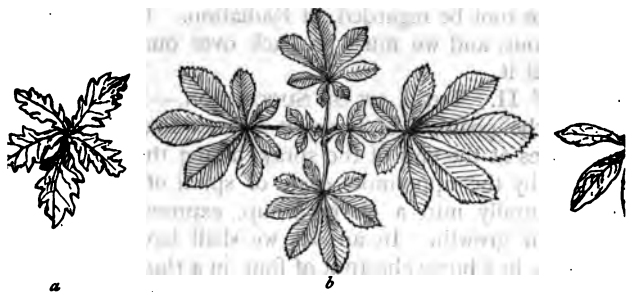


Fig. 26.

above, and suppose each leaf to be weaker in its order of succession. The oak becomes as *a*, Fig. 26, the chestnut shoot as *b*, the rhododendron, *c*. These, I should think it can hardly be necessary to tell the reader, are normal forms; respecting which one or two points may be noticed in detail.

§ 11. The magnitude of the leaves in the oak star diminishes, of course, in alternate order. The largest leaf is the lowest, 1 in Fig. 8, p. 15. While the largest leaf is at the bottom, next it, opposite each other, come the second and fourth, in order and magnitude, and the fifth and third from the top. An oak star is, therefore, always a *five star*; but in the chestnut and other quaternary

the uppermost couple of leaves must always be than the lowermost couple, there appears no geological reason why the opposite leaves of each couple vary in size. Nevertheless, they always do, so that

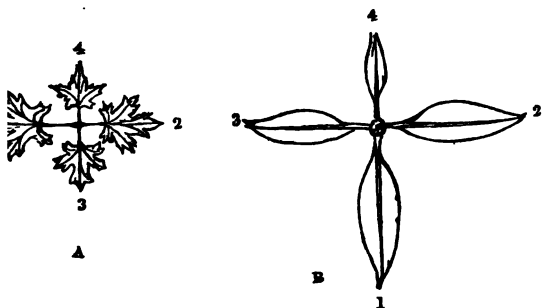


Fig. 27.

trefoil becomes oblique as well as the cinquefoil, as it is in Fig. 26.

normal of four-foils is therefore as in Fig. 27, A

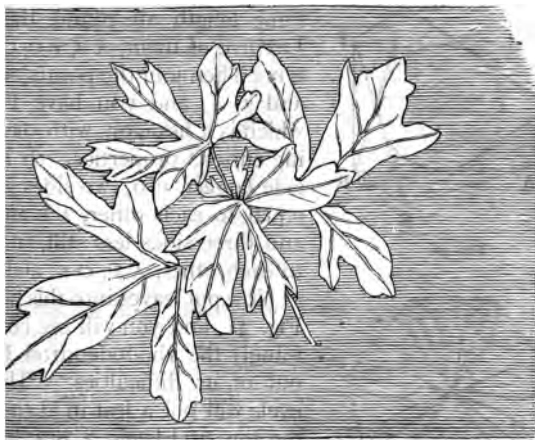


Fig. 28.

with magnitudes, in order numbered; but it often that an opposite pair agree to become largest a

smallest; thus giving the pretty symmetry, F (spotted aucuba). Of course the quatrefoil is always less formal, one pair of leaves more or less preceding the other. Fig. 28 is the outline of one in the maple.

§ 12. The third form is more complex, and

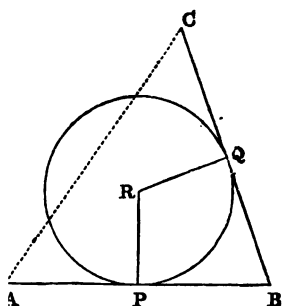


Fig. 29.

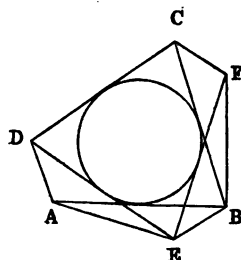


Fig. 30.

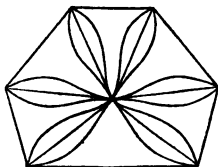


Fig. 31.

take the pains to follow we left unobserved in last respecting the way a tripl gets out of its difficulties

Draw a circle as in Fig. 29. Draw two lines, A B, B C, touching the circle, and each bisecting it accurately in half where it meets the circle, so that A P shall be equal to P B, B Q, and Q C. A dotted line A C, joining the extremities, would not be more than either of them.

Continue to draw lines of the same length all round. Lay five of them, A B, B C, C D, D E, E F. Then join the points A and C, B and D, C and E, D and F, E and A, and you have a hexagon, with interesting curious properties. The side largest, C D, two sides equal to each other, A E and B F, and three sides less still, A D, B E, and C F.

Now put leaves into this figure, Fig. 31, and you will see something like the rhododendron out of its difficulties.

The cycle will put a leaf in at the top, and begin a new cycle. Observe, however, this figure is only to the rhododendron.

That the *a* in Fig. 25 is to the oak, the *icy* or

at the living normal form we must introduce our law of succession. That is to say, the five A B, B C, etc., must continually diminish, as they proceed, and therefore, gradually approach the centre; roughly Fig. 32.

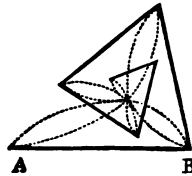


Fig. 32.

3. I dread entering into the finer details of this construction, but the result cannot now fail to feel their full result either in the cluster in Fig. 26, or here in Fig. 33, which is a richer and more oblique one. The

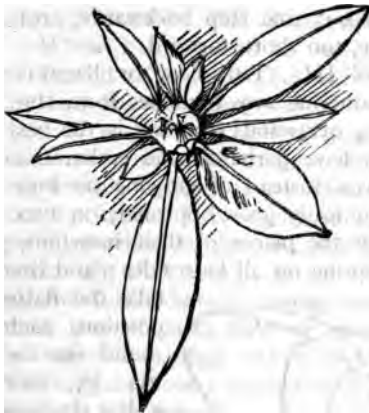


Fig. 33.

leaves of the uppermost triad are perfectly seen, lying over the bud; and the general form is clear, as the lower triads are confused to the eye by underdevelopment, as in these complex arrangements is not always the case. The more difficulties are to be entered the more license is given to the plant in going with them, and we shall hardly ever find a rhododendron shoot fulfilling its splendid spiral as an oak does the one.

Here, for instance, is the actual order of ascending l in four rhododendron shoots which I gather at random

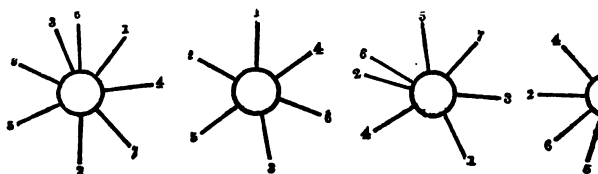


Fig 34.

Of these, A is the only quite well-conducted one ; B one short step, C, one step backwards, and D, two back, and one, too short, forward.

§ 14. LAW III. THE LAW OF RESILIENCE.—I have been gathering any branches from the trees I named among quatrefoils (the box is the best for exification), you have perhaps been embarrassed by finding that the leaves, instead of growing on four sides of stem, did practically grow oppositely on two. But if you look closely at the places of their insertion, you will find they indeed spring on all four sides ; and that in order

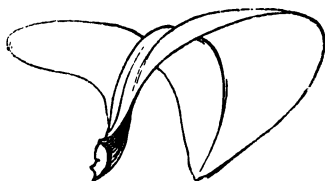


Fig. 35.

to take the flattened opposite position, each leaf is round on its stalk, as in Fig. 35, which represents a box-leaf magnified and foreshortened. The leaves do this in order to grow downwards, and the position of the leaves

and bud would, if the leaves regularly kept their position, involve downward growth. The leaves always rise on each side from beneath, and form a flattened group more or less distinctly in proportion to the horizon of the bough, and the contiguity of foliage below above. I shall not trouble myself to illustrate this as you have only to gather a few tree-sprays to see the effect. But you must note the resulting character

every leaf; namely, that not one leaf in a thousand grows without a fixed turn in its stalk, warping and varying the whole of the curve on the two edges throughout its length, and thus producing the loveliest conditions of its form. We shall presently trace the law of resilience farther on a larger scale: meanwhile, in summing the results of our inquiry thus far, let us remember that every one of these laws is observed with varying accuracy and gentle equity, according not only to the strength and fellowship of foliage on the spray itself, but according to the place and circumstances of its growth.

§ 15. For the leaves, as we shall see immediately, are the feeders of the plant. Their own orderly habits of succession must not interfere with their main business of finding food. Where the sun and air are, the leaf must go, whether it be out of order or not. So, therefore, in every group, the first consideration with the young leaves is much like that of young bees, how to keep out of each other's way, that every one may at once leave its neighbours as much free-air pasture as possible, and obtain a relative freedom for itself. This would be a quite simple matter, and produce other simply balanced forms, if each branch, with open air all round it, had nothing to think of but reconciliation of interests among its own leaves. But every branch has others to meet or to cross, sharing with them, in various advantage, what shade, or sun, or rain is to be had. Hence every single leaf-cluster presents the general aspect of a little family, entirely at unity among themselves, but obliged to get their living by various shifts, concessions, and infringements of the family rules, in order not to invade the privileges of other people in their neighbourhood.

§ 16. And in the arrangement of these concessions there is an exquisite sensibility among the leaves. They do not grow each to his own liking, till they run against one another, and then turn back sulkily; but by a watchful instinct, far apart, they anticipate their companions' courses, as ships at sea, and in every new unfolding of their edged tissue, guide themselves by the sense of each other's remote presence, and by a watchful penetration of leafy purpose in

the far future. So that every shadow which one casts to the next, and every glint of sun which each reflects to the next, and every touch which in toss of storm each receives from the next, aid or arrest the development of their advancing form, and direct, as will be safest and best, the curve of every fold and the current of every vein.

§ 17. And this peculiar character exists in all the structures thus developed, that they are always visibly the result of a volition on the part of the leaf, meeting an external force or fate, to which it is never passively subjected. Upon it, as on a mineral in the course of formation, the great merciless influences of the universe, and the oppressive powers of minor things immediately near it, act continually. Heat and cold, gravity and the other attractions, wind, pressure, or local and unhealthy restraint, must, in certain inevitable degrees, affect the whole of its life. But it has a *life* which they affect;—a life of progress and will,—not merely passive accumulation of substance. This may be seen by a single glance. The mineral—suppose an agate in the course of formation—shows in every line nothing but a dead submission to surrounding force. Flowing, congealing, its substance is here repelled, there attracted, unresistingly to its place, and its languid sinuosities follow the clefts of the rock that contains them, in servile deflection and compulsory cohesion, impotently calculable, and cold. But the leaf, full of fears and affections, shrinks and seizes as it obeys. Not thrust, but awed into its retiring; not dragged, but won to its advance; not bent aside, as by a bridle, into new courses of growth: but persuaded and converted through tender continuance of voluntary change.

§ 18. The mineral and it differing thus widely in separate being, they differ no less in modes of companionship. The mineral crystals group themselves neither in succession nor in sympathy; but great and small recklessly strive for place, and deface or distort each other as they gather in opponent asperities. The confused crowd fills the rock cavity, hanging together in a glittering, yet sordid heap, *which nearly every crystal, owing to their vain contentions is imperfect, or impure.* Here and there one, at the end and in defiance of the rest, rises into unwarped sharp

ned clearness. But the order of the leaves is one of
and subdued concession. Patiently each awaits its
nted time, accepts its prepared place, yields its re-
l observance. Under every oppression of external
ent, the group yet follows a law laid down in its own
; and all the members of it, whether in sickness or
t, in strength or languor, combine to carry out this
and last heart law ; receiving, and seeming to desire
emselves and for each other, only life which they may
unicate, and loveliness which they may reflect.

CHAPTER V

LEAF ASPECTS

§ 1. BEFORE following farther our inquiry into trees it will rest us, and perhaps forward our work make some use of what we know already.

It results generally from what we have seen a group of four or five leaves, presenting itself in position to the eye, consists of a series of forms by exquisite and complex symmetries, and that they will be not only varied in themselves, but even when seen under a different condition of foreshortening.

The facility of drawing the group may be judged by a comparison. Suppose five or six boats, very small, and sharp in the prow, to start all from the same point, and the first bearing up into the wind, the others to fall off from it in succession an equal distance,¹ taking each, in consequence, a different position to the deck from the stem of the sail. Suppose, also, that the bows of these boats were transparent, so that we could see the under sides of their decks, as well as the upper sides, and that it were required of you to draw all these boats, the under or upper side, as their curve appeared in true foreshortened perspective, indicating the distance each boat had reached at a given moment, and the central point they started from.

If you can do that, you can draw a rose-leaf as well as otherwise.

§ 2. When, some few years ago, the pre-*l*iminary *began to lead* our wandering artists back into the study of nature,

¹ I don't know that this is rightly expressed; but the meaning is *understood*.

paths of all great Art, and showed that whatever men drew at all, ought to be drawn accurately and knowingly; not blunderingly nor by guess (leaves of trees, among other things): as ignorant pride on the one hand refused their teaching, ignorant hope caught at it on the other. "What!" said many a feeble young student to himself. "Painting is not a matter of science then, nor of supreme skill, nor of inventive brain. I have only to go and paint the leaves of the trees as they grow, and I shall produce beautiful landscapes directly."

Alas! my innocent young friend. "Paint the leaves as they grow!" If you can paint *one* leaf, you can paint the world. These pre-Raphaelite laws, which you think so light, lay stern on the strength of Apelles and Zeuxis; put Titian to thoughtful trouble; are unrelaxed yet, and unrelaxable for ever. Paint a leaf indeed! Above-named Titian has done it: Correggio, moreover, and Giorgione: and Leonardo, very nearly, trying hard. Holbein, three or four times, in precious pieces, highest wrought. Raphael, it may be, in one or two crowns of Muse or Sibyl. If any one else, in later times, we have to consider.

§ 3. At least until recently, the perception of organic leaf form was absolutely, in all painters whatsoever, proportionate to their power of drawing the human figure. All the great Italian designers drew leaves thoroughly well, though none quite so fondly as Correggio. Rubens drew them coarsely and vigorously, just as he drew limbs. Among the inferior Dutch painters, the leaf-painting degenerates in proportion to the diminishing power in figure. Cuyp, Wouvermans, and Paul Potter, paint better foliage than either Hobbima or Ruysdael.

§ 4. In like manner the power of treating vegetation in sculpture is absolutely commensurate with nobleness of figure design. The quantity, richness, or deceptive finish may be greater in third-rate work; but in true understanding and force of arrangement the leaf and the human figure show always parallel skill. The leaf-mouldings of Lorenzo Ghiberti are unrivalled, as his bas-reliefs are, and the severe foliage of the Cathedral of Chartres is as grand as its queen-statues.



J. E. Hooker

J. E. Hooker



-



Cuyp and Hobbema

54. Dutch Leafage

in intention, and stronger in result, than those of his largest oil pictures. In the vignette of the picture of Ginevra, at page 90 of Rogers's Italy, the forefinger touching the lip is entirely and rightly drawn, bent at the two joints, within the length of the thirtieth of an inch, and the whole hand within the space of one of those "niggling" touches of Hobbima. But if this work were magnified, it would be seen to be a strong and simple expression of a hand by thick black lines.

§ 7. Niggling, therefore, essentially means disorganized and mechanical work, applied on a scale which may deceive a vulgar or ignorant person into the idea of its being true: a definition applicable to the whole of the leaf-painting of the Dutch landscapists in distant effect, and for the most part to that of their near subjects also. Cuyp and Wouvermans, as before stated, and others, in proportion to their power over the figure, drew leaves better in the foreground, yet never altogether well; for though Cuyp often draws a single leaf carefully (weedy ground-vegetation especially, with great truth), he never felt the connection of leaves, but scattered them on the boughs at random. Fig. 1 in Plate 54 is nearly a *facsimile* of part of the branch on the left side in our National Gallery picture. Its entire want of grace and organization ought to be felt at a glance, after the work we have gone through. The average conditions of leafage-painting among the Dutch are better represented by Fig. 2, Plate 54, which is a piece of the foliage from the Cuyp in the Dulwich Gallery, No. 163. It is merely wrought with a mechanical play of brush in a well-trained hand, gradating the colour irregularly and agreeably, but with no more feeling or knowledge of leafage than a paper-stainer shows in graining a pattern. A bit of the stalk is seen on the left; it might just as well have been on the other side, for any connection the leaves have with it. As the leafage retires into distance, the Dutch painters merely diminish their *scale* of touch. The touch itself remains the same, but its effect is falsier; for though the separate stains or blots in Fig. 2 do not rightly represent the forms of leaves, they may not inaccurately represent the number of leaves on that spray. But v

distance, when, instead of one spray, we have thousands in sight, no human industry, nor possible diminution of touch, can represent their mist of foliage, and the Dutch work becomes doubly base, by reason of false form, and lost infinity.

§ 8. Hence what I said in our first inquiry about foliage (Vol. I., p. 214): "A single dusty roll of Turner's brush is more truly expressive of the infinitude of foliage than the niggling of Hobbema could have rendered his canvas if he had worked on it till doomsday." And this brings me to the main difficulty I have had in preparing this section. That infinitude of Turner's execution attacks not only to his distant work, but in due degree to his nearest pieces of his trees. As I have shown in the chapter on mystery, he perfected the system of art, applicable to landscape, by the introduction of this infiniteness. In other qualities he is often only equal, in some inferior, to great preceding painters; but in this mystery he stands alone. He could not paint a cluster of leaves better than Titian; but he could a bough, much more a distant mass of foliage. No man ever before painted a distant tree rightly, or a full-leaved branch rightly. All Titian's distant branches are ponderous flakes, as if covered with seaweed, while Veronese's and Raphael's are conventional, being exquisitely ornamental arrangements of small perfect leaves. See the background of the Parnassus in Volpato's plate. It is very lovely, however.

§ 9. But this peculiar execution of Turner's is entirely uncopyable; least of all to be copied in engraving. It is at once so dexterous and so keenly cunning, swiftest play of hand being applied with concentrated attention on every movement, that no care in facsimile will render it. The delay in the conclusion of this work has been partly caused by the failure of repeated attempts to express this execution. I see my way now to some partial result; but must get the writing done, and give undivided care to it before I attempt to produce costly plates. Meanwhile, *the little cluster of foliage opposite, from the thicket which runs up the bank on the right-hand side of the drawing of Richmond, looking up the river, in the Yorkshire series*



Order

55. By the Wayside

J. C. Armytage |



give the reader some idea of the mingled definiteness and mystery of Turner's work, as opposed to the mechanism of the Dutch on the one side, and the conventional severity of the Italians on the other. It should be compared with the published engraving in the Yorkshire series; for just such an increase, both in quantity and refinement, would be necessary in every portion of the picture, before any adequate conception could be given of the richness of Turner's designs. A fragment of distant foliage I may give farther on, but, in order to judge rightly of either example, we must know one or two points in the structure of branches, requiring yet some irksome patience of inquiry, which I am compelled to ask the reader to grant me through another chapter.

CHAPTER VI

THE BRANCH

§ 1. WE have hitherto spoken of each shoot as straight or only warped by its spiral tendency; but shoot of any length, except those of the sapling, ever be straight; for, as the family of leaves which it bears are forced unanimously to take some given direction in search of food or light, the stalk necessarily obeys the same impulse, and bends itself so as to sustain their adopted position, with the greatest ease to itself and comfort for them.

In doing this, it has two main influences to contend with: the first, the direct action of the leaves drawing it this way or that, as they themselves seek particular situations; the second, the pressure of their absolute weight after they have taken their places, depressing each branch in a given degree; the leverage increasing as the leaf tends. To these principal forces may frequently be added that of some prevalent wind, which, on a majority of days in the year, bends the bough, leaves and all, for hours together, out of its normal position. Owing to these forces, the shoot is nearly sure to be curved in at least two directions;¹ that is to say, not merely as the rim of a wine-glass is curved (so that, looking at it horizontally the circle becomes a straight line), but as the edge of a lip or an eyebrow is curved, partly upwards, partly downwards, so that in no possible perspective can it be represented as a straight line. Similarly, no perspective will us-

¹ See the note on Fig. 11, at page 18, which shows the actions in a shoot of lime.

; a shoot of a free-growing tree to appear a straight

2. It is evident that the more leaves the stalk has to in, the more strength it requires. It might appear, fore, not unadvisable that every leaf should, as it , pay a small tax to the stalk for its sustenance ; so there might be no fear of any number of leaves being oppressive to their bearer. Which, accordingly, is what the leaves do. Each, from the moment of his delete majority, pays a stated tax to the stalk ; that is y, collects for it a certain quantity of wood, or materials wood, and sends this wood, or what ultimately will me wood, *down* the stalk to add to its thickness.

3. "Down the stalk?" yes, and down a great way er. For as the leaves, if they did not thus contribute heir own support, would soon be too heavy for the y, so if the spray, with its family of leaves, contributed ing to the thickness of the branch, the leaf-families d soon break down their sustaining branches. And, arly, if the branches gave nothing to the stem, the stem d soon fall under its boughs. Therefore by a power hich I believe no sufficient account exists,¹ as each adds to the thickness of the shoot, so each shoot to ranch, so each branch to the stem, and that with so ct an order and regularity of duty, that from every in all the countless crowd at the tree's summit, one ker fibre, or at least fibre's thickness of wood, descends gh shoot, through spray, through branch, and through ; and having thus added, in its due proportion, to the strength of the tree, labours yet farther and more ully to provide for its security ; and thrusting forward

find that the office and nature of cambium, the causes of the of the sap, and the real mode of the formation of buds, are all xder the investigation of botanists. I do not lose time in stating abits or probabilities which exist on these subjects. For us, the nical fact of the increase of thickness by every leaf's action is it needs attention. The reader who wishes for information as te as the present state of science admits, may consult Lindley's *Lectures to Botany*, and an interesting little book by Dr. Alexander 'on *Trees and their Nature* (Nisbet and Co., 1856), to which I uch help.

into the root, loses nothing of its mighty energy mining through the darkness, it has taken hold in of rock or depth of earth, as extended as the sweep of green crest in the free air.

§ 4. Such at least is the mechanical aspect of the The work of its construction, considered as a bracing tower, partly propped by buttresses, partly lashed by cords is thus shared in by every leaf. But considering its living body to be nourished, it is probably an inaccurate analogy to speak of the leaves being taxed for the enrichment of the trunk. Strictly speaking, the trunk enriches by sustaining them. For each leaf, however far removed from the ground, stands in need of nourishment derived from the ground, as well as of that which it finds in the air; and it simply sends its root down along the trunk of the tree, until it reaches the ground and obtains necessary mineral elements. The trunk has been thus called by some botanists a "bundle of roots," but I use it inaccurately. It is rather a messenger to the roots. The root, properly so called, is a fibre, spongy or absorbent at the extremity, which secretes certain elements from the earth. The stem is by this definition no more a bundle of roots than a cluster of leaves, but a channel of communication in its course between the roots and the leaves. It can gather up nourishment. It only carries nourishment, being, in a group of canals for the conveyance of marketable commodities, with an electric telegraph attached to each, transmitting messages from leaf to root, and root to leaf, up and down the tree. But whatever view we take of the operative causes, the external and visible fact is simply that every leaf does send down from its stalk a slender thread of woody matter along the sides of the shoot it grows upon, and that the increase of thickness in stem, proportioned to the advance of the leaves, corresponds with an increase of thickness in roots, proportioned to the advance of the outer fibres. How far interchange of elements takes place between root and leaf, it is not our work here to examine. *The general and broad idea is this, that the whole tree is sustained partly by the earth, partly by the air; strength*

¹ In the true sense, "a mediator" (μεσότης).

sustained by the one, agitated and educated by the other; all of it which is best, in substance, life, and beauty, being drawn more from the dew of heaven than the fatness of the earth. The results of this nourishment of the bough by the leaf in external aspect, are the object of our immediate inquiry.

§ 5. Hitherto we have considered the shoot as an ascending body, throwing off buds at intervals. This it is indeed; but the part of it which ascends is not seen externally. Look back to Plate 51. You will observe that each shoot is furrowed, and that the ridges between the furrows rise in slightly spiral lines, terminating in the armlets under the buds which bore last year's leaves. These ridges, which rib the shoot so distinctly, are not on the ascending part of it. They are the contributions of each successive leaf thrown off as it ascended. Every leaf sent down a slender cord, springing and clinging to the shoot beneath, and increasing its thickness. Each, according to his size and strength, gave his little strand of cable, as a spider his thread; and let it down the side of the springing tower by a marvellous magic—irresistible! The fall of a granite pyramid from an height may perhaps be stayed; the descending force of that silver thread shall not be stayed. It will split the rocks themselves at its roots, if need be, rather than fail in its work. So many leaves, so many silver cords. Count—for by the thickness of one cord, beneath each leaf, let fall in fivefold order round and round, the shoot increases in thickness to its root:—a spire built downwards from the crown.

And now we see why the leaves dislike being above each other. Each seeks a vacant place, where he may freely fall the cord. The turning aside of the cable to avoid the buds beneath, is one of the main causes of spiral curvature, as the shoot increases. It required all the care I could give to the drawing, and all Mr. Armytage's skill in engraving Plate 51, to express, though drawing them nearly at their full size, the principal courses of curvature in even the least graceful of trees.

§ 6. According to the structure thus ascertained, the body of the shoot may at any point be considered as formed of a central rod, represented by the shaded inner circle,

a, Fig. 36, surrounded by as many rods of external wood as there are leaves at a point where the section is made.

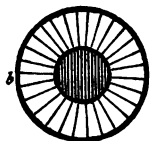
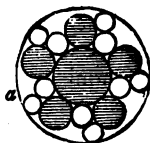


Fig. 36.

five leaves above send down the rods; and the next above send down the rods between, which, being from young are less, but yet fill the interstices. The third group sending down the rods it will be seen at a glance how a spiral is produced. But it would lead us into too subtle detail if I traced the force of gradual superimposition. I must be content to let the reader pursue this particular subject for himself, if it amuses him to proceed to larger questions.

§ 7. Broadly and practically, we may consider the cluster of woody material in Fig. 36 as one circular substance formed round a small central rod.

The appearance in most trees is approximately as in b, the radiating structure becoming more distinct in proportion to the largeness and compactness of the wood.

Now the next question is, how this descending coating of wood will behave it comes to the forking of the branch.

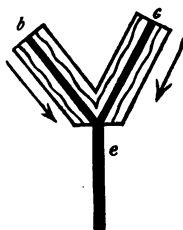


Fig. 37.

To simplify the examination of the question, let us suppose the original or growth of the wood (whose section is the shaded circle in Fig. 36) to have been in the shape of a letter Y, and no thicker than an iron wire, as in Fig. 37. Down the stem of this letter Y, we have two streams running in the direction of the arrows. If the depth or thickness of these streams be such as at b and c, what will the thickness be when they unite at e? Evidently, the thickness of wood surrounding the vertical wire at e must be great as that surrounding the wires b and c.

These streams be such as at b and c, what will the thickness be when they unite at e? Evidently, the thickness of wood surrounding the vertical wire at e must be great as that surrounding the wires b and c.

The gradual development of this radiating structure is an essential, composed of what are called by botanists is still a great mystery and wonder to me.

. The reader will, perhaps, be good enough to take my word (if he does not know enough of geometry certain), that the large circle, in Fig. 38, contains as much area as either of

two smaller circles. Putting circles in position, so as to

us, and supposing the trunk bounded by straight lines,

we have for the outline of the fork

in Fig. 38. How, then, do

two minor circles change into

large one? The section of

them at *a* is a circle; and at

at a circle; and at *c*, a circle.

What is it at *e*? Evidently,

two circles merely united

ally, without change of form

through a series of figures, such

those at the top of Fig. 39, the quantity of wood,

and of remaining the same, would diminish from the

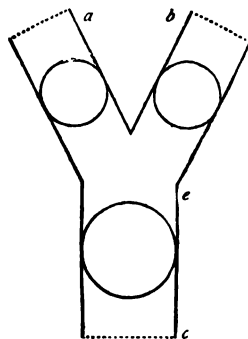


Fig. 38.

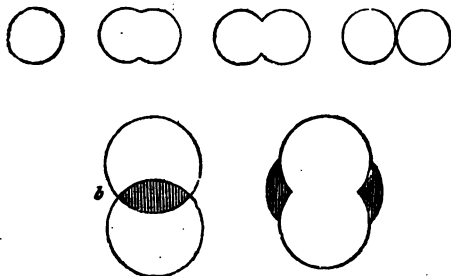


Fig. 39.

of two circles to the contents of one. So for loss, which the circles sustain at this junction, an quantity of wood must be thrust out somehow to de. Thus, to enable the circles to run into each as far as shown at *b*, in Fig. 39, there must be between them of as much wood as the shaded space *v*.

Therefore, half of that space must be added, pushed out on each side, and the section of the branch becomes approximately as in *c*, Fig. 39; squeezed out encompassing the stem more as close, until the whole is reconciled into one large circle.

§ 9. I fear the reader would have no patience if I asked him to examine, in longitudinal section of the descending currents of wood as they enter the increased single river. Of course, it is just what takes place if two strong streams, filling each a pipe, ran together into one large cylinder, with a rod passing up every tube. But, as this central creases, and, at the same time, the supply of



Fig. 40

from above, every added little current, the wood about the fork becomes curious and interesting; of which much the reader may observe at once by gathering a branch of a tree (laburnum shows it better than most), that the two currents, first wrinkling a little, rise in a low wave in the wood at the fork, and flow over at the fork, and flow over at

making their way to diffuse themselves round the fork, as in Fig. 40. Seen laterally, the bough bulges at the fork, rather curiously and awkwardly, especially where more than two boughs meet at the same place, and on one plane, so as to show the sudden increase of the file. If the reader is interested in the subject, he will find strangely complicated and wonderful arrangements when smaller boughs meet larger (one given in Plate 3, Vol. III., where the current of a bough, entering upwards, pushes its way into the rivers of the stem). But I cannot, of course, give such detail here.

§ 10. The little ringed accumulation, repelling the wood of the larger trunk at the base of small branches, can be seen at a glance in any tree, and needs no

but I give one from Salvator, Fig. 41 (from his own etching.



Fig. 41.

Democritus omnium Derisor), which is interesting, because

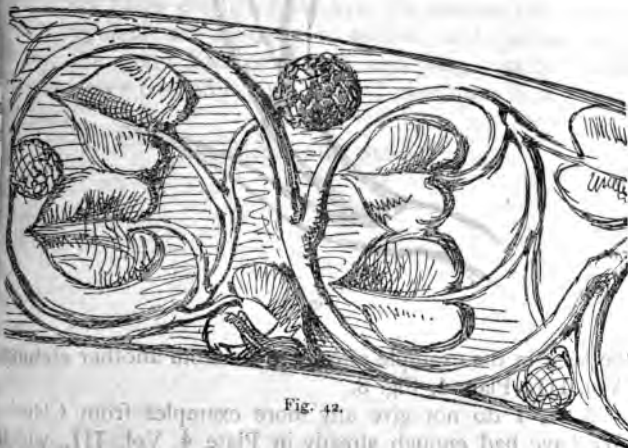


Fig. 42.

It shows the swelling at the bases of insertion, which yet.

Salvator's eye not being quick enough to detect of descent in the fibres, he, with his usual love of fastens on this swollen character, and exaggerate an appearance of disease. The same bloated as]

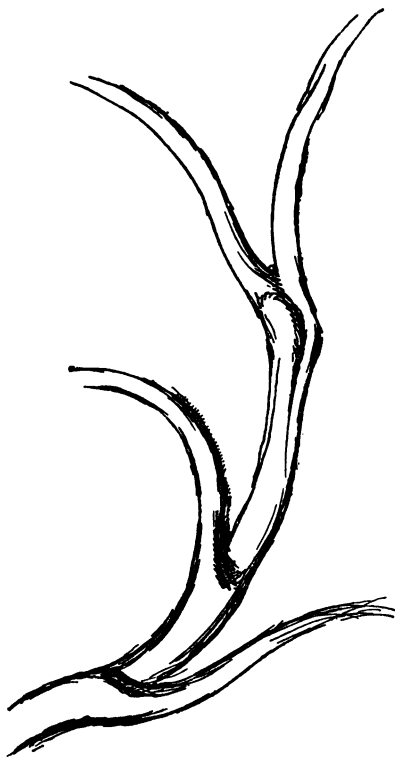


Fig. 43.

be seen in the example already given from another Vol. III., Plate 4, Fig. 8.

§ 11. I do not give any more examples from *We have had enough already in Plate 4, Vol. II the reader should examine carefully. If he will forward to Fig. 61 here, he will see how Tw*

ies, and with what certain and strange instinct of
 he marks the wrinkled enlargement and sinuous
 of the wood rivers where they meet.

I remember always that Turner's greatness and right-
 all these points successively depend on no scientific
 edge. He was entirely ignorant of all the laws we
 seen developing. He had merely accustomed himself
 impartially, intensely, and fearlessly.

2. It may, perhaps, be interesting to compare, with
 de fallacies of Claude and Salvator, a little piece of
 t art, wrought by men who could see and feel. The

Fig. 42, is a portion of that which surrounds the
 n San Zeno of Verona, above the pillar engraved in
tones of Venice, Plate 17, Vol. I. It is, therefore,
 1, or earliest thirteenth-century work. Yet the foliage
 ady full of spring and life; and in the part of the
 which I have given of its real size¹ in Fig. 43, the
 will perhaps be surprised to see at the junctions
 ws of vegetation, which escaped the sight of all the
 erate landscape-painters of Italy, expressed by one of
 nple architectural workmen six hundred years ago.

now know enough, I think, of the internal conditions
 regulate tree-structure to enable us to investigate,
 , the great laws of branch and stem aspect. But
 re very beautiful; and we will give them a separate
 r.

¹ [Reduced for this edition.]

CHAPTER VII

THE STEM

§ 1 WE must be content, in this most complex subject to advance very slowly; and our easiest, if not our only way, will be to examine, first, the conditions under which boughs would form, supposing them all to divide in a plane, as your hand divides when you lay it flat on the table with the fingers as wide apart as you can. And then we will deduce the laws of ramification which follow on the real structure of branches, which truly divide, not in a plane, but as your fingers separate if you hold a large round ball with them.

The reader has, I hope, a clear idea by this time of the main principle of tree-growth; namely, that the increase is by addition, or superimposition, not extension. A branch does not stretch itself out as a leech stretches its body. But it receives additions at its extremity, and proportionally increases its thickness. For although the actual growing shoot, or growing point, of any year, lengthens itself gradually until it reaches its terminal bud, after that bud is formed, its length is fixed. It is thenceforth one joint in the tree, like the joint of a pillar, on which other joints may be laid to elongate the pillar, but which does not itself stretch. A tree is thus truly edified, or built up like a house.

§ 2. I am not sure with what absolute stringency the law is observed, or what slight lengthening of substance may be traceable by close measurement among inferior branches. For practical purposes, we may assume the law is final, and that if we represent the state of a branch at any point or extremity of branch, in any given year un-

simplest possible type, Fig. 44, *a*, of two shoots, with terminal buds, springing from one stem, its growth next year may be expressed by the type, Fig. 44, *b*, in which, the original stems not changing or increasing, the terminal buds have built up each another story of plant, or repetition of the original form; and, in order to support this new edifice, have sent down roots all the way to the ground, so as to enclose and thicken the inferior stem.

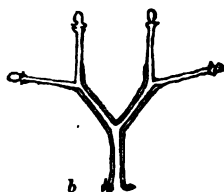


Fig. 44.

But if this is so, how does the original stem, which never lengthens, ever become the tall trunk of a tree? The arrangement just stated provides very satisfactorily for making it stout, but not for making it tall. If the ramification proceeds in this way, the tree must assuredly become a round compact ball of short sticks, attached to the ground by a very stout, almost invisible, stem, like a puff-ball.

For if we take the form above, on a small scale, merely to see what comes of it, and carry its branching three steps further, we get the successive conditions in Fig. 45, of which the last comes already round to the ground.

"But those forms really look something like trees!"



Fig. 45.

Yes, if they were on a large scale. But each of the little shoots is only six or seven inches long; the whole cluster would but be three or four feet over, and touches the ground *already at its extremity*. It would enlarge if it went on growing, but never rise from the ground.

§ 3. This is an interesting question: one, also, which

fear, we must solve, so far as yet it can be solved, little help. Perhaps nothing is more curious in the story of human mind than the way in which the science of botany has become oppressed by nomenclature. He perhaps the first question which an intelligent child will think of asking about a tree: "Mamma, how does it rise from its trunk?" and you may open one botanical work after another, and good ones too, and by sensible men,—shall not find this child's question fairly put, much less fairly answered. You will be told gravely that a stem has received many names, such as *culmus*, *stipes*, and *truncus*; that twigs were once called *flagella*, but are now called *ramuli*; and that Mr. Link calls a straight stem, *caulis erectus*, branches on its sides, a *caulis excurrentis*; and a stem which at a certain distance above the earth breaks out into irregular ramifications, a *caulis deliquescentis*. All this and honour be to Mr. Link! But at this moment, what we want to know *why* one stem breaks out "at a certain distance," and the other not at all, we find no great light in those splendid excurrenties and deliquescenties. "at a certain distance?" Yes: but why not before? or then? How was it that, for many and many a year ago, young shoots agreed to construct a vertical tower, or at least, the nucleus of one, and then, one merry day, changed their minds, and built about their metropolis in all directions, nobody knows where, far into the air in free deliquescence. How is it that yonder larch-stem grows straight and while its branches, constructed by the same process as the mother trunk, and under the mother trunk's constant inspection and direction, nevertheless have lost all the mother's manners, and go forking and flashing about, more cracklings of spitefullest lightning than gentle branches of trees that dip green leaves in dew?

§ 4. We have probably, many of us, missed the point of such questions as these, because we too readily associate the structure of trees with that of flowers. The flower part of a plant shoots out or up, in some given direction, until, at a stated period, it opens or branches into branches, not by a law just as fixed, and just as inexplicable as which numbers the joints of an animal's

the head on its right joint. In many forms of foxglove, aloe, hemlock, or blossom of maize—the structure of the flowering part so far assimilates itself to a tree, that we not unnaturally think of a tree as a large flower, or large remnant of flower, run to ground and we suppose the time and place of its branches just as organically determined as the height of a stalk of straw, or hemlock pipe, and the fashion of its growth just as fixed as the shape of petals in a pansy petal.

But that is not so; not so in anywise. So far as we can watch a tree, it is produced throughout by the same process, which repetitions, however, are rarely directed so as to produce one effect at one time and another at another time. A young sapling has as much as the tall tree. He does not shoot up a long thin rod, and begin to branch when he is fifteen feet high, as the hemlock or foxglove does when he has reached its ten or fifteen inches. The sapling conducts himself with all the dignity of a tree from the first;—only he so manages his branches as to get a support for his future life, in a strong straight stem that will hold him well off the ground. Prudent sapling!—but how does he manage this? how keep his branches from rambling about, till the proper time when on what plea dismiss them from his service if they do not help his provident purpose? So again, no difference in mode of construction between the trunk of a pine and its branch. But external circumstances so far interfere with the results of this repeated process, that a stone pine rises for a hundred feet tall, and then suddenly bursts into a cloud. It is a knowledge of the mode in which such change may occur which forms the true natural history of trees;—not the accurate, their moral history. An animal is born with so many limbs, and a head of such a shape. A man, strictly speaking, not its history, but one fact in its history: a fact of which no other account can be given than that it was so appointed. But a tree is born without a head: it has got to make its own head. It is b

like a little family from which a great nation is to sprir and at a certain time, under peculiar external circumstance this nation, every individual of which remains the same nature and temper, yet gives itself a new political constitution, and sends out branch colonies, which enforms of law and life entirely different from those of parent state. That is the history of the state. It is also history of a tree.

§ 6. Of these hidden histories, I know and can tell y as little as I did of the making of rocks. It will be enof for me if I can put the difficulty fairly before you, show y clearly such facts as are necessary to the understanding great Art, and so leave you to pursue, at your pleast the graceful mystery of this imperfect leafage life.

I took in the outset the type of a *triple* bud as the m general that could be given of all trees, because it represe a prevalently upright main tendency, with a capacity branching on both sides. I would have sho the power of branching on *all* sides if I cou but we must be content at first with simplest condition. From what we have s since of bud structure, we may now make a type more complete by giving each bud a r proportioned to its size. And our element type of tree plant will be as in Fig. 46.



Fig. 46.

§ 7. Now these three buds, though differently plac have all one mind. No bud has an oblique mind. Ev one would like, if he could, to grow upright, and it because the midmost one has entirely his own way in t matter, that he is largest. He is an elder brother;—birthright is to grow straight towards the sky. A youn child may perhaps supplant him, if he does not care his privilege. In the meantime all are of one family, t love each other,—so that the two lateral buds do not st aside because they like it, but to let their more favou brother grow in peace. All the three buds and roots h at heart the same desire;—which is, the one to grow straight as he can towards bright heaven, the other a he can into dark earth. Up to light and down to to air and into rock :—that is their mind and

or ever. So far as they can, in kindness to each other, and by sufferance of external circumstances, work out that destiny, they will. But their beauty will not result from their working it out,—only from their maintained purpose and resolve to do so, if it may be. They will fail—certainly two, perhaps all three of them: fail egregiously;—ridiculously;—it may be, agonizingly. Instead of growing up, they may be wholly sacrificed to happier buds above, and have to grow *down*, sideways, roundabout ways, all sorts of ways. Instead of getting down quietly into the convent of the earth, they may have to cling and crawl about hardest and hottest angles of it, full in sight of man and beast, and roughly trodden under foot by them;—stumbling-blocks to many.

Yet out of such sacrifice, gracefully made—such misfortune, gloriously sustained—all their true beauty is to arise. Yes, and from more than sacrifice—more than misfortune: from *death*. Yes, and more than death: from the worst kind of death: not natural, coming to each in its due time; but premature, oppressed, unnatural, misguided—or so it would seem—to the poor dying sprays. Yet, without such death, no strong trunk were ever possible; no grace of glorious limb or glittering leaf; no companionship with the rest of nature or with man.

§ 8. Let us see how this must be. We return to our poor little threefold type, Fig. 46, above. Next year he will become as in Fig. 47. The two lateral buds keeping as much as may be out of their brother's way, and yet growing upwards with a will, strike diagonal lines, and in moderate comfort accomplish their year's life and terminal buds. But what is to be done next? Forming the triple terminal head on this diagonal line, we find that one of our next year's buds, *c*, will have to grow down again, which is very hard; and another, *b*, will run right against the lateral branch of the upper bud, *A*, which must not be allowed under any circumstances.

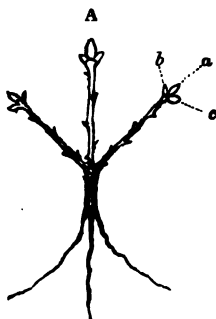


Fig. 47

What are we to do?

§ 9. The best we can. Give up our straightness, some of our length, and consent to grow short, and crook

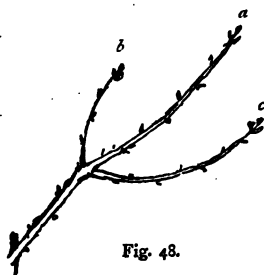


Fig. 48.

Bud *b* shall be ordered to stoop forward and keep his head of the great bough's way, as Fig. 48, and grow as he best with the consumptive pain in chest. To give him a little room, the elder brother, *a*, stoop a little forward also, covering himself when he has got out of *b*'s way; and bud *c* be encouraged to bend him

bravely round and up, after his first start in that disagreeable downward direction. Poor *b*, withdrawn from air light between *a* and *A*, and having to live stooping sides, cannot make much of himself, and is stunted feeble; *c*, having free play for his energies, bends up with will, and becomes handsomer, to our minds, than if he had been straight, and *a* is none the worse for his concessions to unhappy *b* in early life.

So far well for this year. But how for next? *b* is already too near the spray above him, even for his own strength and comfort; much less, with his weak constitution, can he be able to throw up any strong new shoots. And if he did, they would only run into those of the bough above. (If the reader will proceed in the construction of the whole figure he will see that this is so.) Under these discouragements and deficiencies, *b* is probably frightened, and drops off. The bough proceeds, mutilated and itself somewhat discouraged. But it repeats its sin and good-natured compliances, and at the close of the year, new wood from all the leaves having concealed the stump, and effaced the memory of poor lost *b*, and perhaps a consolatory bud lower down having thrown a tiny spray to make the most of the vacant space in the main stem, we shall find the bough in some such shape as Fig. 49.

§ 10. Wherein we already see the germ of our irre-

ending branch, which might ultimately be much the prettier for the loss of *b*. Alas! the Fates have forbidden even this. While the low bough is making all these exertions, the boughs of *A*, above him, higher in air, have made the same under happier auspices. Every year their thicker leaves more and more forbid the light; and, after rain, shed their own drops unwittingly on the unfortunate lower

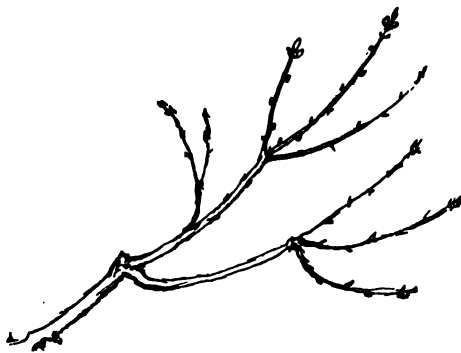


Fig. 49.

bough, and prevent the air or sun from drying his bark, checking the chill in his medullary rays. Slowly a senseless languor gains upon him. He buds here or there, hardly, in the spring; but the flow of strong wood from above oppresses him even about his root, where it joins the trunk. The very sap does not turn aside to him, it rushes up to the stronger, laughing leaves far above. It is no more worth having; and abandoning all effort, the poor bough drops, and finds consummation of destiny in helping an old woman's fire.

When he is gone, the one next above is left with greater room, and will shoot now from points of its sprays which were before likely to perish. Hence another condition of irregularity in form. But that bough also will in its turn, though after longer persistence. Gradually thus the central trunk is built, and the branches by whose help it was formed cast off, leaving here and there scars, which are all effaced by years, or lost sight of among roughness and furrows of the aged surface. The work continually advancing, and thus the head of foliage on a tree is not an expansion at a given height, like a bell, but the collective group of boughs, or workmen.

who have got up so far, and will get up higher next year still losing one or two of their number underneath.

§ 11. So far well. But this only accounts for the formation of a vertical trunk. How is it that at a certain height this vertical trunk ceases to be built; and irregular branches spread in all directions?

First: In a great number of trees, the vertical trunk never ceases to be built. It is confused, at the top of the tree, among other radiating branches, being at first of course, just as slender as they, and only prevailing over them in time. It shows at the top the same degree of irregularity and undulation as a sapling; and is transformed gradually into straightness lower down (see Fig. 50). The reader has only to take an hour's ramble, to see for himself how many trees are thus constructed, if circumstances are favourable to their growth. Again, the mystery of blossoming has great influence in increasing the tendency to dispersion among the upper boughs; but this part of vegetative structure I cannot enter into; it is too subtle and has, besides, no absolute bearing on our subject; the principal conditions which produce the varied play of branches being purely mechanical. The point at which they show a determined tendency to spread is generally to be conceived as a place of *rest* for the tree, where it has reached the height from the ground at which ground mist, imperfect circulation of air, etc., have ceased to operate injuriously on it, and where it has free room for air, and light for its growth.

§ 12. I find there is quite an infinite interest in watching the different ways in which trees part their sprays at their resting-place, and the sometimes abrupt, sometimes gradual and undiscoverable, severing of the upright stem into wandering and wilful branches; but a volume, instead of a chapter or two, and quite a little gallery of plates would be needed to illustrate the various grace of this division associated as it is with an exquisitely subtle effacing of the *undulation* in the thicker stems, by the flowing down of the wood from above; the curves which are too violent for the branches being filled up, so that what was at *a*, Fig. 1, becomes as at *b*, and when the main stem is old, and

o straightness by almost imperceptible curves,
ully gradated emphasis of
being carried to the branch

hitherto we have confined
entirely to examination of
the plane. We must glance
only to ascertain how
it is to do more than

at the conditions of form
ult from the throwing out
es, not in one plane, but
s. "As your fingers divide

hold a ball," I said: or,
urge cup, without a handle.
how such ramification will
one of the bud groups,
r old friend the oak. We

ned usually into five shoots.
hen (Fig. 51), a five-sided
nel with a stout rod run-
ugh the centre of it. In

it is seen from above, so
to show the inside, and a
quely; that the central rod
hide any of the angles.

us suppose that, where the
this cup were, we have,

ive rods, as in Fig. 52, A,
ibs of a pentagonal um-
ied inside out by the wind.

I dot the pentagon
infects their extremities, to keep their positions
hen these five rods, with the central one, will
be the five shoots, and the leader, from a vigorous
-spray. Put the leaves on each; the five-foiled
extremity, and the others, now not quite formally,
on the whole as in Fig. 3 above, and we have the
. 52, B—rather a pretty one.

y considering the various aspects which the five
take in Fig. 52, as the entire group was seen

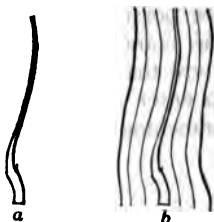


Fig. 50.

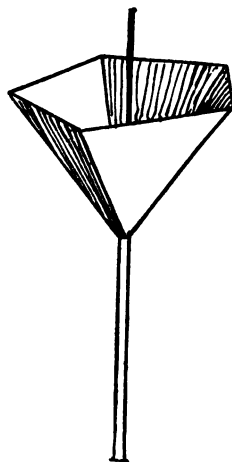


Fig. 51.

would be for both of us; if we were to try to follow the complexities of branch order in trees of irregular growth such as the rhododendron. I tried to do it, at least, in the pine, in section, but saw I was getting into a perfect maelström of spirals, from which no efforts would have freed me, in any imaginable time, and the only safe way was to keep wholly out of the stream.

§ 16. The alternate system, leading especially to the formation of forked trees, is more manageable; and the reader is master of perspective, he may proceed some distance in the examination of that for himself. But I do not care to frighten the general reader by many diagrams: the book is always sure to open at them when he takes it up. I will venture on one which has perhaps something a little amusing about it, and is really of importance.

§ 17. Let X, Fig. 54, represent a shoot of any opposite-leaved tree. The mode in which it will grow into a tree

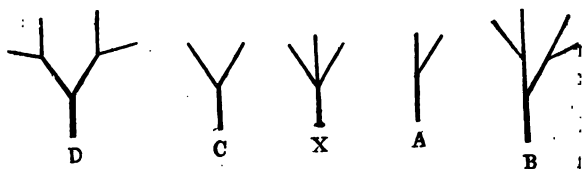


Fig. 54.

depends, mainly, on its disposition to lose the leader to a lateral shoot. If it keeps the leader, but drops the lateral, it takes the form A, and next year by a repetition of the process, B. But if it keeps the laterals, and drops the leader, it becomes, first, C, and next year, D. The form A is almost universal in spiral or alternate trees, and it is especially to be noted as bringing about the result, that in any given forking, one bough always goes on in its own direct course, and the other leaves it so that they do not separate as if one was repelled from the other.

Thus in Fig. 55, a perfect and nearly symmetrical form of ramification, by Turner (lowest bough but on the tree on the left in the "Château of La belle G

d the centre of a rose. So that any one of these
d branches—though, seen from above, it would present
ametrical figure, as if it were not flattened (A, Fig. 53)



Fig. 53.

n sideways, or in profile, will show itself to be at least
uch flattened as at B.

5. You may thus regard the whole tree as composed
series of such thick, flat, branch-leaves; only incom-
ly more varied and enriched in framework as they
d; and arranged more or less in spirals round the

Gather a cone of a Scotch fir; begin at the bottom
and pull off the seeds, so as to show one of the
rows of them continuously, from the bottom to the
aving enough seeds above them to support the row.

the gradual lengthening of the seeds from the root,
spiral arrangement, and their limitation within a
l, convex form, furnish the best *severe* type you can

of the branch system of all stemmed trees; and
seed of the cone represents, not badly, the sort of
ed solid leaf-shape which all complete branches have.

if you will try to draw the spiral of the fir-cone, you
understand something about tree-perspective, which
e generally useful. Finally, if you note the way in

the seeds of the cone slip each farther and farther
ach other, so as to change sides in the middle of
ne, and obtain a reversed action of spiral lines i
er half, you may imagine what a piece of work w
v.

would be for both of us, if we were to try to follow complexities of branch order in trees of irregular growth such as the rhododendron. I tried to do it, at least the pine, in section, but saw I was getting into a permaelström of spirals, from which no efforts would have freed me, in any imaginable time, and the only safe way was to keep wholly out of the stream.

§ 16. The alternate system, leading especially to formation of forked trees, is more manageable; and the reader is master of perspective, he may proceed so far as distance in the examination of that for himself. But I do not care to frighten the general reader by many diagrams: the book is always sure to open at them when he takes it up. I will venture on one which has perhaps something a little amusing about it, and is really of importance.

§ 17. Let X, Fig. 54, represent a shoot of any opposite-leaved tree. The mode in which it will grow into a

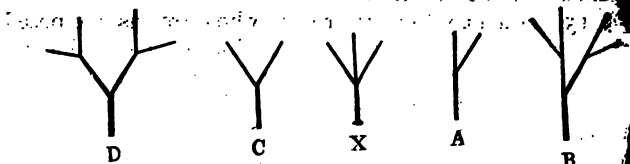
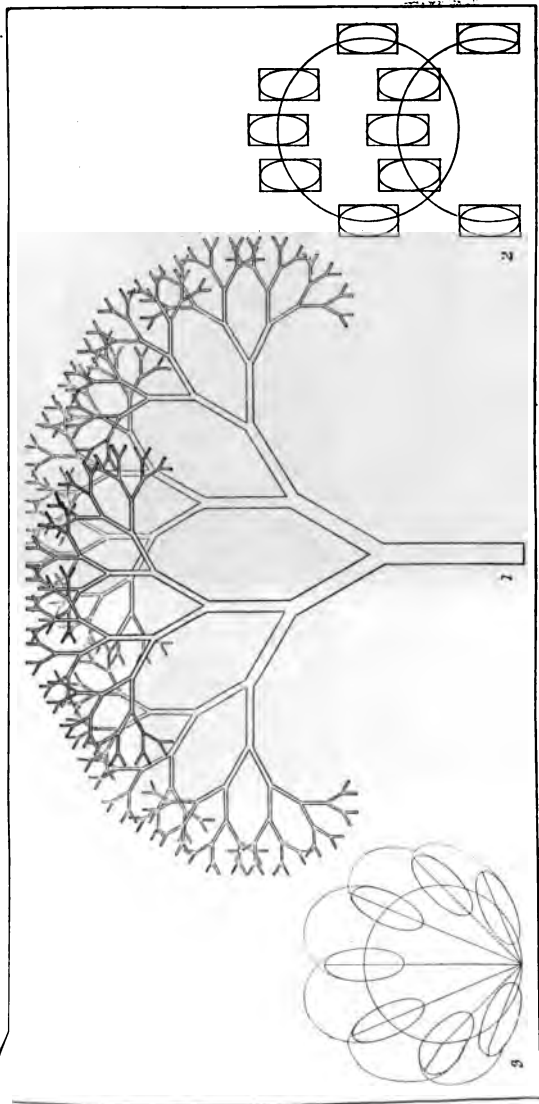


Fig. 54.

depends, mainly, on its disposition to lose the leader or a lateral shoot. If it keeps the leader, but drops the lateral, it takes the form A, and next year by a repetition of the process, B. But if it keeps the laterals, and drops the leader, it becomes, first, C, and next year, D. The form A is almost universal in spiral or alternate trees, and it is especially to be noted as bringing about the result, that in any given forking, one bough always goes on in its own direct course, and the other leaves it softly; they do not separate as if one was repelled from the other.

Thus in Fig. 55, a perfect and nearly symmetrical piece of ramification, by Turner (lowest bough but one in the tree on the left in the "Château of La belle Gabrielle"



kin

56. Sketch by a Clerk of the Works

J. Emalle

ling bough, going on in its own curve, throws off, bough to the right, then one to the left, then two to the right, and proceeds itself, hidden by so form the farthest upper point of the branch.



Fig. 55.

lower secondary bough—the first thrown off—is in its own curve, branching first to left, then to

upper bough proceeds in the same way, throwing to left, then to right. And this is the commonest most graceful structure. But if the tree loses the as at C, Fig. 54 (and many opposite trees have a of doing so), a very curious result is arrived at, I will give in a geometrical form.

1. The number of branches which die, so as to leave in stem bare, is always greatest low down, or near erior of the tree. It follows that the lengths of hich do not fork diminish gradually to the extremities, xed proportion. This is a general law. Assume, ample's sake, the stem to separate always into two es, at an equal angle, and that each branch is three- s of the length of the preceding one. Diminish hicknesses in proportion, and carry out the figure tent you like. In Plate 56, opposite, Fig. 1, you at its ninth branch; in which I wish you to notice, e delicate curve formed by every complete line of anches (compare Vol. IV. Fig. 91); and, secondly, ry curious result of the top of the tree being a broad e, which passes at an angle into lateral shorter lines, down to the extremities. It is this property which the contours of tops of trees so intensely diffic

to draw rightly, without making their curves too smooth and insipid.

Observe, also, that the great weight of the foliage bent thrown on the outside of each main fork, the tendency of forked trees is very often to droop and diminish the bough on one side, and erect the other into a principal mass.¹

§ 19. But the form in a perfect tree is dependent on the revolution of this sectional profile, so as to produce a mushroom-shaped or cauliflower-shaped mass, of which I leave the reader to enjoy the perspective drawing to himself, adding, after he has completed it, the effect of the law of resilience to the extremities. Only, he must note this: that in real trees, as the branches rise from the ground, the open spaces underneath are partly filled by subsequent branchings, so that a real tree has not much the shape of a mushroom, as of an apple, or, elongated, a pear.

§ 20. And now you may just begin to understand a little of Turner's meaning in those odd pear-shaped trees of his, in the "Mercury and Argus," and other such compositions: which, however, before we can do completely, we must gather our evidence together, and see what general results will come of it respecting the hearts and fancies of trees, no less than their forms.

¹ This is Harding's favourite form of tree. You will find it insisted on in his works on foliage. I intended to have given a figure to show the results of the pressure of the weight of all the leafage on a great lateral bough, in modifying its curves, the strength of timber being greatest where the leverage of the mass tells most. But I find nobody ever reads things which it takes any trouble to understand, that it is of no use to write them.

CHAPTER VIII

THE LEAF MONUMENTS

§ 1. AND now, having ascertained in its main points the system on which the leaf-workers build, let us see, finally, what results in aspect, and appeal to human mind, their building must present. In some sort it resembles that of the coral animal, differing, however, in two main points. First, the animal which forms branched coral, builds, I believe, in calm water, and has few accidents of current, light, or heat to contend with. He builds in monotonous uniformity, untormented, therefore unbeautiful. Secondly, each coral animal builds for himself, adding his cell to what has been before constructed, as a bee adds another cell to the comb. He obtains no essential connection with the root and foundation of the whole structure. That foundation is thickened clumsily, by a fused and encumbering aggregation, as a stalactite increases;—not by threads proceeding from the extremities to the root.

§ 2. The leaf, as we have seen, builds in both respects under opposite conditions. It leads a life of endurance, effort, and various success, issuing in various beauty; and it connects itself with the whole previous edifice by one sustaining thread, continuing its appointed piece of work all the way from top to root. Whence result three great conditions in branch aspect, for which I cannot find good names, but must use the imperfect ones of "Spring," "Caprice," "Fellowship."

§ 3. I. *SPRING*: or the appearance of elastic and progressive power, as opposed to the look of a bent piece of cord. This follows partly on the poise of the bough, partly on

§ 7. Now take two branches of Salvator's, Figs. 57 and



Fig. 56.

58.¹ You ought to feel that these have neither poise nor
 [Reduction] tied to twice the size of the original, but otherwise facsimile
 etchings of (Edipus, and the School of Plato. [Reduction
]



§ 7. Now take two branches of Salvator's, Figs.



Fig. 56.

58.¹ You ought to feel that these have neither po

¹ Magnified to twice the size of the original, but otherwise from his own etchings of *Œdipus*, and the *School of Plato*. [For this edition.]

1

2



Dabels

57. *Leulage* by *Diver* and *Vernase*

h.

ring ; their leaves are incoherent, ragged, hanging together in decay.

Immediately after these, turn to Plate 57 opposite. The branch at the top is facsimiled from that in the hand of Adam, in Dürer's Adam and Eve.¹ It is full of the most exquisite vitality and spring in every line. Look at

Fig. 57.



Fig. 58



it for five minutes carefully. Then turn back to Salvator's, Fig. 57. Are you as well satisfied with it? You ought to feel that it is not strong enough at the origin to sustain the leaves ; and that if it were, those leaves themselves are in broken or forced relations with each other. Such relations

¹ The parrot perched on it is removed, which may be done without altering the curve, as the bird is set where its weight would not have bent the wood. [This Plate, and Figs. 57, 58, 60, and 61, reduced for this edition.]

might, indeed, exist in a partially withered tree, and o these branches is intended to be partially withered, bu other is not ; and if it were, Salvator's choice of the witl tree is precisely the sign of his preferring ugliness to be decrepitude and disorganization to life and youth. leaves on the spray, by Dürer, hold themselves as tho holds herself in dancing ; those on Salvator's, as ar man, partially palsied, totters along with broken mo and loose deflection of limb.

§ 8. Next, let us take a spray by Paul Veronese¹. lower figure in Plate 57. It is just as if we had gatl one out of the garden. Though every line and le the quadruple group is necessary to join with other of the composition of the noble picture, every line leaf is also as free and true as if it were growing.] are confused, yet none are loose ; all are individual none separate, in tender poise of pliant strength and order of accomplished grace, each, by due force o indulgent bough, set and sustained.

§ 9. Observe, however, that in all these instances earlier masters, the expression of the universal bota law of poise is independent of accuracy in renderir species. As before noticed, the neglect of specific tinction long restrained the advance of landscape, even hindered Turner himself in many respects. sprays of Veronese are a conventional type of la Albert Dürer's an imaginary branch of paradisiacal ve tion ; Salvator's, a rude reminiscence of sweet chest Turner's only is a faithful rendering of the Scotch fir.

§ 10. To show how the principle of balance is ca

¹ The largest laurel spray in the background of the "Susa Louvre—reduced to about a fifth of the original. The drawin made for me by M. Hippolyte Dubois, and I am glad it is no of my own, lest I should be charged with exaggerating Vero accuracy.

This group of leaves is, in the original, of the life-size ; the which interferes with the spray on the right being the outline head of one of the elders ; and, as painted for distant effect, there care in completing the stems :—they are struck with a few touches of the brush, which cannot be imitated in the engra much of their spirit is lost in consequence.

Nature herself, here is a little terminal upright spray of willow, the most graceful of English trees (Fig. 59). I have drawn it carefully; and if the reader will study its curves, or, better, trace and pencil them with a perfectly fine point, he will feel, I think, without difficulty, their finished relation to the leaves they sustain. Then, if we turn suddenly to a piece of Dutch branch-drawing (Fig. 60), facsimiled from No. 160, Dulwich Gallery (Berghem), he will understand, I believe, also the qualities of that, without comment of mine. It is of course not so dark in the original, being drawn with the chance dashes of a brush loaded with brown, but the contours are absolutely as in the woodcut. This Dutch design is a very characteristic example of two faults in tree-drawing; namely, the loss not



Fig. 59.

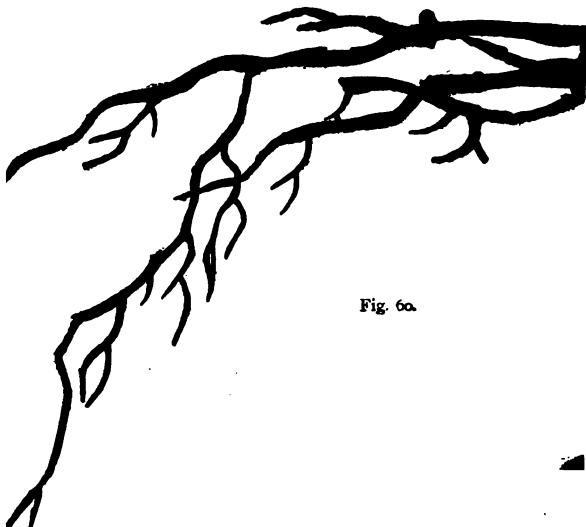


Fig. 60.

only of grace and spring, but of woodiness. A branch is not elastic as steel is, neither as a carter's whip is. It is a combination, wholly peculiar, of elasticity with half-dead and sapless stubbornness; and of continuous curve with pauses of knottiness, every bough having its blunted, affronted, fatigued, or repentant moments of existence, and mingling crabbed rugosities and fretful changes of mind with the main tendencies of its growth. The piece of pollard willow (Fig. 61), facsimiled from Turner's etching of "Young Anglers," in the *Liber Studiorum*, has all these characters in perfectness, and may serve for sufficient study of them. It is impossible to explain in what the expression of the woody strength consists, unless it be felt. One very obvious condition is the excessive fineness of curvature, approximating continually to a straight line. In order to get a piece of branch curvature given as accurately as I could by an unprejudiced person, I set one of my pupils at the Working Men's College (a joiner by trade) to draw, last spring, a lilac branch of its real size, as it grew, before it budded. It was about six feet long, and before he could get it quite right, the buds came out and interrupted him; but the fragment he got drawn is engraved in flat profile, in Plate 58. It has suffered much by reduction, one or two of its finest curves having become lost in the mere thickness of the lines. Nevertheless, if the reader will compare it carefully with the Dutch work, it will teach him something about trees.

§ 11. II. CAPRICE.—The next character we had to note of the leaf-builders was their capriciousness, noted partly in Vol. III. Chap. ix. § 14. It is a character connected with the ruggedness and ill-temperedness just spoken of, and an essential source of branch beauty: being in reality the written story of all the branch's life,—of the theories it formed, the accidents it suffered, the fits of enthusiasm to which it yielded in certain delicious warm springs; the disgusts at weeks of east wind, the mortifications of itself for its friends' sakes; or the sudden and successful inventions of new ways of getting out to the sun. The reader will understand this character in a moment, by merely comparing



G. Cook

53. Branch Curvature





Fig. 6a.

Fig. 62, which is a branch of Salvator's,¹ with Fig. 63, which I have traced from the engraving, in the Yorkshire series, of Turner's "Aske Hall." You cannot but feel at once, not only the wrongness of Salvator's, but its dullness. It is not now a question either of poise, or grace, or gravity; only of wit. That bough has got no sense; it has not been struck by a single new idea from the begin-



Fig. 62.



Fig. 63.

ning of it to the end; dares not even cross itself with one of its own sprays. You will be amazed, in taking up any of these old engravings, to see how seldom the boughs *do* cross each other. Whereas, in nature, not only is the intersection of extremities a mathematical necessity (see Plate 56), but out of this intersection and crossing of curve by curve, and the opposition of line it involves, the best part of their composition arises. Look at the way the boughs are interwoven in that piece of lilac stem (Plate 58).

§ 12. Again: As it seldom struck the old painters that boughs must cross each other, so it never seems to have been the longest in "Apollo and the Sibyl," engraved by Boydell (ed one-half.)



ed to them that they must be sometimes foreshortened. se this bit from "Aske Hall," that you might see ce, both how Turner fore- ns the main stem, and in doing so, he shows the ug aside, and outwards, of ne next to it, to the left, t more air.¹ Indeed, this ortening lies at the core e business; for unless it ill understood, no branch- can ever be rightly drawn. aced the oak spray in

51, so as to be seen as y straight on its flank as ble. It is the most unin- ing position in which a h can be drawn; but it s the first simple action e law of resilience. I will turn the bough with its mity towards us, and fore- en it (Plate 59), which ; done, you perceive another ency in the whole branch, een at all in the first Plate,

row its sprays to its own right (or to your left), which es to avoid the branch next it, while the *forward* n is in a sweeping curve round to your right, or to ranch's left: a curve which it takes to recover posi- after its first concession. The lines of the nearer and ler shoots are very nearly—thus foreshortened—those boat's bow. Here is a piece of Dutch foreshortening ou to compare with it, Fig. 64.²

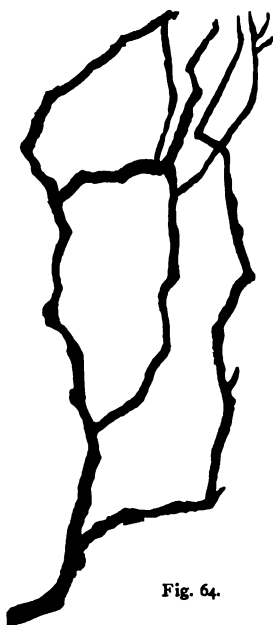


Fig. 64.

The foreshortening of the bough to the right is a piece of great city; it comes towards us two or three feet sharply, after forking, to look suddenly half as thick again as at the fork; then bends again, and outwards.

Obbima. Dulwich Gallery, No. 131. Turn the book with y dge down.

§ 13. In this final perfection of bough-drawing, Tur stands *wholly alone*. Even Titian does not foreshorten boughs rightly. Of course he could, if he had cared to do so; for if you can foreshorten a limb or a hand, you can foreshorten a tree branch. But either he had never looked at a tree carefully enough to feel that it was necessary, or, what is more likely, he disliked to introduce in a background elements of vigorous projection. Be the reason what it may, if you take Lefèvre's plates of the Peter Martyr and St. Jerome—the only ones I know which give any idea of Titian's tree-drawing, you will observe at once that the boughs lie in flakes, artificially set to the right and left, and are not intricate or varied, even where the foliage indicates some foreshortening;—completing thus the evidence for my statement long ago given, that no man but Tur had ever drawn the stem of a tree. (Vol. I. p. 417.)

§ 14. It may be well also to note, for the advantage of the general student of design, that, in foliage and bough



Fig. 65.

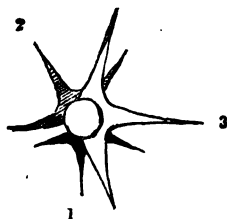


Fig. 66.

drawing, all the final grace and general utility of the study depend on its being well foreshortened; and that, till the power of doing so quite accurately is obtained, no landscape drawing is of the least value; nor can the character of a tree be known at all until not only its branches, but its minutest extremities, have been drawn in the severest foreshortening, with little accompanying plans of the arrangements of the leaves or buds, or thorns, on the stem. Till

Fig. 65 is the extremity of a single shoot of spruce, foreshortened, showing the resilience of its sword-like leaves; and Fig. 66 is a little ground-plan, showing

position of the three lowest triple groups of thorn on a shoot of gooseberry.¹ The fir shoot is carelessly drawn; but it is not worth while to do it better, unless I engraved it on steel, so as to show the fine relations of shade.

§ 15. III. FELLOWSHIP.—The compactness of mass presented by this little sheaf of pine-swords may lead us to the consideration of the last character I have to note of boughs; namely, the mode of their association in masses. It follows, of course, from all the laws of growth we have ascertained, that the terminal outline of any tree or branch must be a simple one, containing within it, at a given height or level, the series of leaves of the year; only we have not yet noticed the kind of form which results, in each branch, from the part it has to take in forming the mass of the tree. The systems of branching are indeed infinite, and could not be exemplified by any number of types; but here are two common types, in section, which will enough explain what I mean.

§ 16. If a tree branches with a concave tendency, it is apt to carry its boughs to the outer curve of limitation, as at A, Fig. 67, and if with a convex tendency, as at B. In either case the vertical section, or profile, of a bough will give a triangular mass, terminated by curves, and elongated at one extremity. These triangular masses you may see at a glance, prevailing in the branch system of any tree in winter. They may, of course, be mathematically reduced to the four types *a*, *b*, *c*, and *d*, Fig. 67, but are capable of endless variety of expression in action, and in the adjustment of their weights to the bearing stem.

§ 17. To conclude, then, we find that the beauty of these buildings of the leaves consists, from the first step of it to the last, in its showing their perfect fellowship; and a single aim uniting them under circumstances of various distress, trial, and pleasure. Without the fellowship, no

¹ Their change from groups of three to groups of two, and then to single thorns at the end of the spray, will be found very beautiful in a real shoot. The figure on the left in Plate 52 is a branch of blackthorn with its spines (which are a peculiar condition of branch, and can bud into branches, while thorns have no root nor power of development). Each a branch gives good practice without too much difficulty.

beauty; without the steady purpose, no beauty
trouble, and death, no beauty; without individual

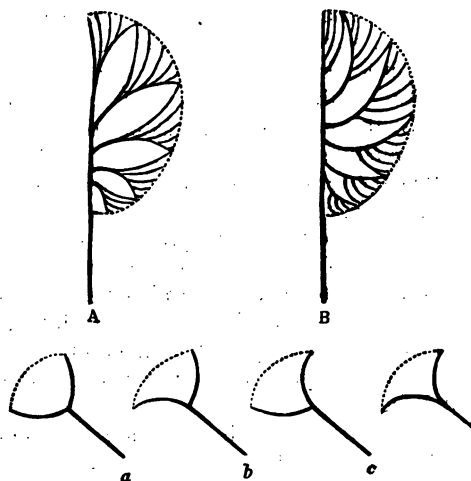


Fig. 67.

freedom, and caprice, so far as may be consistent
universal good, no beauty.

§ 18. Tree-loveliness might be thus lost or
many ways. Discordance would kill it—of one
another; disobedience would kill it—of any le
ruling law; indulgence would kill it, and the d



Fig. 68.

with pain; or slavish symmetry would
and the doing away with delight. A
so, down to the smallest atom and
of life: so soon as there is life at all,
these four conditions of it;—harmony,
distress, and delightful inequality
is the magnified section of an oak
the size of a wheat grain (Fig. 68).

its nascent leaves are seen arranged
perfect law of resilience, preparing for stoutest w
right side. Here is a dog-wood bud just openi

19). Its ruling law is to be four square, but see how the uppermost leaf takes the lead, and the lower bends up, a little distressed by the effort. Overleaf is a birch-

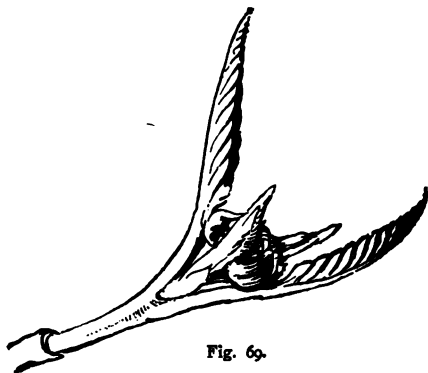


Fig. 69.

Further advanced (Fig. 70). Who shall say how many years the little thing has in its mind already; or how many adventures it has passed through? And so to the Help, submission, sorrow, dissimilarity, are the sources of good;—war, disobedience, luxury, equality, the sources of evil.

19. There is yet another and a deeply laid lesson to be learned from the leaf-builders, which I hope the reader has already perceived. Every leaf, we have seen, connects its work with the entire and accumulated result of the work of its predecessors. Their previous construction sustained it during its life, raised it towards the light, gave it free sway and motion in the wind, and removed it from the noxiousness of earth exhalation. Dying, it leaves behind a small but well-laboured thread, adding, though imperceptibly, yet essentially, to the strength, from roof to roof of the trunk on which it had lived, and fitting that for better service to succeeding races of leaves.

men, sometimes, in what we presume to be humility, compare ourselves with leaves; but we have as yet not done so. The leaves may well scorn the comparison.

We, who live for ourselves, and neither know how to nor keep the work of past time, may humbly learn,—from the ant, foresight,—from the leaf, reverence. The power of every great people, as of every living tree, depends on its not effacing, but confirming and concluding, the



Fig. 70.

labours of its ancestors. Looking back to the history of nations, we may date the beginning of their decline from the moment when they ceased to be reverent in heart and accumulative in hand and brain; from the moment when the redundant fruit of age hid in them the hollowness of heart, whence the simplicities of custom and sense of tradition had withered away. Had men but guarded their righteous laws, and protected the precious work

their fathers, with half the industry they have given to
 change and to ravage, they would not now have been
 looking vainly, in millennial visions and mechanic servi-
 tudes, the accomplishment of the promise made to them
 so long ago: "As the days of a tree are the days of My
 people, and Mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their
 hands; they shall not labour in vain, nor bring forth for
 trouble; for they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord,
 and their offspring with them."

§ 20. This lesson we have to take from the leaf's life.
 No more we may receive from its death. If ever, in
 autumn, a pensiveness falls upon us as the leaves drift
 in their fading, may we not wisely look up in hope
 at their mighty monuments? Behold how fair, how far
 prolonged, in arch and aisle, the avenues of the valleys;
 the fringes of the hills! So stately,—so eternal; the joy
 of man, the comfort of all living creatures, the glory of
 the earth,—they are but the monuments of those poor
 leaves that flit faintly past us to die. Let them not pass,
 without our understanding their last counsel and example:
 that we also, careless of monument by the grave, may be
 buried in the world—monument by which men may be
 taught to remember, not where we died, but where we
 lived.

and that with a little watching of it, they might easily obtain a juster feeling.

§ 4. Of the many marked adaptations of nature to the mind of man, it seems one of the most singular, that trees intended especially for the adornment of the wildest mountains should be in broad outline the most formal of trees. The vine, which is to be the companion of man, is wonderfully docile in its growth, falling into festoons beside his cornfields, or roofing his garden-walks, or casting shadow all summer upon his door. Associated always with the trimness of cultivation, it introduces all possible elements of sweet wildness. The pine, placed nearly always among scenes disordered and desolate, brings into them all possible elements of order and precision. Lowland trees may lean to this side and that, though it is but a meadow breeze that bends them, or a bank of cowslips from which their trunks lean aslope. But let storm and avalanche do their worst, and let the pine find only a ledge of vertical precipice to cling to, it will nevertheless grow straight. Thrust a rod from its last shoot down the stem, it shall point to the centre of the earth as long as the tree lives.

§ 5. Also it may be well for lowland branches to reach hither and thither for what they need, and to take all kinds of irregular shape and extension. But the pine is trained to need nothing, and to endure everything. It is resolved to be whole, self-contained, desiring nothing but rightness, content with restricted completion. Tall or short, it will be straight. Small or large, it will be round. It may be permitted to do to these soft lowland trees that they should make themselves gay with show of blossom, and glad with pretty charities of fruitfulness. We builders with the sword have harder work to do for man, and must do it in close-set troops. To stop the sliding of the mountain snows, which would bury him; to hold in divided drops, at our sword-points, the rain which would sweep away him and his treasure-fields; to nurse in shade among our brown fallen leaves the trickling *that feed the brooks in drought*; to give massive shields *against the winter wind, which shrieks through the branches of the plain*:—such service must we do.

on the stem is in a close and perfectly timed order. The ambiguous trees connected with the tribe (as the *vitæ*) there is no proper stem to the outer leaves, but the extremities form a kind of coralline leaf, flat and thin, but articulated like a crustacean animal, which

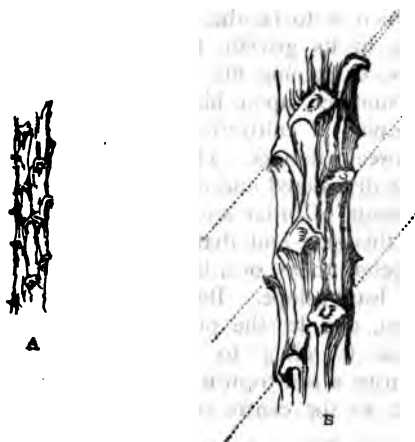


Fig. 71

lly concentrates and embrowns itself into the stem. The thicker branches of these trees are exquisitely fantastic; the mode in which the flat system of leaf first produces an irregular branch, and then adapts itself to the structural cone of the whole tree, is one of the most interesting processes of form which I know in vegetation.

Neither this, however, nor any other of the pine species, have we space here to examine in detail; while in detail, all discussion of them is in vain. I shall permit myself to note a few points respecting my tree, the black spruce, not with any view to art or form (though we might get at some curious results by comparison of popular pine-drawing in Germany, America, and other dark-wooded countries, with the true natural form) but because I think the expression of this tree has not been rightly understood by travellers in Switzerland.

fastened on this means of relating the glacier's history. The glacier cannot explain its own motion; and ordinary observers saw in it only its rigidity; but Turner saw that the wonderful thing was its non-rigidity. Other ice fixed, only this ice stirs. All the banks are staggered beneath its waves, crumbling and withered as by the blast of a perpetual storm. He made the rocks of his foreground loose—rolling and tottering down together; the pines smitten aside by them, their tops dead, bared by the ice wind.

§ 7. Nevertheless, this is not the truest or universal expression of the pine's character. I said long ago (*Voyage*, p. 135), even of Turner: "Into the spirit of the pine cannot enter." He understood the glacier at once; he had seen the force of sea on shore too often to miss the action of those crystal-crested waves. But the pine is strange to him, adverse to his delight in broad and flowing line; he refused its magnificent erectness. Magnificent nay, sometimes almost terrible. Other trees, tufting the hill, yield to the form and sway of the ground, clothed with soft compliance, are partly its subjects, partly flatterers, partly its comforters. But the pine rises to a serene resistance, self-contained; nor can I ever with awe stay long under a great Alpine cliff, far from all help or work of men, looking up to its companies of pines: they stand on the inaccessible juts and perilous ledges of the enormous wall, in quiet multitudes, each like the shadow of the one beside it—upright, fixed, spectral, troops of ghosts standing on the walls of Hades, knowing each other—dumb for ever. You cannot reach them, cannot cry to them;—those trees never hear human voice; they are far above all sound but of winds. No foot ever stirred fallen leaf of theirs. comfortless they stand, between the two eternities of Vacancy and the Rock: yet with such iron will, that the rock itself looks bent and shattered beside them—fragile, weak, inconsistent, compared to their dark energy, delicate life, and monotony of enchanted pride:—numbered, unconquerable.

§ 8. Then note, farther, their perfectness. The imper-

Most people's minds must have been received more from
less than reality, so far as I can judge:—so ragged
think the pine; whereas its chief character in health
and full *roundness*. It stands compact, like one
own cones, slightly curved on its sides, finished and
as a carved tree in some Elizabethan garden; and
and of being wild in expression, forms the softest of
rest scenery; for other trees show their trunks and
big boughs: but the pine, growing either in luxuriant
or in happy isolation, allows no branch to be seen.
It behind summit rise its pyramidal ranges, or down
very grass sweep the circlets of its boughs; so that
is nothing but green cone and green carpet. Nor is
it softer, but in one sense more cheerful than other
; for it casts only a pyramidal shadow. Lowland
arches overhead, and chequers the ground with
less; but the pine, growing in scattered groups,
the glades between emerald-bright. Its gloom is
own; narrowing into the sky, it lets the sunshine
down to the dew. And if ever a superstitious feeling
over me among the pine-glades, it is never tainted
the old German forest fear; but is only a more solemn
of the fairy enchantment that haunts our English
hows; so that I have always called the prettiest pine-
in Chamouni, "Fairies' Hollow." It is in the glen
th the steep ascent above Pont Pelissier, and may be
led by a little winding path which goes down from the
the hill; being, indeed, not truly a glen, but a broad
of moss and turf, leaning in a formidable precipice
a, however, the gentle branches hide) over the Arve.
most isolated rock promontory, many-coloured, rises
end of it. On the other sides it is bordered by
from which a little cascade falls, literally, down
g the pines, for it is so light, shaking itself into mere
ers of seed pearl in the sun, that the pines don't know
n mist, and grow through it without minding. Under-
there is only the mossy silence, and above, for ever,
How of the Nameless Aiguille.

*And then the third character which I want you
in the pine is its exquisite fineness. Other t*

pastoral hills of the Emmenthal, or lowland districts of me, where they are set in groups between the cottages, on shingle roofs (they also of pine) of deep gray blue, and lightly carved fronts, golden and orange in the autumn shine,¹ gleam on the banks and lawns of hill-side,—less lawns, mounded, and studded, and bossed all over with deeper green hay-heaps, orderly set, like jewellery (the mountain hay, when the pastures are full of springs, being awfully dark and fresh in verdure for a whole day after it rains). And amidst this delicate delight of cottage and hill, the young pines stand delicatest of all, scented as frankincense, their slender stems straight as arrows, crystal white, looking as if they would break with a touch like needles; and their arabesques of dark leaf pierced rough and through by the pale radiance of clear sky, opalescent, where they follow each other along the soft hill-ridges, and down.

III. I have watched them in such scenes with the deeper interest, because of all trees they have hitherto had the greatest influence on human character. The effect of other vegetation, however great, has been divided by mingled species; elm and oak in England, poplar in France, birch in Scotland, olive in Italy and Spain, share their power with inferior trees, and with all the changing charm of successive agriculture. But the tremendous unity of the pine absorbs and moulds the life of a race. The pine grows upon a nation. The Northern peoples, century after century, lived under one or other of the great powers of the Pine and the Sea, both infinite. They dwelt amidst the forests, as they wandered on the sands, and saw no end, nor any other horizon; still the green trees, or the dark green waters, jagged the sky with their fringe or their foam. And whatever elements of imagination, or of warrior strength, or of poetic justice, were brought down by the Norwegian the Goth against the dissoluteness or degradation of

There has been much cottage-building about the hills lately, *very pretty carving, the skill in which has been encouraged by the farmers; and the fresh-cut larch is splendid in colour under* the

the South of Europe, were taught them under the green roofs and wild penetralia of the pine.

§ 12. I do not attempt, delightful as the task would be, to trace this influence (mixed with superstition) in Scandinavia, or North Germany; but let us at least note it in the instance which we speak of so frequently, and so seldom take to heart. There has been much dispute respecting the character of the Swiss, arising out of the difficulty which other nations had to understand their simplicity. They were assumed to be either romantic virtuous, or basely mercenary, when in fact they were neither heroic nor base, but were true-hearted men, stubborn with more than any recorded stubbornness; not musing regarding their lives, yet not casting them causelessly away; forming no high ideal of improvement, but never relaxing their grasp of a good they had once gained; devoid of romantic sentiment, yet loving with a practical and patient love that neither wearied nor forsook; little given to enthusiasm in religion, but maintaining their faith in its purity which no worldliness deadened, and no hypocrisy soiled; neither chivalrously generous nor pathetically humane, yet never pursuing their defeated enemies, nor suffering their poor to perish; proud, yet not allowing their pride to prick them into unwary or unworthy quarrel; avaricious, yet contentedly rendering to their neighbour his due; dull, but clear-sighted to all the principles of justice; and patient, without ever allowing delay to be prolonged by sloth, or forbearance by fear.

§ 13. This temper of Swiss mind, while it animated the whole confederacy, was rooted chiefly in one small district which formed the heart of their country, yet lay not among its highest mountains. Beneath the glacier of Zermatt and Evolena, and on the scorching slopes of the Valais, the peasants remained in an aimless torpor unheard of but as the obedient vassals of the great Bishopric of Sion. But where the lower ledges of the careous rock were broken by the inlets of the Lake Lucerne, and bracing winds penetrating from the north forbade the growth of the vine, compelling the peasantry to adopt entirely pastoral life, was reared another race of

their narrow domain should be marked by a small green spot on every map of Europe. It is about forty miles from west to west; as many from north to south; yet on this rugged ground, while every kingdom of the world rose or fell in fatal change, and every mighty, warlike race mingled or wasted itself in various dispersion and decline, the simple shepherd dynasty remained unchangeless. There is no record of their origin. The name is neither Goths, Burgundians, Romans, nor Germanic; they have been for ever Helvetii, and for ever freely and voluntarily placing themselves under the protection of the House of Hapsburg, they acknowledged its supremacy; they resisted its oppression; and rose against the unjust governors it appointed over them, not to gain, but to reclaim their liberties. Victorious in the struggle by the aid of Duke of Egeri, they stood the foremost standard-bearers among the nations of Europe in the cause of loyalty and life—loyalty in its highest sense, to the laws of God's helpful justice, and of man's faithful and brotherly proportion.

§ 14. You will find among them, as I said, no subtleties, nor high enthusiasm, only an undeceivable common sense, and an obstinate rectitude. They cannot be persuaded into their duties, but they feel them; they use the phrases of friendship, but do not fail you at your need. In all questions of creed, which other nations sought to solve by logic or reverie, these shepherds brought to practice. They sustained with tranquillity the excommunication of animals who wanted to feed their cattle on other people's fields, and, halbert in hand, struck down the Swiss Reformation, because the Evangelicals of Zurich refused to gladden them their due supplies of salt. Not readily yielding to the demands of superstition, they were patient under the torments of economy; they would purchase the remission of taxes, but not of sins; and while the sale of indulgences was arrested in the church of Ensiedeln as boldly as in the gates of Wittenberg, the inhabitants of the valley of Forêtigen¹ ate no meat for seven years, in order peacefully

This valley is on the pass of the Gemmi in Canton Berne, but the people are the same in temper as those of the Waldstätten.

to free themselves and their descendants from the seigniorial claims of the Baron of Thurm.

§ 15. What praise may be justly due to this manly and rational virtue, we have perhaps no sufficient ground for defining. It must long remain questionable how the vices of superior civilization may be atoned for by the achievements, and the errors of more transcendent devotion forgiven to its rapture. But, take it for what it may, the character of this peasantry is, at least, serviceable to others and sufficient for their own peace; and in consistency and simplicity, it stands alone in the history of the human heart. How far it was developed by circumstances of natural phenomena may also be disputed, but should I enter into such dispute with any strongly held conviction. The Swiss have certainly no feelings respecting their mountains in anywise correspondent with ours: they were rather as fortresses of defence, than as spectacles of splendour, that the cliffs of the Rothstock bare rule the destinies of those who dwelt at their feet; an athletic training for which the mountain children had to thank the slopes of the Muotta-Thal, was in soundness of body and steadiness of limb, far more than in elevation of spirit. But the point which I desire the reader to note is the character of the scene which, if any, appears to have been impressive to the inhabitant, is not that which we ourselves feel when we enter the district. It was not from their lakes, nor their cliffs, nor their glaciers—that these were all peculiarly their possession, that the venerable cantons or states received their name. They were not called the States of the Rock, nor the States of the Lake, but the States of the *Forest*. And the one of the three which contains the most touching record of the spiritual power of Swiss religion, in the name of the convent of the "Hill of Angels," has, for its own, but the sweet childish name of "Under the Woods."

§ 16. And indeed you may pass under them if, let me take the most sacred spot in Swiss history, the Meadow of the Three Fountains, you bid the boatman row southward—day by the shore of the Bay of Uri. Steepes—on the eastern side, the walls of its rocks ascend to

Far in the blue of evening, like a great cathedral pavement, lies the lake in its darkness; and you may hear the whisper of innumerable falling waters return from the hollows of the cliff, like the voices of a multitude praying under their breath. From time to time the beat of a wave, slow lifted, where the rocks lean over the black depth, dies heavily as the last note of a requiem. Opposite, green with steep grass, and set with châlet villages, the Rothalp rises in one solemn glow of pastoral light and peace; and above, against the clouds of twilight, ghostly in the gray precipice, stand, myriad by myriad, the shadowy trunks of the Unterwalden pine.¹

I have seen that it is possible for the stranger to pass through this great chapel, with its font of waters, and mountain pillars, and vaults of clouds, without being touched by one noble thought, or stirred by any sacred passion; but for those who received from its waves the baptism of their youth, and learned beneath its rocks the fidelity of their manhood, and watched amidst its clouds the likeness of the dream of life, with the eyes of age—for these will not believe that the mountain shrine was built, or the calm of its forest-shadows guarded by their God, in vain.

¹ The cliff immediately bordering the lake is in Canton Uri; the pen hills of Unterwalden rise above. This is the grandest piece of the shore of Lake Lucerne; the rocks near Tell's Chapel are neither lofty nor so precipitous.

CHAPTER X

LEAVES MOTIONLESS

§ 1. It will be remembered that our final inquiry be into the sources of beauty in the tented pl flowers of the field; which the reader may perhaps pose one of no great difficulty, the beauty of flowers somewhat generally admitted and comprehended.

Admitted? yes. Comprehended? no; and, worse, in all its highest characters, for many are incomprehensible: though with a little steady application I suppose we might soon know more than we do about the colours of flowers,—being tangible enough staying longer than those of clouds. We have discovered something definite about colours of opal and of plumage; perhaps, also, in due time we may give account of that true gold (the only gold of intrinsic value which gilds buttercups; and understand how they are laid, in painting a pansy.

Art of interest, when we may win any of its secrets to such knowledge the road lies not up brick street howsoever that flower-painting may be done, one certain, it is not by machinery.

§ 2. Perhaps, it may be thought, if we understand flowers better, we might love them less.

We do not love them much, as it is. Few people care about flowers. Many, indeed, are fond of the new shape of blossom, caring for it as a child cares for a kaleidoscope. Many, also, like a fair service of the greenhouse, as a fair service of plate on the table are scientifically interested in them, though not in the nomenclature rather than the flowers.

a few enjoy their gardens : but I have never heard of a piece of land, which would let well on a building lease, remaining unlet because it was a flowery piece. I have never heard of parks being kept for wild hyacinths, though often of their being kept for wild beasts. And the blossoming time of the year being principally spring, I perceive it to be the mind of most people, during that period, to stay in towns.

§ 3. A year or two ago, a keen-sighted and eccentrically-minded friend of mine, having taken it into his head to violate this national custom, and go to the Tyrol in spring, was passing through a valley near Landeck, with several similarly headstrong companions. A strange mountain appeared in the distance, belted about its breast with a zone of blue, like our English Queen. Was it a blue cloud? a blue horizontal bar of the air that Titian breathed in youth, seen now far away, which mortal might never reach again? Was it a mirage—a meteor? Would it ever be approached? (ten miles of winding road yet lay between them, and the foot of its mountain). Such questions had they concerning it. My keen-sighted friend alone maintained it to be substantial: whatever it might be, it was not air, and would not vanish. The terraces of road were overpassed, the carriage left, the mountain climbed. It stayed patiently, expanding still into a wider breadth and heavenlier glow—a belt of gentians such things may verily be seen among the Alps in spring and in spring only. Which being so, I observe most people prefer going in autumn.

§ 4. Nevertheless, without any special affection for them, most of us, at least, languidly consent to the beauty of flowers, and occasionally gather them, and prefer them among other forms of vegetation. This, strange to say, is precisely what great painters do *not*.

Every other kind of object they paint, in its due place and office, with respect;—but, except compulsorily and perfectly, never flowers. A curious fact this! Here are men whose lives are spent in the study of colour, and yet one thing they will not paint is a flower! Anything but that. A furred mantle, a jewelled zone, a silken gown, a brazen corslet, nay, an old leathern chair, or a wall-p

if you will, with utmost care and delight ;—but a flower in no manner of means, if avoidable. When the thing is perforce to be done, the great painters of course do it rightly. Titian, in his early work, sometimes carries a blossom or two out with affection, as the columbines in our Bacchus and Ariadne. So also Holbein. But in his later and mightier work, Titian will only paint a fan or wristband intensely, never a flower. In his portrait of Lavinia, at Berlin, the roses are just touched finely enough to fill their place, with no affection whatever, and with the most subdued red possible ; while in the later portrait of her, at Dresden, there are no roses at all, but a belt chased golden balls, on every stud of which Titian has concentrated his strength, and I verily believe forgot the fan a little, so much has his mind been set on them.

§ 5. In Paul Veronese's Europa, at Dresden, the entire foreground is covered with flowers, but they are executed with sharp and crude touches like those of a decorative painter. In Correggio's paintings, at Dresden, and in the Antiope of the Louvre, there are lovely pieces of foliage but no flowers. A large garland of oranges and lemons with their leaves, above the St. George, at Dresden, connected traditionally with the garlanded backgrounds of Ghirlandajo and Mantegna, but the studious absence of flowers renders it almost disagreeably ponderous. I do not remember any painted by Velasquez, or by Tintoret, except compulsory Annunciation lilies. The flowers of Rubens are gross and rude ; those of Vandyck vague, slight, and subdued in colour, so as not to contend with the flesh. In his portraits of King Charles's children, at Turin, and in the chanting picture, there is a rose-thicket, in which the roses seem to be enchanted the wrong way, for their leaves are all gray, and the flowers dull brick-red. Yet it is right.

§ 6. One reason for this is that all great men like the inferior forms to follow and obey contours of large surface or group themselves in connected masses. Patterns of the first, leaves the last ; but flowers stand separately.

Another reason is that the beauty of flower-petals and texture can only be seen by looking at it close ; but flat ornaments can be seen far off, as well as gleaming of metal-

All the great men calculate their work for effect at some distance, and with that object, know it to be lost time to complete the drawing of flowers. Farther, the forms of flowers being determined, require a painful attention, and restrain the fancy; whereas, in painting fur, jewels, or bronze, the colour and touch may be varied almost at pleasure, and without effort.

Again, much of what is best in flowers is inimitable in painting; and a thoroughly good workman feels the feebleness of his means when he matches them fairly with Nature, and gives up the attempt frankly—painting the rose dull red, rather than trying to rival its flush in sunshine.

And, lastly, in nearly all good landscape-painting, the breadth of foreground included implies such a distance of the spectator from the nearest object as must entirely prevent his seeing flower detail.

§ 7. There is, however, a deeper reason than all these; namely, that flowers have no sublimity. We shall have to examine the nature of sublimity in our following and last section, among other ideas of relation. Here I only note the fact briefly, that impressions of awe and sorrow being the root of the sensation of sublimity, and the beauty of separate flowers not being of the kind which connects itself with such sensation, there is a wide distinction, in general, between flower-loving minds and minds of the highest order. Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity: children love them; quiet, tender, contented ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered: they are the cottager's treasure; and in the crowded town, mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose heart rests the covenant of peace. Passionate or religious minds contemplate them with fond, overish intensity; the affection is seen severely calm in the works of many old religious painters, and mixed with more open and true country sentiment in those of our own Pre-Raphaelites. To the child and the girl, the peasant and the manufacturing operative, to the grisette and the nun, the lover and monk, they are precious always. But to the man of supreme power and thoughtfulness, precious only.

times ; symbolically and pathetically often to the poets, rarely for their own sake. They fall forgotten from great workmen's and soldiers' hands. Such men will be in thankfulness, crowns of leaves, or crowns of thorn not crowns of flowers.

§ 8. Some beautiful things have been done lately, more beautiful are likely to be done, by our young painters, in representing blossoms of the orchard and field in mass and extent. I have had something to do with the encouragement of this impulse ; and truly pictures are to be essentially imitative rather than inventive it is better to spend care in painting hyacinths than daisies, leaves, and roses rather than stubble. Such work, however, as I stated in my first essay on this subject, in the year 1851,¹ can only connect itself with the great schools becoming inventive instead of copyist ; and for the present part, I believe these young painters would do well to remember that the best beauty of flowers being wholly inimitable, and their sweetest service unrenderable by the picture involves some approach to an unsatisfactory mockery in the cold imagery of what Nature has given to be breathed with the profuse winds of spring, and touched by the happy footsteps of youth.

§ 9. Among the greater masters, as I have said, there is little laborious or affectionate flower-painting. At the utmost that Turner ever allows in his foregrounds : a water-lily or two, a cluster of heath or fox-glove, a thistle, sometimes, a violet or daisy, or a bindweed-bell ; enough to lead the eye into the understanding of the mystery of his more distant leafage. Rich mystery, indeed respecting which these following facts about the foliage tented plants must be noted carefully.

§ 10. Two characters seem especially aimed at by nature in the earth-plants ; first, that they should be characteristically and interesting ; secondly, that they should not be visibly injured by crushing.

¹ *Pre-Raphaelitism* : p. 28, and the note at p. 27 ; compare § 1 (See now *On the Old Road*, Vol. I. Part 1, § 185 and note, and § 190. The essay contains some important notes on Turner's work, and therefore, I do not repeat in this volume.

I say, first, characteristic. The leaves of large trees take approximately simple forms, slightly monotonous. They are intended to be seen in mass. But the leaves of the herbage at our feet take all kinds of strange shapes, as if to invite us to examine them. Star-shaped, heart-shaped, spear-shaped, arrow-shaped, fretted, fringed, cleft, furrowed, serrated, sinuated ; in whorls, in tufts, in spires, in wreaths, endlessly expressive, deceptive, fantastic, never

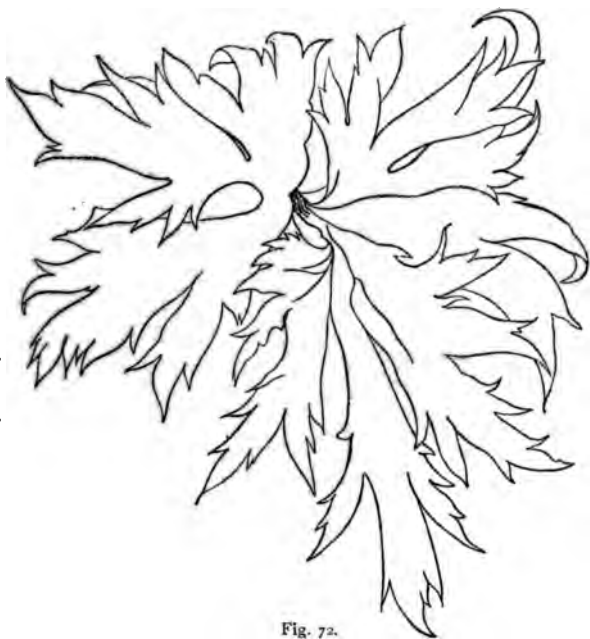


Fig. 72.

the same from footstalk to blossom ; they seem perpetually to tempt our watchfulness, and take delight in outstripping our wonder.

§ 11. Secondly, observe, their forms are such as will not be visibly injured by crushing. Their complexity is *ready disordered* : jags and rents are their laws of being. *Crushed by the footstep*, they betray no harm. Here, for instance (Fig. 72), is the mere outline of a buttercup-leaf

in full free growth; which, perhaps, may be taken as good common type of earth foliage. Fig. 73 is a l advanced one, placed so as to show its symmetrical bour ing form. But both, how various;—how delicately re into beauty! As in the aiguilles of the great Alps, so this lowest field-herb, where rending is the law of being, is the law of loveliness.

§ 12. One class, however, of these torn leaves, peculiar the tented plants, has, it seems to me, a strange expression

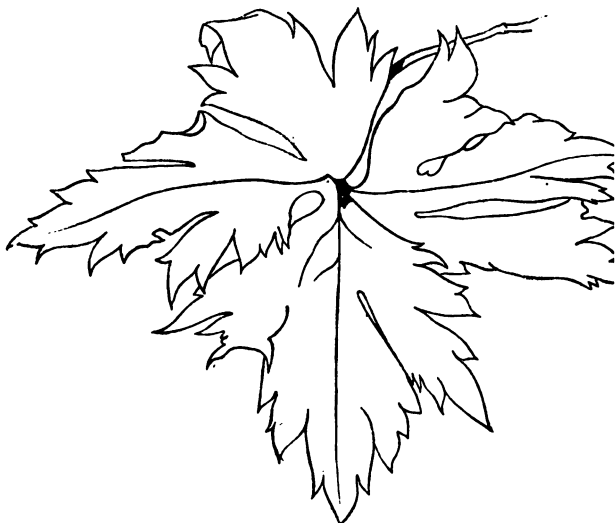


Fig 73.

function. I mean the group of leaves rent into *altern* gaps, typically represented by the thistle. The alternati of the rent, if not absolutely, is, effectively, peculiar to t earth-plants. Leaves of the builders are rent symmetrical so as to form radiating groups, as in the horse-chestnut, they are irregularly sinuous, as in the oak; but the ear plants continually present forms such as those in t
opposite Plate: a kind of web-footed leaf, so to speak; *continuous tissue*, enlarged alternately on each side of *alk*. Leaves of this form have necessarily a kin



J. Cooper.

60. The Pinnate of Leaves

Reed.

pping gait, as if they grew not all at once, but first a little bit on one side, and then a little bit on the other, and wherever they occur in quantity, give the expression to foreground vegetation which we feel and call "ragged."

§ 13. It is strange that the mere alternation of the rent should give this effect; the more so, because alternate leaves, completely separate from each other, produce one of the most graceful types of building plants. Yet the fact is indeed so, that the alternate rent in the earth-leaf is the principal cause of its ragged effect. However deeply it may be rent symmetrically, as in the alchemilla, or buttercup, just instanced, and however finely divided, as in the parsleys, the result is always a delicate richness, unless the jaggs are alternate, and the leaf-tissue continuous at the stem; and the moment these conditions appear, so does the raggedness.

§ 14. It is yet more worthy of note that the proper duty of these leaves, which catch the eye so clearly and powerfully, would appear to be to draw the attention of man to spots where his work is needed, for they nearly all habitually grow on ruins or neglected ground: not noble ruins, or on wild ground, but on heaps of rubbish, or pieces of land which have been indolently cultivated or much disturbed. The leaf on the right of the three in the Plate, which is the most characteristic of the class, is that of the *Sisymbrium* *irio*, which grows, by choice, always on ruins left by fire. The plant, which, as far as I have observed, grows first on earth that has been moved, is the coltsfoot: its broad covering leaf is much jagged, but only irregular, not alternate in the rent; but the weeds that mark habitual neglect, such as the thistle, give clear alternation.

§ 15. The aspects of complexity and carelessness of jury are farther increased in the herb of the field, because is "herb yielding seed;" that is to say, a seed different character from that which trees form in their fruit.

I am somewhat alarmed in reading over the above sentence, lest a botanist, or other scientific person, should open the book at it. For of course the essential character either fruit or seed being only that in the smallest compass, the vital principle of the plant is rendered portable,

and for some time preservable, we ought to call even such vegetable dormitory a "fruit" or a "seed" indifferently. But with respect to man there is a notable difference between them.

A seed is what we "sow."

A fruit, what we "enjoy."

Fruit is seed prepared especially for the sight and taste of man and animals; and in this sense we have true and traitorous fruit (poisonous); but it is perhaps the available distinction,¹ that, seed being the part necessary for the renewed birth of the plant, a fruit is such as is enclosed or sustained by some extraneous substance, which is soft and juicy, and beautifully coloured, pleasing and useful to animals and men.

§ 16. I find it convenient in this volume, and which I had thought of the expedient before, whenever I get into a difficulty, to leave the reader to work it out. He may perhaps, therefore, be so good as to define fruit for himself. Having defined it, he will find that the sentence at which I was alarmed above is, in the main, true, and that climbing plants principally are herbs yielding seed, and building plants give fruit. The berried shrubs of rock-wood, however dwarfed in stature, are true builders. The strawberry-plant is the only important exception—a tea-Bedouin.

§ 17. Of course the principal reason for this is the practical one, that fruit should not be trampled on, but had better perhaps be put a little out of easy reach, not too near the hand, so that it may not be gathered wantonly.

¹ I say the "best available distinction." It is, of course, no scientific distinction. A pea-pod is a kind of central type of seed and seed-vessel, and it is difficult so to define fruit as to keep clear of it. Pea-shell boiled and eaten in some countries rather than pease. It does not sound like a scientific distinction to say that fruit is a "shell which is good without being boiled." Nay, even if we humiliate ourselves by this practical reference to the kitchen, we are still far from success. For the pulp of a strawberry is not a "shell," the seeds being outside of it. The available part of a pomegranate or orange, that is, the seed envelope, is itself shut within a less useful rind. While the almond the shell becomes less profitable still, and all goodness is in the seed itself, as in a grain of corn.

or without some little trouble, and may be waited for until it is properly ripe; while the plants meant to be trampled on have small and multitudinous seed, hard and wooden, which may be shaken and scattered about without harm.

Also, fine fruit is often only to be brought forth with patience: not by young and hurried trees—but in due time, after much suffering; and the best fruit is often to be an adornment of old age, so as to supply the want of other grace. While the plants which will not work, but only bloom and wander, do not (except the grasses) bring forth fruit of high service, but only the seed that prolongs their race, the grasses alone having great honour put on them for their humility, as we saw in our first account of them.

§ 18. This being so, we find another element of very complex effect added to the others which exist in tented plants, namely, that of minute, granular, feathery, or downy seed-vessels, mingling quaint brown punctuation, and dusty tremors of dancing grain, with the bloom of the nearer fields; and casting a gossamer'd grayness and softness of plummy mist along their surfaces far away; mysterious evermore, not only with dew in the morning or mirage at noon, but with the shaking threads of fine arborescence, each a little belfry of grain-bells, all a-chime.

§ 19. I feel sorely tempted to draw one of these same spires of the fine grasses, with its sweet changing proportions of pendent grain, but it would be a useless piece of finesse, as such form, of course, never enters into general foreground effect.¹ I have, however, engraved at the top

¹ For the same reason, I enter into no consideration respecting the geometrical forms of flowers, though they are deeply interesting, and perhaps some day I may give a few studies of them separately. The reader should note, however, that beauty of form in flowers is chiefly dependent on a more accurately finished or more studiously varied development of the tre-foil, quatre-foil, and cinq-foil structures which we have seen irregularly approached by leaf-buds. The most beautiful six-foiled flowers (like the rhododendron-shoot) are composed of two triangular groups, one superimposed on the other, as in the narcissus; and the most interesting types both of six-foils and cinq-foils are equally leaved, symmetrical on opposite sides, as the iris and violet.

of the group of woodcuts opposite (Fig. 74), a single leaf cluster of Dürer's foreground in the St. Hubert, which is interesting in several ways; as an example of modern work no less than old; for it is a facsimile twice removed; being first drawn from the plate with the pen, by Mr. Allen, and then facsimiled on wood by Miss Byfield; and if the reader can compare it with the original, he will find it still comparatively tolerably close in most parts (though the nearest large leaf has got spoiled), and of course some of the finest and most precious qualities of Dürer's work are lost. Still, it gives a fair idea of his perfectness of conception, every leaf being thoroughly set in perspective, and drawn with unerring decision. On each side of it (Figs. 75, 76) are two pieces from a fairly good modern etching, which I oppose to the Dürer in order to show the difference between true work and that which pretends to give detail, but is without feeling or knowledge. There are a great many leaves in the piece on the left, but they are all set the same way; the draughtsman has not conceived their real positions, but draws one after another as he would deliver a tale of bricks. The grasses on the right look delicate, but are a mere series of inorganic lines. Look how Dürer's grass-blades cross each other. If you take a pen and copy a little piece of each example, you will soon feel the difference. Underneath (Fig. 77) is a piece of grass out of Landseer's etching of the "Ladies' Pets," more massive and effective than the two lateral fragments, but still loose and uncomposed. Then overleaf (Fig. 78) is a piece of firm, and good work again, which will stand with Dürer's; it is the outline only of a group of leaves out of Turner's foreground in the Richmond from the Moors, of which I give a reduced etching, Plate 61, for the sake of the foreground principally; and in Plate 62, the group of leaves in question, in the light and shade, with the bridge beyond. What I have chiefly to say of them belongs to our section on composition; but this mere fragment of a Turner foreground may perhaps lead the reader to take note in his great pictures of the almost inconceivable labour with which he has sought to express the redundancy and delicacy of ground leafage.

§ 20. By comparing the etching in Plate 61 with



J. M. W. Turner

61. Richmond from the Moors

J. C. Armytage





J. C. Armytage





Fig. 75.



Fig. 74.



Fig. 76.



Fig. 77.

published engraving, it will be seen how much yet remains to be done before any approximately just representation of Turner foreground can be put within the reach of public. This Plate has been reduced by Mr. Armytage from a pen-drawing of mine, as large as the original Turner's (18 inches by 11 inches). It will look a little better under a magnifying-glass; but only a most careful



Fig. 78.

engraving of the real size could give any idea of the richness of mossy and ferny leafage included in the real drawing. And if this be so on one of the ordinary England drawings of a barren Yorkshire moor, it may be imagined what task would be of engraving truly such a foreground as that of the "Bay of Baiæ" or "Daphne and Leucippus" which Turner's aim has been luxuriance.

§ 21. His mind recurred, in all these classical grounds, to strong impressions made upon him during his studies at Rome, by the masses of vegetation which enrich its heaps of ruin with their embroidery and bloom. I have always partly regretted these Roman studies, thinking that they led him into too great fondness of wandering luxuriance in vegetation, associated with decay; and that he had not given affection enough to the more solemn and more sacred infinity with which, among the mightier mountains of the Alpine Rome, glow the pure and motionless shadows of the gentian and the rose.

§ 22. Leaves motionless. The strong pines wave

¹ [Reproduced in photogravure for this edition.]

and the weak grasses tremble beside them ; but the
 ars rest upon the earth with a peace as of heaven ;
 along the ridges of iron rock, moveless as they, the
 crests of Alpine rose flush in the low rays of morning.
 ese yet the stillest leaves. Others there are subdued
 eper quietness, the mute slaves of the earth, to whom
 , perhaps, thanks, and tenderness, the most profound
 e have to render for the leaf ministries.

. It is strange to think of the gradually diminished
 and withdrawn freedom among the orders of leaves
 the sweep of the chestnut and gadding of the vine,
 o the close shrinking trefoil, and contented daisy,
 on earth ; and, at last, to the leaves that are not
 close to earth, but themselves a part of it ; fastened
 o it by their sides, here and there only a wrinkled
 sing from the granite crystals. We have found
 in the tree yielding fruit, and in the herb yielding
 How of the herb yielding *no* seed,¹ the fruitless,
 ss lichen of the rock ?

. Lichen, and mosses (though these last in their
 ice are deep and rich as herbage, yet both for the
 art humblest of the green things that live),—how
 e ? Meek creatures ! the first mercy of the earth,
 with hushed softness its dintless rocks ; creatures
 pity, covering with strange and tender honour the
 disgrace of ruin,—laying quiet finger on the trem-
 ones, to teach them rest. No words, that I know
 say what these mosses are. None are delicate
 , none perfect enough, none rich enough. How
 o tell of the rounded bosses of furred and beaming
 —the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine-filmed,
 e Rock Spirits could spin porphyry as we do glass,
 tracteries of intricate silver, and fringes of amber,
 s, arborescent, burnished through every fibre into
 rightness and glossy traverses of silken change, yet
 lued and pensive, and framed for simplest, sweetest
 of grace ? They will not be gathered, like the

reader must remember always that my work is concerned
 of things only. Of course, a lichen has seeds, just as
 , but not effectually or visibly for man.

flowers, for chaplet or love-token; but of these the bird will make its nest, and the wearied child his pillow.

And, as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last to us. When all other service is vain, from plant and the soft mosses and gray lichen take up their watch by head-stone. The woods, the blossoms, the grasses, have done their parts for a time, but these service for ever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for grave.

§ 25. Yet as in one sense the humblest, in another are the most honoured of the earth-children. Unlike as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the rust wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, close-hearted, is entrusted the weaving of the dark, carpeted of the hills; to them, slow-pencilled, is the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossom like drifted snow, and summer on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip;—far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen rests, star-like, on the stone; and the gathering orange upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sun of a thousand years.

PART VII

OF CLOUD BEAUTY

CHAPTER I

THE CLOUD-BALANCINGS

we have seen that when the earth had to be prepared for habitation of man, a veil, as it were, of intermediate being was spread between him and its darkness, in which appeared, in a subdued measure, the stability and immutability of the earth, and the passion and perishing of man.

The heavens, also, had to be prepared for his abode.

Between their burning light,—their deep vacuity, and between the earth's gloom of iron substance, and the human veil had to be spread of intermediate being;—which might appease the unendurable glory to the level of human existence, and sign the changeless motion of the heavens by the semblance of human vicissitude.

Between the earth and man arose the leaf. Between the leaf and man came the cloud. His life being partly as the leaf, and partly as the flying vapour.

Has the reader any distinct idea of what clouds are? We had some talk about them long ago, and perhaps about their nature, though at that time not clear to us, but we can be easily enough understandable when we put our minds seriously to make it out. Shall we begin with one of the easiest questions?

The mist which lies in the morning so softly in the valley and white, through which the tops of the hills

rise as if through an inundation—why is *it* so heavy? why does it lie so low, being yet so thin and frail till it will melt away utterly into splendour of morning, when the sun has shone on it but a few moments more? The colossal pyramids, huge and firm, with outlines as of iron and strength to bear the beating of the high sun from their fiery flanks—why are *they* so light,—their bases over our heads, high over the heads of Alps? why do these melt away, not as the sun rises, but as he descends and leave the stars of twilight clear, while the valley again gains upon the earth like a shroud?

Or that ghost of a cloud, which steals by yonder clump of pines: nay, which does *not* steal by them, but hangs round them, wreathing yet round them, and yet—and yet, slowly now falling in a fair waved line like a woman's veil; fading, now gone: we look away for an instant, and lo! it is back, and it is again there. What has it to do with the clump of pines, that it broods by them and weaves among their branches, to and fro? Has it hidden a treasure among the moss at their roots, which it watches thus? Or has some strong enchanter charmed it into returning, or bound it fast within those bars of beauty? And yonder filmy crescent, bent like an archer's bow over the snowy summit, the highest of all the hill,—that arch which never forms but over the supreme crest,—is it stayed there, repelled apparently from the snow where touching it, the clear sky seen between it and the mountain edge, yet never leaving it—poised as a white hawk hovers over its nest?

Or those war-clouds that gather on the horizon, dark crested, tongued with fire;—how is their barbed strength bridled? what bits are these they are champing with vaporous lips; flinging off flakes of black foam? Leviathans of the Sea of Heaven, out of their nostrils smoke, and their eyes are like the eyelids of the monster. The sword of him that layeth at them cannot hold spear, the dart, nor the habergeon. Where ride the captains of their armies? Where are set the measures of their march? Fierce murmurers, answering each other morning until evening—what rebuke is this which he

them into peace? what hand has reined them back by the way by which they came?

§ 3. I know not if the reader will think at first that questions like these are easily answered. So far from it, I rather believe that some of the mysteries of the clouds never will be understood by us at all. "Knowest thou the balancings of the clouds?" Is the answer ever to be one of pride? "The wondrous works of Him which is *perfect* in knowledge?" Is *our* knowledge ever to be so?

It is one of the most discouraging consequences of the varied character of this work of mine, that I am wholly unable to take note of the advance of modern science. What has conclusively been discovered or observed about clouds, I know not; but by the chance inquiry possible to me I find no book which fairly states the difficulties of accounting for even the ordinary aspects of the sky. I shall, therefore, be able in this section to do little more than suggest inquiries to the reader, stating the subject in a clear form for him. All men accustomed to investigation will confirm me in saying that it is a great step when we are personally quite certain that we do *not* know.

§ 4. First, then, I believe we do not know what makes clouds float. Clouds are water, in some fine form or other; but water is heavier than air, and the finest form you can give a heavy thing will not make it float a light thing. *On* it, yes; as a boat; but *in* it, no. Clouds are not boats, nor boat-shaped; and they float *in* the air, not on the top of it. "Nay, but though *like* boats, may they not be like feathers? If out of all substance there may be constructed eider-down, and it of vegetable tissue, thistle-down, both buoyant enough at a time, surely of water-tissue may be constructed also eider-down, which will be buoyant enough for all cloudy purposes." Not so. Throw out your eider plumage in a calm day, and it will all come settling to the ground: *why indeed, to aspect*; but practically so fast that all the finest clouds would be here in a heap about our ears in an hour or two, if they were only made of water-feather.

"But may they not be quill feathers, and have air inside them? May not all their particles be minute little balloons?"

A balloon only floats when the air inside it is either specifically, or by heating, lighter than the air it floats in. If the cloud-feathers had warm air inside their quills, a cloud would be warmer than the air about it, which it is not (I believe). And if the cloud-feathers had hydrogen inside their quills, a cloud would be unwholesome for breathing, which it is not—at least so it seems to me.

"But may they not have nothing inside their quills?" Then they would rise, as bubbles do through water, just as certainly as, if they were solid feathers, they would fall. All our clouds would go up to the top of the air, and swim in eddies of cloud-foam.

"But is not that just what they do?" No. They float at different heights, and with definite forms, in the body of the air itself. If they rose like foam, the sky on a cloudy day would look like a very large flat glass of champagne seen from below, with a stream of bubbles (or clouds) going up as fast as they could to a flat foam-ceiling.

"But may they not be just so nicely mixed out of something and nothing, as to float where they are wanted?"

Yes; that is just what they not only may, but must be: only this way of mixing something and nothing is the very thing I want to explain or have explained, and cannot do it, nor get it done.

§ 5. Except thus far. It is conceivable that minute hollow spherical globules might be formed of water, in which the enclosed vacuity just balanced the weight of the enclosing water, and that the arched sphere formed by the watery film was strong enough to prevent the pressure of the atmosphere from breaking it in. Such a globule would float like a balloon at the height in the atmosphere where the equipoise between the vacuum it enclosed, and its own excess of weight above that of the air, was exact. It would, probably, approach its companion globules by reciprocal attraction, and form aggregations which might be visible.

This is, I believe, the view usually taken by meteorologists

it as a possibility, to be taken into account in the question—a possibility confirmed by the words which I have taken for the title of this paper.

Nevertheless, I state it as a possibility only, not how any known operation of physical law could the formation of such molecules. This, however, is the only difficulty. Whatever shape the water is in, it seems at first improbable that it should have the property of wetness. Minute division of rain, as "mist," makes it capable of floating farther,¹ rising up and down a little, just as dust will float, but pebbles will not; or gold-leaf, though a sovereign metal; but minutely divided rain wets as much as any kind, whereas a cloud, partially always, sometimes loses its power of moistening. Some low clouds when you are in them, as if they were made of dust, like short hairs; and these clouds are

buoyant of solid bodies of a given specific gravity, in a given space, first on their size, then on their forms.

On their size; that is to say, on the proportion of the magnitude of the object (irrespective of the distribution of its particles) to the density of the particles of the air.

A grain of sand is buoyant in wind, but a large stone is not. Pebbles and sand are buoyant in water in proportion to their weight, fine dust taking long to sink, while a large stone sinks once. Thus we see that water may be arranged in drops of different magnitude, from the largest rain-drop, about the size of a large atom so small as not to be separately visible, the smallest rising gradually into mist. Of these drops of different sizes (the strength of the wind the same), the largest fall fastest, the smaller drops are more buoyant, and the small misty rain floats about the air, as often up as down, so that an umbrella is useless in it; and in a heavy thunderstorm, if there is no wind, one may stand up under an umbrella without a drop touching the feet.

Finally, buoyancy depends on the amount of surface which a given body of the substance exposes to the resistance of the substance it is in.

Thus, gold-leaf is in a high degree buoyant, while the same weight of gold in a compact grain would fall like a shot; and a feather floats, though the same quantity of animal matter in a compact mass would be as heavy as a little stone. A slate blows far from the ground, but a brick falls vertically, or nearly so.

entirely dry. And also many clouds will wet some instances, but not others. So that we must grant farther if we are to be happy in our theory, that the spherical molecules are held together by an attraction which prevents their adhering to any foreign body, or perhaps ceases only under some peculiar electric conditions.

§ 7. The question remains, even supposing their production accounted for,—What intermediate states of water may exist between these spherical hollow molecules and pure vapour?

Has the reader ever considered the relations of common forms of volatile substance? The invisible particles which cause the scent of the rose-leaf, how minute, how multitudinous, passing richly away into the air continually! The visible cloud of frankincense—why visible? Is it in consequence of the greater quantity, or larger size of the particles, and how does the heat act in throwing them in this quantity, or of this size?

Ask the same questions respecting water. It dries, it is, becomes volatile, invisibly, at (any?) temperature. Snuff dries, as water does. Under increase of heat, it volatilizes faster, so as to become dimly visible in large mass, as heat-haze. It reaches boiling point, then becomes entirely visible. But compress it, so that no air shall get between the watery particles—it is invisible again. At the fire issuing from the steam-pipe the steam is transparent; but opaque, or visible, as it diffuses itself. The water is indeed closer, because cooler, in that diffusion; but more air between its particles. Then this very question of visibility is an endless one, wavering between form of substance and action of light. The clearest (or least visible) stream becomes brightly opaque by more minute division in foam, and the clearest dew in hoar-frost. Dust, unperceived in shade, becomes constantly visible in sunbeam; and water vapour in the atmosphere, which is itself opaque, where there is promise of fine weather, becomes exquisitely transparent; and (questionably) blue when it is going to rain.

* 8. Questionably blue: for besides knowing very little about water, we know what, except by courtesy, must think. be called nothing—about air. Is it the w

or, or the air itself, which is blue? Is neither blue,
 only white, producing blue when seen over dark
 ? If either blue, or white, why, when crimson is
 commanded dress, are the most distant clouds
 onest? Clouds close to us may be blue, but far
 iden—a strange result, if the air is blue. And again,
 3, why are rays that come through large spaces of it
 and that Alp, or anything else that catches far away
 why coloured red, at dawn and sunset? No one
 3, I believe. It is true that many substances, as
 are blue, or green, by reflected light, yellow by
 nitted; but air, if blue at all, is blue always by
 nitted light. I hear of a wonderful solution of
 s, or other unlovely herb, which is green when
 w,—red when deep. Perhaps some day, as the
 ri of the heavenly bodies by help of an apple, their
 oy help of a nettle, may be explained to mankind.
 1. But farther: these questions of volatility, and visi-
 and hue, are all complicated with those of shape.
 is a cloud outlined? Granted whatever you choose
 t, concerning its material, or its aspect, its loftiness
 uminousness,—how of its limitation? What hews
 o a heap, or spins it into a web? Cold is usually
 less, I suppose, extending over large spaces equally,
 h gradual diminution. You cannot have, in the open
 igles, and wedges, and coils, and cliffs of cold. Yet
 pour stops suddenly, sharp and steep as a rock, or
 s itself across the gates of heaven in likeness of a
 1 bar; or braids itself in and out, and across and
 , like a tissue of tapestry; or falls into ripples like
 or into waving shreds and tongues, as fire. On
 anvils and wheels is the vapour pointed, twisted,
 ired, whirled, as the potter's clay? By what hands
 incense of the sea built up into domes of marble?
 d, lastly, all these questions respecting substance, and
 t, and shape, and line, and division, are involved with
 ; as inscrutable, concerning action. The curves in
 clouds move are unknown;—nay, the very method
air motion, or apparent motion, how far it is by
 of place, how far by appearance in one place and

vanishing from another. And these questions about miment lead partly far away into high mathematics, where cannot follow them, and partly into theories concerning electricity and infinite space, where I suppose at present no one can follow them.

What, then, is the use of asking the questions?

For my own part, I enjoy the mystery, and perhaps reader may. I think he ought. He should not be grateful for summer rain, or see less beauty in the clouds of morning, because they come to prove him with his questions; to which, perhaps, if we look close at the heavenly scroll,¹ we may find also a syllable or two answer illuminated here and there.

¹ There is a beautiful passage in *Sartor Resartus* concerning this Hebrew scroll, in its deeper meanings, and the child's watching though long illegible for him, yet "with an eye to the gilding," signifies in a word or two nearly all that is to be said about clouds. (Not quite.—J. R., 1884.)

CHAPTER II

THE CLOUD-FLOCKS

§ 1. FROM the tenor of the foregoing chapter, the reader will, I hope, be prepared to find me, though dogmatic (it is said) upon some occasions, anything rather than dogmatic respecting clouds. I will assume nothing concerning them, beyond the simple fact, that as a floating sediment forms in a saturated liquid, vapour forms in the body of the air; and all that I want the reader to be clear about, in the outset, is that this vapour floats in and with the wind (as, if you throw any thick colouring-matter into a river, it floats with the stream), and that it is not blown before a denser volume of the wind, as a fleece of wool would be.

§ 2. At whatever height they form, clouds may be broadly considered as of two species only, massive and striated. I cannot find a better word than massive, though it is not a good one, for I mean it only to signify a fleecy arrangement in which no *lines* are visible. The fleece may be so bright as to look like flying thistle-down, or so diffused as to show no visible outline at all. Still if it is all of one common texture, like a handful of wool, or a wreath of smoke, I call it massive.

On the other hand, if divided by parallel lines, so as to look more or less like spun-glass, I call it striated. In Plate 69, Fig. 4, the top of the Aiguille Dru (Chamouni) is seen emergent above low striated clouds, with heaped massive cloud beyond. I do not know in the least what causes this striation, except that it depends on the nature of the cloud, not on the wind. The strongest wind will not throw a cloud, massive by nature, into the linear form

It will toss it about, and tear it to pieces, but not spin it into threads. On the other hand, often without any wind at all, the cloud will spin itself into threads fine as gossamer. These threads are often said to be a prognostic of storm; but they are not produced by storm.

§ 3. In the first volume, we considered all clouds as belonging to three regions, that of the cirrus, the central cloud, and the rain-cloud. It is of course an arrangement more of convenience than of true description, for cirrus clouds sometimes form low as well as high; and rain sometimes falls high as well as low. I will, nevertheless, retain this old arrangement, which is practically as serviceable as any.

Allowing, also, for various exceptions and modifications, these three bodies of cloud may be generally distinguished in our minds thus. The clouds of upper region are for the most part quiet, or seem to be so, owing to their distance. They are formed now of striated, now of massive substance; but always finely divided. The central clouds are entirely of massive substance, but divided into large ragged flakes or ponderous heaps. These heaps (cumuli) and flakes, or drifts, present different phenomena, but must be joined in our minds under the head of central cloud. The lower clouds, bearing rain abundantly, are composed partly of striated, partly of massive substance; but may generally be comprehended under the term rain-cloud.

Our business in this chapter then is with the upper clouds, which, owing to their quietness and multitude, we may perhaps conveniently think of as the "cloud-flocks." And we have to discover if any laws of beauty attach to them, such as we have seen in mountains or tree-branches.

§ 4. On one of the few mornings of this winter, when the sky was clear, and one of the far fewer, on which its clearness was visible from the neighbourhood of London,—which now entirely loses at least two out of three sunrises, owing to the envioning smoke,—the dawn broke beneath a broad field of level purple cloud, under which floated tanks of divided cirri, composed of finely striated vapour. It was not a sky containing any extraordinary number

•

■

—



J. Ruskin

63. The Cloud-Flocks

of these minor clouds; but each was more than usually distinct in separation from its neighbour, and as they showed in nearly pure pale scarlet on the dark purple ground, they were easily to be counted.

§ 5. There were five or six ranks, from the zenith to the horizon; that is to say, three distinct ones, and then two or three more running together, and losing themselves in distance, in the manner roughly shown in Fig. 79. The nearest rank was composed of more than 150 rows of cloud, set obliquely, as in the figure. I counted 150, which was near

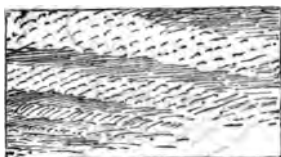


Fig. 79.

the mark, and then stopped, lest the light should fail, to count the separate clouds in some of the rows. The average number was 60 in each row, rather more than less.

There were therefore 150×60 , that is, 9,000, separate clouds in this one rank, or about 50,000 in the field of sight. Flocks of Admetus under Apollo's keeping. Who could shepherd such? He by day, dog Sirius by night; or huntress Diana herself—her bright arrows driving away the clouds of prey that would ravage her fair flocks. We must leave fancies, however; these wonderful clouds need close looking at. I will try to draw one or two of them before they fade.

§ 6. On doing which we find, after all, they are not much more like sheep than Canis Major is like a dog. They resemble more some of our old friends, the pine anches, covered with snow. The three, forming the permost figure, in the Plate opposite, are as like three the fifty thousand as I could get them; complex enough structure, even this single group. Busy workers they must be, that twine the braiding of them all to the horizon, and down beyond it.

And who are these workers? You have two questions, both difficult. What separates these thousands of clouds each from the other, and each about equally from the other? How can they be drawn asunder, yet not parted to part? Looped lace as it were, richest point

invisible threads fastening embroidered cloud to
 “plighted clouds” of Milton,—creatures of the

“That in the colours of the rainbow live,
 And play in the plighted clouds.”



Fig 8a.

Compare Geraldine dressing :—

“Puts on her silken vestments white,
 And tricks her hair in lovely plight.”

And Britomart’s—

“Her well-plighted frock
 She low let fall, that flowed from her lanck
 Down to her foot with careless modesty.”

*And, secondly, what bends each of them into
 like curves, tender and various, as motions of*

and thither? Perhaps you may hardly see the curves well in the softly finished forms; here they are plainer in rude outline, Fig. 80.¹

§ 7. What is it that throws them into these lines?

Eddies of wind?

Nay, an eddy of wind will not stay quiet for three minutes, as that cloud did to be drawn; as all the others did, each in his place. You see there is perfect harmony among the curves. They all flow into each other as the currents of a stream do. If you throw dust that will float on the surface of a slow river, it will arrange itself in lines somewhat like these. To a certain extent, indeed, it is

¹ Before going farther, I must say a word or two respecting method in drawing clouds.

Absolutely well no cloud *can* be drawn with the point; nothing but the most delicate management of the brush will express its variety of form and texture. By laborious and tender engraving, a close approximation may be obtained either to nature or to good painting; and the drawings of sky by our modern line engravers are often admirable;—many respects as good as can be, and to my mind the best part of their work. There still exist some early proofs of Miller's plate of the Grand Canal, Venice, in which the sky is the likeliest thing to Turner's that I have ever seen in large engravings. The plate was spoiled: a few impressions were taken off by desire of the publisher. The engraving was so exactly like Turner's that he thought it would not please the public, and had all the fine cloud-drawing rubbed away to make it

The Plate opposite page 132, by Mr. Armytage, is also, I think, a very good specimen of engraving, though, in result, not so good as the just spoken of, because this was done from my copy of Turner's drawing, not from the picture itself.

The engraving of this finished kind cannot, by reason of its costliness, be used for every illustration of cloud form. Nor, if it could, can skies be etched with the completion which would bear it. It is sometimes possible to draw one cloud out of fifty thousand with something like truth before it fades. But if we want the arrangement of the fifty thousand, they can only be indicated with the rudest lines, and finished by the memory. It was, as we shall see presently, only by his gigantic power of memory that Turner was enabled to draw skies as he did.

Now, I look upon my own memory of clouds, or of anything else, as of no value whatever. All the drawings on which I have ever rested my attention have been made without stirring from the spot; and in drawing clouds from nature, it is very seldom desirable to use the

true that there are gentle currents of change in the atmosphere, which move slowly enough to permit in the cloud that follow them some appearance of stability. But to obtain change so complex in an infinite number of consecutive spaces;—fifty thousand separate groups of current in half of a morning sky, with quiet invisible vapour between or none;—and yet all obedient to one ruling law, going forth through their companies;—each marshalled to the white standards, in great unity of warlike march, unarrested, unconfused? “One shall not trust another, they shall walk every one in his own path.”

§ 8. These questions occur, at first sight, respecting every group of cirrus cloud. Whatever the form may be, whether branched, as in this instance, or merely rippled and thrown into shield-like segments, as in Fig. 81—a frequent arrangement—there is still the same difficulty in accounting satisfactorily for the individual forces which regulate the similar shape of each mass, while all are moved by a general

brush. For broad effects and notes of colour (though these, however made, are always inaccurate, and letters indicating the colour do not do as well) the brush may be sometimes useful; but, in most cases, a fine pencil, which will lay shade with its side and draw lines with its point, is the best instrument. Turner almost always outlined merely with point, being able to remember the relations of shade without the slightest chance of error. The point, at all events, is needful, how much stump work may be added to it.

Now, in translating sketches made with the pencil point into engraving, we must either engrave delicately and expensively, or content to substitute for the soft varied pencil lines the finer uncloudlike touches of the pen. It is best to do this boldly, if at all, and without the least aim at fineness of effect, to lay down a vigorous black line as the limit of the cloud-form or action. The more subtle painter's finished work, the more fearless he is in using the vigorous black line when he is making memoranda, or treating his subject conventionally. At page 230, Vol. IV., the reader may see a kind of outline which Titian uses for clouds in his pen work. Usually he is even bolder and coarser. And in the rude woodcut I am going to employ here, I believe the reader will find ultimately, with whatever ill success used by me, the means of expression are the fullest and most convenient that can be adopted, short of fine engraving, while there are some conditions of cloud-action which satisfy myself better in expressing by these coarse lines than by any other way.

that has apparently no influence on the divided
ure. Thus the mass of clouds disposed as in Fig.
ll probably move, mutually, in the direction of the

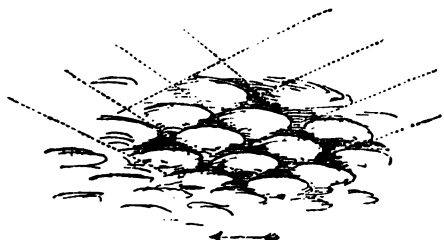


Fig. 8x.

that is to say, sideways, as far as their separate
ure is concerned. I suppose it probable that as the
of electricity is more perfectly systematized, the
tion of many circumstances of cloud-form will be
ed by it. At present I see no use in troubling the
or myself with conjectures which a year's progress
nce might either effectively contradict or supersede.
t I want is, that we should have our questions ready
clearly to the electricians when the electricians are
o answer us.

It is possible that some of the loveliest conditions
a parallel clouds may be owing to a structure which
t to explain, when it occurred in rocks, in the course
ast volume.

n they are finely stratified, and their surfaces abraded
id, shallow furrows, the edges of the beds, of course,
own into undulations, and at some distance, where
rows disappear, the surface looks as if the rock had
over it in successive waves. Such a condition is
the left at the top in Fig. 17 in Vol. IV. (p. 161).
ing a series of beds of vapour cut across by a
: *sloping current of air*, and so placed as to catch
t *on their edges*, we should have a series of curve
oking like independent clouds.

§ 10. I believe conditions of form like those in Fig. (turn the book with its outside edge down) may not unfrequently be owing to stratification, when they occur in the nearer sky. This line of cloud far off at the horizon, drifting towards the left (the points of course forward and is, I suppose, a series of near circular eddies seen in perspective.

Which question of perspective we must examine a little before going a step farther.

In order to simplify it, let us assume that the under surfaces of clouds are flat, and lie in a horizontal extended field. This is in great measure the fact and notable perspective phenomena depend on the approximation of clouds to such a condition.

§ 11. Referring the reader to the Elements of Perspective for statement of law which would be in this picturesque, I can only ask him to take the word for it that the three figures in Plate 64 represent limiting lines of perspective, as they would appear over a large space of the sky. Supposing that the breadth included was one-fourth of the horizon, the shaded portions in the central figure represent square fields of cloud,¹ and those in the uppermost figure narrow triangles, with their shortest sides next us, but sloping a little away from

In each figure, the shaded portions show the perspective limits of cloud masses, which, in reality, are arranged

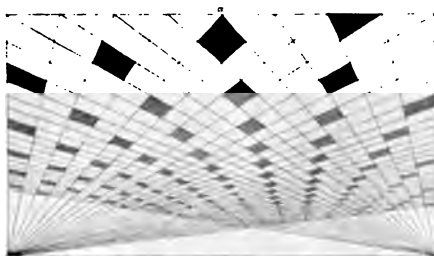


Fig. 82.

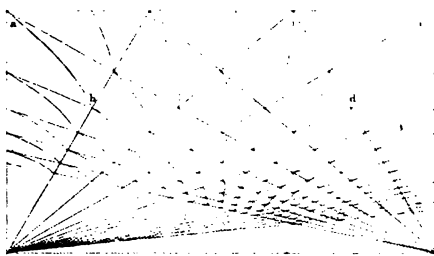
¹ If the figures are supposed to include more than one-fourth of the horizon, the shaded figures represent diamond-shaped clouds; but the reader cannot understand this without studying perspective laws accurately.



1



2



3

J. Ruskin

J. Emslie

61 Cloud Perspective (Rectilinear)



fectly straight lines, are all similar, and are equidistant in each other. Their exact relative positions are marked by the lines connecting them, and may be determined by the reader if he knows perspective. If he does not, he may be surprised at first to be told that the stubborn and obtuse little triangle, *b*, Fig. 1, Plate 64, represents a cloud precisely similar, and similarly situated, to that represented by the thin triangle, *a*; and, in like manner, the stout diamond, *a*, Fig. 2, represents precisely the same form and size of cloud as the thin strip at *b*. He may perhaps think it still more curious that the retiring perspective which causes stoutness in the triangle, causes leanness in the diamond.¹

§ 12. Still greater confusion in aspect is induced by the apparent change caused by perspective in the direction of the wind. If Fig. 3 be supposed to include a quarter of the horizon, the spaces, into which its straight lines divide it, represent squares of sky. The curved lines, which cross these spaces from corner to corner, are precisely parallel throughout; and, therefore, two clouds moving, one on the curved line from *a* to *b*, and the other on the other side, from *c* to *d*, would, in reality, be moving with the same wind, in parallel lines. In Plate 66, which is a sketch of an actual sunset behind Beauvais cathedral (the point of the roof of the apse, a title to the left of the centre, shows it to be a summer sunset), the white cirri in the high light are all moving eastward, away from the sun, in perfectly parallel lines, curving a little round to the south. Underneath, are two straight ranks of rainy cirri, crossing each other; one directed south-east; the other, north-west. The meeting perspective of these, in extreme distance, determines the shape of the angular light which opens above the cathedral. Underneath all, fragments of true rain-cloud are floating between us and the sun, governed by curves of their own. They are, nevertheless, connected with the straight cirri

¹ In reality, the retiring ranks of cloud, if long enough, would, of course, go on converging to the horizon. I do not continue them, because the figures would become too compressed.

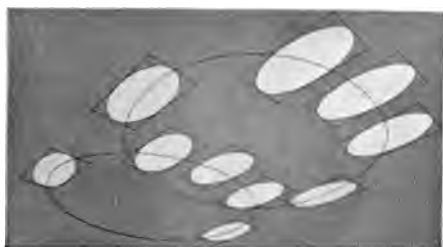
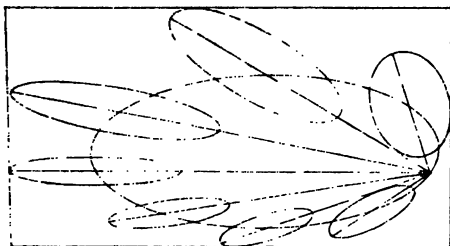
by the dark semi-cumulus in the middle of the shade above the cathedral.

§ 13. Sky perspective, however, remains perfectly simple, so long as it can be reduced to any rectilinear arrangement; but when nearly the whole system is curved, which nine times out of ten is the case, it becomes embarrassing. The central figure in Plate 65 represents the simplest possible combination of perspective of straight lines with that of curves, a group of concentric circles of small clouds being supposed to cast shadows from the sun near the horizon. Such shadows are often cast in misty air; the aspect of rays about the sun being, in fact, only caused by spaces between them. They are carried out formally and far in the Plate, to show how curiously they may modify the arrangement of light in a sky. The woodcut Fig. 83, gives roughly the arrangement of the clouds in



Fig. 83.

Turner's Pools of Solomon, in which he has employed a concentric system of circles of this kind, and thus lighted. In the perspective figure the clouds are represented as small square masses, for the sake of greater simplicity, and are so beaded or strung as it were on the curves in which they move, as to keep their distances precisely equal, and their sides parallel. This is the usual condition of cloud: for though arranged in curved ranks, ea



J. Ruskin

J. Ruskin

65. Cloud Perspective (Concircular)



d has its face to the front, or, at all events, acts in a parallel line—generally another curve—with those to it: being rarely, except in the form of fine radiat-
stræ, arranged on the curves as at *a*, Fig. 84; but

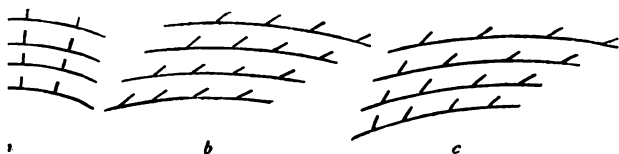


Fig. 84.

b, or *c*.¹ It would make the diagram too complex gave one of intersecting curves; but the lowest *a* in Plate 65 represents, in perspective, two groups of ellipses arranged in equidistant straight and parallel, and following each other on two circular curves. Their exact relative position is shown in Fig. 2, Plate 56. The uppermost figure in Plate 65 represents, in parallel perspective, a series of ellipses arranged in radiation on a circle, their exact relative size and position shown in Fig. 3, Plate 56, and the lines of such a series as would be produced by them, roughly, in Fig. 90, 145.¹

14. And in these figures, which, if we look up the subject rightly, would be but the first and simplest of the series necessary to illustrate the action of the upper cirri, the reader may see, at once, how necessarily painters, trained in observance of proportion, and ignorant of perspective, must lose in every touch the expression of variety and space in sky. The absolute forms of each cloud are, indeed, not alike, as the ellipses in the engraving; assuredly, when moving in groups of this kind, there are among them the same proportioned inequalities of relative distance, the same gradated changes from ponderous

to fine ellipses in order to make these figures easily intelligible; the curves actually *are* variable curves, of the nature of the cycloid, or other curves of continuous motion; probably produced by a current blowing in some such direction as that indicated by the dotted line in Fig. 3, Plate 56.

to elongated form, the same exquisite suggestions including curve; and a common painter, dotting his c down at random, or in more or less equal masses no more paint a sky, than he could, by random: d for its ruined arches, paint the Coliseum.

§ 15. Whatever approximation to the character of clouds may have been reached by some of our students, it will be found, on careful analysis, that T stands more absolutely alone in this gift of cloud-dra than in any other of his great powers. Observe, I cloud-drawing; other great men coloured clouds b fully; none but he ever drew them truly: this f coming from his constant habit of drawing skies, everything else, with the pencil point. It is quite possible to engrave any of his large finished skies small scale; but the woodcut, Fig. 85, will give some of the forms of cloud involved in one of his small draw It is only half of the sky in question, that of Rouen St. Catherine's Hill, in the Rivers of France. Its c are arranged on two systems of intersecting circles, c beneath by long bars very slightly bent. The for every separate cloud is completely studied; the m of drawing them will be understood better by help c Plate opposite, which is a piece of the sky above "Campo Santo,"¹ at Venice, exhibited in 1842. exquisite in rounding of the separate fragments buoyancy of the rising central group, as well as i expression of the wayward influence of curved line breeze on a generally rectilinear system of cloud.

§ 16. To follow the subject farther would, how lead us into doctrine of circular storms, and all kin pleasant, but infinite, difficulty, from which temptati keep clear, believing that enough is now stated to e the reader to understand what he is to look for in Tur skies; and what kind of power, thought, and scienc involved continually in the little white or purple dash cloud-spray, which, in such pictures as the San Benec

¹ Now in the possession of E. Ricknell, Esq., who kindly the picture, that I might make this drawing from it carefully.



J. M. W. Turner

1840

U. C. American

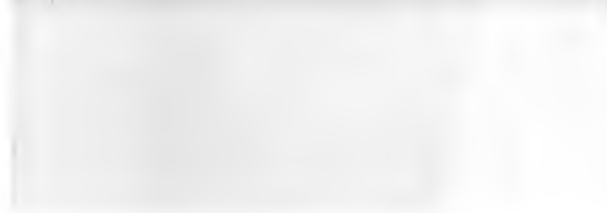




Fig. 85.

looking to Fusina, the Napoleon, or the Temeraire, give the eye to the horizon more by their true perspective than by their aerial tone, and are buoyant, not so much expression of lightness as of motion.¹

§ 17. I say the "white or purple" cloud-spray. (A word yet may be permitted me respecting the mystery of colour. What should we have thought—if we had lived in a country where there were no clouds, but only low mists of fog—of any stranger who had told us that, in his country these mists rose into the air and became purple, crimson, scarlet, and gold? I am aware of no sufficient explanation of these hues of the upper clouds, nor of their strange mingling of opacity with a power of absorbing light. Clouds are so opaque that, however delicate they may be, you never see one through another. Six feet depth of them at a little distance, will wholly veil the darkest mountain edge; so that, whether for light or shade, they tell us of the sky as body colour on canvas; they have always a perfect surface and bloom;—delicate as a rose-leaf, when required of them, but never poor or meagre in hue, and old-fashioned water-colours. And, if needed, in mass, they will bear themselves for solid force of hue against any rock. Facing p. 372, I have engraved a memorandum made of a clear sunset after rain, from the top of Milan Cathedral. The greater part of the outline is granite—Monte Rosso is the rest cloud: but it and the granite were dark alike. Frequently, in effects of this kind, the cloud is darker than the two.² And this opacity is, nevertheless, obtained without destroying the gift they have of letting broken light

¹ I cannot yet engrave these; but the little study of a single rare cirrus, the lowest in Plate 63, may serve to show the value of perspective in expressing buoyancy. It is not, however, though beautifully engraved by Mr. Armytage, as delicate as it should be, in the finer threads which indicate increasing distance at the extremity. Compare the rising and the lines of curve at the edges of this mass, with the similar action on a larger scale, of Turner's cloud, facing p. 132.

² In the Autobiography of John Newton there is an interesting account of the deception of a whole ship's company by cloud, that respects the aspect and outline of mountainous land. They ate the last provisions on ship, so sure were they of its being land, and were nearly lost in consequence.

through them, so that, between us and the sun, they may become golden fleeces, and float as fields of light.

Now their distant colours depend on these two properties together; partly on the opacity, which enables them to reflect light strongly; partly on a spongelike power of gathering light into their bodies.

§ 18. Long ago it was noted by Aristotle, and again by Leonardo, that vaporous bodies looked russet, or even red, when warm light was seen through them, and blue, when deep shade was seen through them. Both colours, generally, be seen on any wreath of cottage smoke.

Whereon, easy conclusion has been sometimes founded by modern reasoners. All red in sky is caused by light seen through vapour, and all blue by shade seen through vapour. Easy, indeed, but not sure, even in cloud-colour only. It is true that the smoke of a town may be of a rich brick red against golden twilight; and of a very lovely, though not bright, blue against shade. But I never saw crimson or scarlet smoke, nor ultramarine smoke.

Even granting that watery vapour in its purity may give the colours more clearly, the red colours are by no means always relieved against light. The finest scarlets are constantly seen in broken flakes on a deep purple ground of heavier cloud beyond, and some of the loveliest rose-colours on clouds in the east, opposite the sunset, or in the west in the morning. Nor are blues always attainable by throwing vapour over shade. Especially, you cannot get them by putting it over blue itself. A thin vapour on dark blue sky is of a warm gray, not blue. A thunder-cloud, deep enough to conceal everything behind it, is often dark red colour, or sulphurous blue; but the thin vapours crossing it, milky white. The vividest hues are connected also with another attribute of clouds, their lustre—metallic effect, watery in reality. They not only reflect colour as lust or wool would, but, when far off, as water would; sometimes even giving a distinct image of the sun underneath the orb itself; in all cases becoming dazzling in lustre, when at a low angle, capable of strong reflection. *Actually, this low angle is only obtained when the clouds are near the sun, and hence we get into the careless*

habit of looking at the golden reflected light, as if it were actually caused by nearness to the fiery ball.

§ 19. Without, however, troubling ourselves at all about laws, or causes of colour, the visible consequences of the operation are notably these—that when near us, clouds present only subdued and uncertain colours; but when far from us, and struck by the sun on their under surfaces, so that the greater part of the light they receive is reflected—they may become golden, purple, scarlet, and intense fiery white, mingled in all kinds of gradations, such as I tried to describe in the chapter on the upper clouds in the first volume, in hope of being able to return to them “when we knew what was beautiful.”

The question before us now is, therefore, What value ought this attribute of clouds to possess in the human mind? Ought we to admire their colours, or despise them? Is it well to watch them as Turner does, and strive to paint them through all deficiency and darkness of inadequate material? Or, is it wiser and nobler—like Claude, Salvator, Ruysdael, Wouvermans—never to look for them, never to portray? We must yet have patience a little before deciding this, because we have to ascertain some facts respecting the typical meaning of colour itself; which, reserving for another place, let us proceed here to let the colours of the inferior clouds.



J. Ruskin

66 Light in the West, Beauvais

J. C. Armytage



CHAPTER III

THE CLOUD CHARIOTS

§ 1. BETWEEN the flocks of small countless clouds which occupy the highest heavens, and the gray undivided film of the true rain-cloud, form the fixed masses or torn fleeces, sometimes collected and calm, sometimes fiercely drifting, which are, nevertheless, known under one general name of cumulus, or heaped cloud.

The true cumulus, the most majestic of clouds, and almost the only one which attracts the notice of ordinary observers, is for the most part windless; the movements of its masses being solemn, continuous, inexplicable, a steady advance or retiring, as if they were animated by an inner will, or compelled by an unseen power. They appear to be peculiarly connected with heat, forming perfectly only in the afternoon, and melting away in the evening. Their noblest conditions are strongly electric, and connect themselves with storm-cloud and true thunder-cloud. When there is thunder in the air, they will form in cold weather, or early in the day.

§ 2. I have never succeeded in drawing a cumulus. Its divisions of surface are grotesque and endless, as those of a mountain; perfectly defined, brilliant beyond all power of colour, and transitory as a dream. Even Turner never attempted to paint them, any more than he did the snows of the high Alps.

Nor can I explain them any more than I can draw them. The ordinary account given of their structure is, I believe, that the moisture raised from the earth by the sun's heat *becomes visible by condensation at a certain height in the colder air, that the level of the condensing point is that of*

the cloud's base, and that above it, the heaps are pushed up higher and higher as more vapour accumulates, till, towards evening, the supply beneath ceases; and at sunset, the fall of dew enables the surrounding atmosphere to absorb and melt them away. Very plausible. But it seems to me herein unexplained how the vapour is held together in those heaps. If the clear air about and above it has no aqueous vapour in it, or at least a much less quantity, why does not the clear air keep pulling the cloud to pieces, eating it away, as steam is consumed in open air? Or, if any cause prevents such rapid devouring of it, why does not the aqueous vapour diffuse itself softly in the air like smoke, so that one would not know where the cloud ended? What should make it bind itself in those solid mounds, and stay so:—positive, fantastic, defiant, determined?

§ 3. If ever I am able to understand the process of the cumulus formation,¹ it will become to me one of the most interesting of all subjects of study to trace the connection of the threatening and terrible outlines of thunder-cloud with the increased action of the electric power. I am for the present utterly unable to speak respecting this matter, and must pass it by, in all humility, to say what little I have ascertained respecting the more broken and rapidly moving forms of the central clouds, which connect themselves with mountains, and may, therefore, among mountains, be seen close and truly.

§ 4. Yet even of these, I can only reason with great doubt and continual pause. This last volume ought certainly to be better than the first of the series, for two reasons. I have learned during the sixteen years to say little where I said much, and to see difficulties where I saw none. And I am in a great state of marvel in looking back to my first account of clouds, not only at myself, but even at my dear master, M. de Saussure. To think that both of us should have looked at drifting mountain clouds, for years together, and been content with the theory which

¹ One of the great difficulties in doing this is to distinguish the portions of cloud outline which really slope upwards from those which only appear to do so, being in reality horizontal, and thrown into apparent inclination by perspective.

you will find set forth in § 4, of the chapter on the central cloud region (Vol. I.), respecting the action of the snowy summits on watery vapour passing them. It is quite true that this action takes place, and that the said fourth paragraph is right, as far as it reaches. But both Saussure and I ought to have known—we both did know, but did not think of it,—that the covering or cap-cloud forms on cold summits as well as cold ones;—that the red and bare rocks of Mont Pilate, hotter, certainly, after a day's sunshine than the cold storm-wind which sweeps to them from the Alps, nevertheless have been renowned for their helmet cloud, ever since the Romans watched the cloven summit, lying against the south, from the ramparts of Vindonissa, giving it the name from which the good Catholics of Lucerne have warped out their favourite piece of terrific sacred biography.¹ And both my master and I should also have detected that if our theory about its formation had been generally true, the helmet cloud ought to form on every cold summit, at the approach of rain, in approximating proportions to the bulk of the glaciers; which is so far from being the case that not only (A) the cap-cloud may often be seen on lower summits of grass or rock, while the higher ones are splendidly clear (which may be accounted for by supposing the wind containing the moisture not to have risen so high); but (B) the cap-cloud always shows a preference for hills of a conical form, such as the Mole or Liesen, which can have very little power in chilling the air, even supposing they were cold themselves, while it will entirely refuse to form round huge masses of mountain, which, supposing them of chilly temperament, must have discomforted the atmosphere in their neighbourhood for ages. And finally (C) reversing the principle under letter A, the cap-cloud constantly forms on the summit of Mont Blanc, while it will obstinately refuse to appear on the Dome du Goûté or Aiguille Sans-nom, where the snow-fields are of greater extent, and the air must be moister, because lower.

¹ *Pileatus*, capped (strictly speaking, with the cap of liberty; stormy and enough sometimes on men's brows as well as on mountains' ruptured into *Pilatus*, and *Pilate*.

§ 5. The fact is, that the explanation given in that fourth paragraph can, in reality, account only for what may properly be termed "leeside cloud," slightly noticed in the continuation of the same chapter, but deserving most attentive illustration, as one of the most beautiful phenomena of the Alps. When a moist wind blows in clear weather over a cold summit, it has not time to get chilled as it approaches the rock, and therefore the air remains clear, and the sky bright on the windward side; but under the lee of the peak, there is partly a back eddy, and partly still air; and in that lull and eddy the wind gets time to be chilled by the rock, and the cloud appears,



Fig. 86.

as a boiling mass of white vapour, rising continually with the return current to the upper edge of the mountain, where it is caught by the straight wind and partly torn, partly melted away

in broken fragments. In Fig. 86 the dark mass represents the mountain peak, the arrow the main direction of the wind, the curved lines show the directions of such current and its concentration, and the dotted line encloses the space in which cloud forms densely, floating away beyond and above in irregular tongues and flakes. The third figure from the top in Plate 69 represents the actual aspect of it when in full development, with a strong south wind, in a clear day, on the Aiguille Dru, the sky being perfectly blue and lovely around.

So far all is satisfactory. But the true helmet cloud will not allow itself to be thus explained away. The uppermost figure in Plate 69 represents the loveliest form of it, seen in that perfect arch, so far as I know, only over the highest piece of earth in Europe.

§ 6. Respecting which there are two mysteries:—First, why it should form only at a certain distance above the snow, showing blue sky between it and the summit



J. Ruskin

J. C. Armytage

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Secondly, why, so forming, it should always show as an arch, not as a concave cup. This last question puzzles me especially. For, if it be a true arch, and not a cup, it ought to show itself in certain positions of the spectator, or directions of the wind, like the ring of Saturn, as a mere line, or as a spot of cloud pausing over the hill-top. But I never saw it so. While, as above noticed, the lowest form of the helmet cloud is not white as of silver, but like Dolon's helmet of wolf-skin,—it is a gray, flaky veil, lapping itself over the shoulders of a more or less conical peak; and of this, also, I have no word to utter but the old one, "Electricity," and I might as well say nothing.

§ 7. Neither the helmet cloud, nor the lee-side cloud, however, though most interesting and beautiful, is of much importance in picturesque effect. They are too isolated and strange. But the great mountain cloud, which seems to be a blending of the two with independent forms of vapour (that is to say, a greater development, in consequence of the mountain's action, of clouds which would in some way or other have formed anywhere), requires prolonged attention, as the principal element of the sky in noblest landscape.

§ 8. For which purpose, first, it may be well to clear a few clouds out of the way. I believe the true cumulus is never seen in a great mountain region, at least never associated with hills. It is always broken up and modified by them. Boiling and rounded masses of vapour occur continually, as behind the Aiguille Dru (lowest figure in Plate 69); but the quiet, thoroughly defined, infinitely divided and modelled pyramid never develops itself. It would be very grand if one ever saw a great mountain peak breaking through the domed shoulders of a true cumulus; but this I have never seen.

§ 9. Again, the true high cirri never cross a mountain in Europe. How often have I hoped to see an Alp rising through and above their level-laid and rippled fields! but those white harvest-fields are heaven's own. And, finally, *even the low, level cirrus* (used so largely in Martin's pictures) *rarely crosses a mountain*. If it does, it usually *comes slightly waved or broken*, so as to destroy

character. Sometimes, however, at great distances, a very level bar of cloud will strike across a peak; but nearer too much of the under surface of the field is seen, so that a well-defined bar across a peak seen at a high angle, is of the greatest rarity.

§ 10. The ordinary mountain cloud, therefore, if well defined, divides itself into two kinds: a broken condition of cumulus, grand in proportion as it is solid and quiet,—and a strange modification of drift-cloud, midway, as said, between the helmet and the lee-side forms. The broken, quiet cumulus impressed Turner exceedingly when he first saw it on hills. He uses it, slightly exaggerating its definiteness, in all his early studies among the mountains of the Chartreuse, and very beautifully in the vignette of St. Maurice in Rogers's Italy. There is nothing, however, to be specially observed of it, as it only differs from the cumulus of the plains, by being smaller and more broken.

§ 11. Not so the mountain drift-cloud, which is as peculiar as it is majestic. The Plates 70 and 71 show as well as I can express, two successive phases of it on a mountain crest; (in this instance the great limestone ridge above St. Michel, in Savoy.) But what colossal proportion this noble cloud assumes may be best gathered from the rude sketch, Fig. 87, in which I have simply put firm black ink over the actual pencil-lines made at the moment, giving the form of a single wreath of the drift-cloud, stretching about five miles in a direct line from the summit of one of the Alps of the Val d'Aosta, as seen from the plain of Turin. It has a grand volcanic look, but I believe its aspect of rising from the peak to be almost, if not altogether deceptive; and that the apparently gigantic column is nearly horizontal stream of lee-side cloud, tapered into its distance by perspective, and thus rising at its apparent lowest, but in reality most distant point, from the mountain summit whose shade calls it into being out of the clear winds.

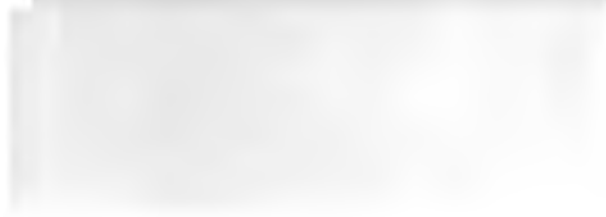
Whether this be so or not, the apparent origin of the *cloud on the peak*, and radiation from it, distinguish *from the drift-cloud* of level country, which arranges itself *the horizon in broken masses*, such as Fig. 89, show



J. Ruskin

70. The Grail

J. C. Amytugo





J. C. Armytage

“The Great Unknown”

Ruskin



1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered.

2. The second step is to gather relevant information and data.

3. The third step is to analyze the information and data to identify patterns and trends.

4. The fourth step is to develop a hypothesis or a proposed solution.

5. The fifth step is to test the hypothesis or solution through experimentation or observation.

6. The sixth step is to evaluate the results of the test and determine if the hypothesis is supported or refuted.

7. The seventh step is to draw conclusions based on the results of the test.

8. The eighth step is to communicate the findings of the study to the relevant audience.

9. The ninth step is to reflect on the process and identify areas for improvement.

10. The tenth step is to apply the findings of the study to real-world situations.

11. The eleventh step is to continue to monitor and evaluate the results of the study over time.

12. The twelfth step is to share the findings of the study with the broader community.

13. The thirteenth step is to use the findings of the study to inform future research and practice.

14. The fourteenth step is to ensure that the findings of the study are used to improve the quality of life for all people.

15. The fifteenth step is to continue to work towards a more just and equitable world for all people.



Fig. 37.

no point of origin ; and I do not know how far they are vertical cliffs or horizontally extended fields. They are apt to be very precipitous in aspect, breaking into fragments with an apparently concentric motion, as in the figure ; but of this motion also—whether vertical or horizontal—I can say nothing positive.

§ 12. The absolute scale of such clouds may be seen or at least demonstrated, more clearly in Fig. 88, which is a rough note of an effect of sky behind the tower of Bern Cathedral. It was made from the mound beside the railroad bridge. The Cathedral tower is half-a-mile distant. The great Eiger of Grindelwald is seen just on the right of it. This mountain is distant from the tower thirty-four miles as the crow flies, and ten thousand feet above its height. The drift-cloud behind it, therefore, being in full light, and showing no overhanging surfaces, must rise at least twenty thousand feet into the air.

§ 13. The extreme whiteness of the volume of vapour in this case (not, I fear, very intelligible in the woodcut) may be partly owing to recent rain, which, by its evaporation, gives a peculiar density and brightness to some form of clearing cloud. In order to understand this, we must consider another set of facts. When weather is thoroughly wet among hills, we ought no more to accuse the mountains of forming the clouds, than we do the plains in similar circumstances. The unbroken mist buries the mountains to their bases ; but that is not their fault. It may be just as wet and just as cloudy elsewhere. (This is not true of Scottish mountains, by the way.) But when the wet weather is breaking, and the clouds pass, perhaps, in great measure away from the plains, leaving large spaces of blue sky, the

¹ I could not properly illustrate the subject of clouds without number of these rude drawings, which would probably offend the general reader by their coarseness, while the cost of engraving them in facsimile is considerable, and would much add to the price of the book. If I find people at all interested in the subject, I may, perhaps, some day systematically and publish my studies of cloud separately. I am sorry not to have given in this volume a careful study of a rich cirrus sky, but the wood-engraving that I can employ on this scale will express the threads and waves.



Fig. 88.



Fig. 89.



mountains begin to shape clouds for themselves. fallen moisture evaporates from the plain invisibly; not so from the hill-side. There, what quantity of rain not gone down in the torrents, ascends again to heat instantly in white clouds. The storm passes as if it tormented the crags, and the strong mountains smoke tired horses.

§ 14. Here is another question for us of some interest. Why does the much greater quantity of moisture lying on the horizontal fields send up no visible vapour, and the less quantity left on the rocks glorify itself into a magnificent wreath of soaring snow?

First, for the very reason that it is less in quantity, more distributed; as a wet cloth smokes when you put it near the fire, but a basin of water not.

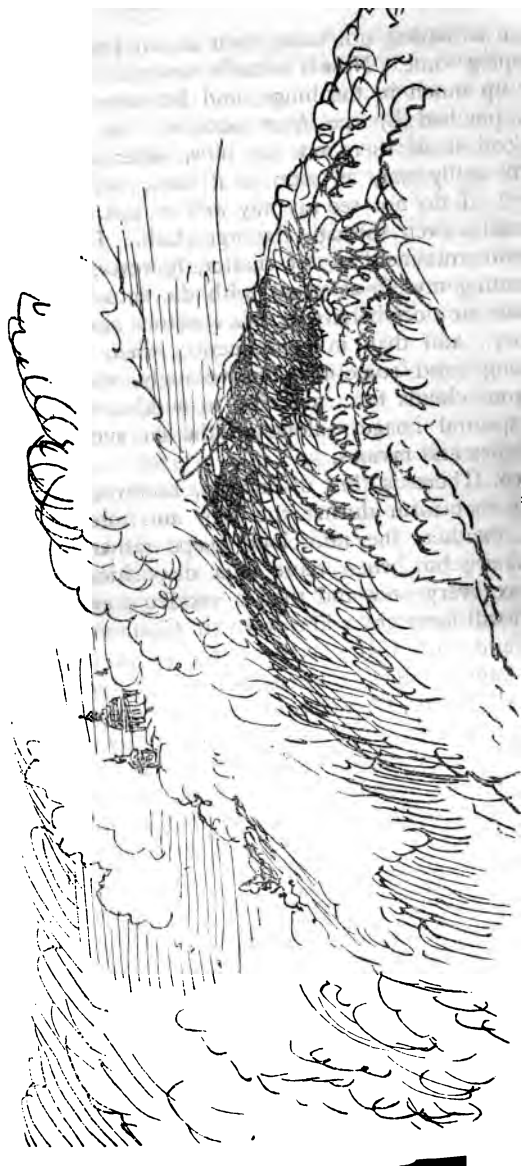
The previous heat of the crags, noticed in the first volume, p. 268, is only a part of the cause. It operates only locally, and on remains of sudden showers. It is after any number of days and nights of rain, and in places exposed to returning sunshine and breezes, that the *distribution* of the moisture tells. So soon as the rain has ceased, all water that can run off is of course gone from the steep hill-sides; there remains only the thin adherent film of moisture to be dried; but that film is spread over a complex texture—all manner of crannies, and bosses, and projections, and filaments of moss and lichen, exposing a vast extent of drying surface to the air. And the evaporation is rapid in proportion.

§ 15. Its rapidity, however, observe, does not account for its visibility, and this is one of the questions I cannot clearly solve, unless I were sure of the nature of vesicular vapour. When our breath becomes visible on a frosty day, it is easily enough understood that the moisture which was invisible, carried by the warm air from the lungs, becomes visible when condensed or precipitated by the surrounding chill; but one does not wonder why air passing over a moist surface quite as cold as *itself should take up one particle of water more than another conveniently*—that is to say, invisibly—carry. When you see vapour, you may not inaccurately con-

the air as having got more than it can properly hold, and dropping some. Now it is easily understood how it should take up much in the lungs, and let some of it fall when it is pinched by the frost outside; but why should it overload itself there on the hills, when it is at perfect liberty to fly away as soon as it likes, and come back for more? I do not see my way well in this. I do not see it clearly, even through the wet cloth. I shall leave all the embarrassment of the matter, however, to my reader, contenting myself, as usual, with the actual fact, that the hill-side air does behave in this covetous and unreasonable manner; and that, in consequence, when the weather is breaking (and sometimes, provokingly, when it is not), phantom clouds form and rise in sudden crowds of wild and spectral imagery along all the far succession of the hill slopes and ravines.

§ 16. There is this distinction, however, between the clouds that form during the rain and after it. In the worst weather, the rain-cloud keeps rather high, and is unbroken; but when there is a disposition in the rain to relax, every now and then a sudden company of white clouds will form quite low down (in Chamouni or Grindelwald, and such high districts, even down to the bottom of the valley), which will remain, perhaps, for ten minutes, filling all the air, then disappear as suddenly as they came, leaving the gray upper cloud and steady rain to their work. These "clouds of relaxation," if we may so call them, are usually flaky and horizontal, sometimes tending to the silky cirrus, yet showing no fine forms of drift; but when the rain has passed, and the air is getting warm, forms the true clearing cloud, in wreaths that ascend continually, with a slow circling motion, melting as they rise. The woodcut, Fig. 91, is a rude note of it floating more quietly from the hill of the Superga, the church (nearly as large as St. Paul's) appearing above, and thus showing the scale of the wreath.

§ 17. This cloud of evaporation, however, does not always rise. It sometimes rests in absolute stillness, low and in the hollows of the hills, their peaks emergent from
Fig. 92 shows this condition of it, seen from



ce, among the Cenis hills. I do not know what this disposition to rest in the ravines, nor whether is a greater chill in the hollows, or a real action of on the particles of cloud. In general, the position to depend on the temperature. Thus, in Chamouni, rests of La Côte and Taconay continually appear in weather as in Plate 36, Vol. IV., in which I intended present rising drift-cloud, made dense between the by the chill from the glaciers. But in the condition in Fig. 92, on a comparatively open sweep of hill—the thermometer would certainly indicate a higher nature in the sheltered valley than on the exposed



Fig. 92.

; yet the cloud still subsides into the valleys like of a garment; and, more than this, sometimes con- of morning cloud, dependent, I believe, chiefly on evaporation, form first on the *tops* of the soft hills of d Switzerland, and droop down in rent fringes, and te tongues, clinging close to all the hill-sides, and them exactly the appearance of being covered with fringed cloth, falling over them in torn or divided

It always looks like a true action of gravity. How is, in reality, the indication of the power of the un causing evaporation, first on the hill-top, r separate streams, by its divided light on the rav-

I cannot tell. The subject is, as the reader perceives, always inextricably complicated by these three necessities—that to get a cloud in any given spot, you must have moisture to form the material of it, heat to develop it, and cold¹ to show it; and the adverse causes inducing the moisture, the evaporation, and the visibility are continually interchanged in presence and in power. And thus, also the phenomena which properly belong to a certain elevation are confused, among hills at least, with those which in plains would have been lower or higher.

I have been led unavoidably in this chapter to speak of some conditions of the rain-cloud; nor can we finally understand the forms even of the cumulus, without considering those into which it descends or diffuses itself. Which, however, being, I think, a little more interesting than our work hitherto, we will leave this chapter to its dulness, and begin another.

¹ We might say light, as well as cold; for it wholly depends on the degree of light in the sky how far delicate cloud is seen.

The second figure from the top in Plate 69 shows an effect of morning light on the range of the Aiguille Bouchard (Chamouni). Every crag casts its shadow up into apparently clear sky. The shadow is, in such cases, a bluish grey, the colour of clear sky; and the defining light is caused by the sunbeams showing mist which otherwise would have been unperceived. The shadows are not irregular enough in outline—the sketch was made for their colour and sharpness, not the shape,—and I cannot now put them right, so I leave them as they were drawn at the moment.

CHAPTER IV

THE ANGEL OF THE SEA

1. PERHAPS the best and truest piece of work done in the first volume of this book, was the account given in it of the rain-cloud ; to which I have here little, descriptively, to add. But the question before us now is, not who has drawn the rain-cloud best, but if it were worth drawing at all. Our English artists naturally painted it often and rightly ; but are their pictures the better for it ? We have seen how mountains are beautiful ; how trees are beautiful ; how sun-lighted clouds are beautiful ; but can rain be beautiful ?

I spoke roughly of the Italian painters in that chapter, because they could only draw distinct clouds, or violent storms, "massive concretions," while our northern painters could represent every phase of mist and fall of shower.

But is this indeed so delightful ? Is English wet weather, indeed, one of the things which we should desire to see Art give perpetuity to ?

Yes, assuredly. I have given some reasons for this answer in the fifth chapter of last volume ; one or two, yet unnoticed, belong to the present division of our subject.

§ 2. The climates or lands into which our globe is divided may, with respect to their fitness for Art, be perhaps conveniently ranged under five heads :—

1. Forest-lands, sustaining the great mass of the magnificent vegetation of the tropics, for the most part characterized by moist and unhealthy heat, and watered by enormous rivers, or periodical rains. This country *cannot, I believe, develop the mind or art of man.* H

may reach great subtlety of intellect, as the Indian not become learned, nor produce any noble art, or savage or grotesque form of it. Even supposing the influences of climate could be vanquished, the scene on too large a scale. It would be difficult to conceive groves less fit for academic purposes than those men by Humboldt, into which no one can enter except a stout wooden shield, to avoid the chance of being by the fall of a nut.

2. Sand-lands, including the desert and dry rock of the earth, inhabited generally by a nomad population capable of high mental cultivation and of solemn mental or religious art, but not of art in which playfulness forms a large element; their life being essentially one of hardship.

3. Grape and wheat lands, namely, rocks and such as are good for the vine, associated with ground, forming the noblest and best ground for man. In these districts only art of the highest seems possible; the religious art of the sand-lands here joined with that of pleasure or sense.

4. Meadow-lands, including the great pastoral agricultural districts of the north, capable only of inferior art: apt to lose its spirituality and become material.

5. Moss-lands, including the rude forest and moorland of the North, inhabited by a healthy race, capable of high mental cultivation and moral energy, but incapable of art, except savage, like that of the forest, or as in Scandinavia.

We might carry out these divisions into others, but are, I think, essential, and easily remembered in a form; saying "wood" instead of "forest," and "field" "meadow," we can get such a form shortly worded:-

Wood-lands	...	Shrewd intellect	...	No art.
Sand-lands	...	High intellect	...	Religious art
Vine-lands	...	Highest intellect	...	Perfect Art.
Field-lands	...	High intellect	...	Material Art
Moss-lands	...	Shrewd intellect	...	No Art.

3. In this table the moss-lands appear sym-

ed to the wood-lands, which in a sort they are; the diminutive vegetation under bleakest heaven, opposed to too colossal under sultriest heaven, while the perministry of the elements, represented by bread and produces the perfect soul of man.

this is not altogether so. The moss-lands have great advantage over the forest-lands, namely, sight of

not only sight of it, but continual and beneficent from it. What they have to separate them from rock, namely, their moss and streams, being dependent on its direct help, not on great rivers coming from mountain chains, nor on vast tracts of ocean-mist, up at evening, but on the continual play and of sun and cloud.

Note this word "change." The moss-lands have great advantage, not only in sight, but in liberty; the freest ground in all the world. You can only see the great woods by crawling like a lizard, or like a monkey—the great sands with slow steps tilted head. But bare-headed, and open-eyed, and unobscured, commanding all the horizon's space of changefulness and all the horizon's compass of tossing ground, you see the moss-land. In discipline it is severe as the desert, but it is a discipline compelling to action; and the sands seem, therefore, the rough schools of the world, where its strongest human frames are knit and tried, sent down, like the northern winds, to brace and conquer the languor into which the repose of more favoured lands may degenerate.

It would be strange, indeed, if there were no beauty phenomena by which this great renovating and purifying work is done. And it is done almost entirely by the Angel of the Sea—rain;—the Angel, observe, the messenger sent to a special place on a special errand. Not the fused perpetual presence of the burden of mist, but the going and returning of intermittent cloud. All upon that intermittence. Soft moss on stone and cave fern of tangled glen;—wayside well—perennially silent, clear; stealing through its square font

rough-hewn stone; ever thus deep, no more; which winter wreck sullies not, the summer thirst wastes, and incapable of stain as of decline;—where the fallen floats undecayed, and the insect darts undefiling; where brook and ever-eddy river, lifted even in flood, scarce over its stepping-stones,—but through all sweet summer keeping tremulous music with harp-strings of dark, was among the silver fingering of the pebbles. Far away to the south the strong river Gods have all hasted, and gone down to the sea. Wasted and burning, white furnaces blasting sand, their broad beds lie ghastly and bare; and here in the moss-lands, the soft wings of the Sea Angels droop still with dew, and the shadows of their plumage falter on the hills; strange laughings and glittering silver streamlets, born suddenly, and twined about mossy heights in trickling tinsel, answering to the they wave.¹

§ 6. Nor are those wings colourless. We habitually think of the rain-cloud only as dark and gray; not knowing that we owe to it perhaps the fairest, though not the most dazzling of the hues of heaven. Often in our English mornings, the rain-clouds in the dawn form soft, low fields, which melt imperceptibly into the blue; or, when of less extent, gather into apparent bars, crossing the sheet of broader cloud above; and all these bathed throughout in an unspeakable light of pure rose-colour, and purple, and amber, and blue; not shining, but misty-soft; the barred masses, when seen nearer, composed of clusters or tresses of cloud, like floss silk; looking as if each knot were a little swathe or sheaf of lighted rain. No clouds form such skies, none are so tender, various, inimitable. Turner himself never caught them. Correggio, putting out his whole strength, could have painted them, no other man.²

¹ Compare the beautiful stanza beginning the epilogue of the "Golden Legend."

² I do not mean that Correggio is greater than Turner, but that on his way of work, the touch which he has used for the golden hair of Antiope, for instance, could have painted these clouds. In open sky and country I have never been able to come to any satisfactory conclusion about their height, so strangely do they blend with

§ 7. For these are the robes of love of the Angel of the Sea. To these that name is chiefly given, the "spreadings of the clouds," from their extent, their gentleness, their fullness of rain. Note how they are spoken of in Job, xxxvi. 31-33. "By them judgeth He the people; He giveth meat in abundance. With clouds He covereth the light.¹ He hath hidden the light in His hands, and commanded

other. Here, for instance, is the arrangement of an actual group of them. The space at A was deep, purest ultramarine blue, traversed by streaks of absolutely pure and perfect rose-colour. The blue passed downwards imperceptibly into gray at G, and then into amber, and at the white edge below into gold. On this amber ground the streaks P were



dark purple, and, finally, the spaces at B B, again clearest and most precious blue, paler than that at A. The *two* levels of these clouds are always very notable. After a continuance of fine weather among the Alps, the determined approach of rain is usually announced by a soft, unbroken film of level cloud, white and thin at the approaching edge, gray at the horizon, covering the whole sky from side to side, and advancing steadily from the south-west. Under its gray veil, as it approaches, are formed detached bars, darker or lighter than the field above, according to the position of the sun. These bars are usually of a very sharply elongated oval shape, something like fish. I habitually call them "fish-clouds," and look upon them with much discomfort, if any excursions of interest have been planned within the next three days. Their oval shape is a perspective deception dependent on their flatness; they are probably thin, extended fields, irregularly circular.

¹ I do not copy the interpolated words which follow, "and commandeth it not to shine." The closing verse of the chapter, as *there it, is unintelligible; not so in the Vulgate, the reading of which*

it that it should return. He speaks of it to His friend that it is his possession, and that he may ascend thereto.

That, then, is the Sea Angel's message to God's friend *that*, the meaning of those strange golden lights and purplish flushes before the morning rain. The rain is sent to judge and feed us; but the light is the possession of the friend of God, and they may ascend thereto,—where the tabernacle veil will cross and part its rays no more.

§ 8. But the Angel of the Sea has also another message—in the “great rain of his strength,” rain of trial, sweeping away ill-set foundations. Then his robe is not spread softly over the whole heaven, as a veil, but sweeps back from his shoulders, ponderous, oblique, terrible—leaving his sword-arm free.

The approach of trial-storm, hurricane-storm, is indeed in its vastness as the clouds of the softer rain. But it is not slow nor horizontal, but swift and steep: swift with passion of ravenous winds; steep as slope of some dark hollowed hill. The fronting clouds come leaning forward, one thrusting the other aside, or on; impatient, ponderous, impendent, like globes of rock tossed of Titans—Ossa and Olympus—but hurled forward all, in one wave of cloud-lava—cloud whose throat is as a sepulchre. Fierce behind them rages the oblique wrath of the rain, white as ash, dense as showers of driven steel; the pillars of it full of ghastly life; Rain-Furies, shrieking as they fly;—scourging as with whips of scorpions;—the earth ringing and trembling under them, heaven wailing wildly, the trees stooping blindly down, covering their faces, quivering in every leaf with horror, ruin of their branches flying by them like black stubble.

§ 9. I wrote Furies. I ought to have written Gorgons. Perhaps the reader does not know that the Gorgons are not dead, are ever undying. We shall have to take our chance of being turned into stones by looking them in the face, presently. Meantime, I gather what part of the great Greek story of the Sea Angels has meaning for us here.

Nereus, the God of the Sea, who dwells in it always, *Neptune* being the God who rules it from Olympus.

by the Earth; namely, Thaumas, the father of
at is, the "wonderful" or miracle-working angel
a; Phorcys, the malignant angel of it (you will find
graded through many forms, at last, in the story
id, into the old man of the sea); Ceto, the deep
f the sea, meaning its bays among rocks, therefore
7 Hesiod "Fair-cheeked" Ceto; and Eurybia, the
ce or sway of the sea, of whom more hereafter.

Phorcys and Ceto, the malignant angel of the
the spirit of its deep rocky places, have children,
first, Graiæ, the soft rain-clouds. The Greeks
reater dislike of storm than we have, and therefore
r violence is in the action of rain, they represented
her types than we should—types given in one
y Aristophanes (speaking in mockery of the poets):
vas the reason, then, that they made so much talk
ne fierce rushing of the moist clouds, coiled in
; ; and the locks of the hundred-headed Typhon;
blowing storms: and the bent-clawed birds drifted
breeze, fresh, and aerial." Note the expression
awed birds." It illustrates two characters of these
partly their coiling form; but more directly the
tear down the earth from the hill-sides; especially
isted storm-clouds which in violent action become
erspout. These always strike at a narrow point,
ening the earth on a hill-side into a trench as a
skaxe would (whence the Graiæ are said to have
e beak between them). Nevertheless, the rain-
as, on the whole, looked upon by the Greeks as
at, so that it is boasted of in the *Oedipus Coloneus*
erpetual feeding of the springs of Cephissus,¹ and
e often; and the opening song of the rain-clouds
yphanes is entirely beautiful:—

ternal Clouds! let us raise into open sight our
istence, from the deep-sounding Sea, our Father,
e crests of the wooded hills, whence we look down
sacred land, nourishing its fruits, and over the

me the *δύπνοι κρήναι πομάδες* to mean clouds, not springs;
es not matter, the whole passage being one of rejoicing in
d dew of heaven.

rippling of the divine rivers; and over the low murmur bays of the deep." I cannot satisfy myself about meaning of the names of the Graiæ—Pephredo and Enu— but the epithets which Hesiod gives them are interesting. "Pephredo, the well-robed; Enuo, the crocus-robed" probably, it seems to me, from their beautiful colours morning.

§ 11. Next to the Graiæ, Phorcys and Ceto begat 1 Gorgons, which are the true storm-clouds. The Gra have only one beak or tooth, but all the Gorgons have tusks like boars; brazen hands (brass being the word used for the metal of which the Greeks made their spears), and golden wings.

Their names are "Steino" (straitened), of storm compressed into narrow compass; "Euryale" (having wide threshing-floor), of storms spread over great space; "Medusa" (the dominant), the most terrible. She is essentially the highest storm-cloud; therefore the lightning cloud or cloud of cold, her countenance turning all who behold it to stone. ("He casteth forth His ice like morsels. Who can stand before His cold?") The serpents about her head are the fringes of the hail, the idea of coldness being connected by the Greeks with the bite of the serpent, as with the hemlock.

§ 12. On Minerva's shield, her head signifies, I believe, the cloudy coldness of knowledge, and its venomous character ("Knowledge puffeth up," compare Bacon in Advancement of Learning). But the idea of serpents rose essentially from the change of form in the cloud as it broke; the cumulus cloud not breaking into full storm till it is cloven by the cirrus; which is twice hinted at in the story of Perseus; only we must go back a little to gather together.

Perseus was the son of Jupiter by Danaë, who being shut in a brazen tower, Jupiter came to her in a shower of gold: the brazen tower being, I think, only another expression for the cumulus or Medusa cloud; and the golden rain for the rays of the sun striking it; but have not only this rain of Danaë's to remember in connection with the Gorgon, but that also of the sieves

Danaïdes, said to represent the provision of Argos with water by their father Danaüs, who dug wells about the Acropolis; nor only wells, but opened, I doubt not, channels of irrigation for the fields, because the Danaïdes are said to have brought the mysteries of Ceres from Egypt. And though I cannot trace the root of the names Danaüs and Danaë, there is assuredly some farther link of connection in the deaths of the lovers of the Danaïdes, whom they slew, as Perseus Medusa. And again note, that when the father of Danaë, Acrisius, is detained in Seriphos by storms, a disk thrown by Perseus is carried *by the wind against his head*, and kills him; and lastly, when Perseus cuts off the head of Medusa, from her blood springs Chrysaor, "wielder of the golden sword," the Angel of the Lightning, and Pegasus, the Angel of the "Wild Fountains," that is to say, the fastest flying or lower rain-cloud; winged, but treading as upon the earth.

§ 13. I say, "wild" fountains; because the kind of fountain from which Pegasus is named is especially the "fountain of the great deep" of Genesis; sudden and furious, (cataracts of heaven, not windows, in the Septuagint);—the mountain torrent caused by thunderous storm, or as our "fountain"—a Geyser-like leaping forth of water. Therefore, it is the deep and full source of streams, and so used typically of the source of evils, or of passions; whereas the word "spring" with the Greeks is like our "well-head"—a gentle issuing forth of water continually. But, because both the lightning-fire and the gushing forth, as of a fountain, are the signs of the poet's true power, together with perpetuity, it is Pegasus who strikes the earth with his foot, on Helicon,¹ and causes Hippocrene to spring forth—"the horse's well-head." It is perpetual; but has, nevertheless, the Pegasean storm-power.

§ 14. Wherein we may find, I think, sufficient cause for putting honour upon the rain-cloud. Few of us, perhaps,

¹ I believe, however, that when Pegasus strikes forth this fountain, it is to be regarded, not as springing from Medusa's blood, but as born *from Medusa by Neptune*; the true horse was given by Neptune *strike earth with his trident*; the divine horse is born to Neptune and *rain-cloud*.

have thought, in watching its career across our own mossy hills, or listening to the murmur of the springs amidst the mountain quietness, that the chief masters of the human imagination owed, and confessed that they owed, the force of their noblest thoughts, not to the flowers of the valley nor the majesty of the hill, but to the flying cloud.

Yet they never saw it fly, as we may in our own England. So far, at least, as I know the clouds of the south, they are often more terrible than ours, but the English Pegasus is swifter. On the Yorkshire and Derbyshire hills, when the rain-cloud is low and much broken, and the steady west wind fills all space with its strength,¹ the sun gleams like golden vultures: they are flashes rather than shiftings; the dark spaces and the dazzling race and skid along the acclivities, and dart and dip from crag to dew-swallow-like;—no Graiæ these,—gray and withered: Cerberus Hounds rather, following the Cerinthian stag with golden antlers.

§ 15. There is one character about these lower clouds, partly affecting all their connection with the sky, which I have never been able to account for; to which, as before noticed, Aristophanes fastened on at once for their distinctive character—their obliquity. They always fly in an oblique position, as in the Plate opposite, which is a careful facsimile of the first advancing mass of the rain-cloud in Turner's *Slave Ship*. When the head of the cloud is foremost, as in this instance, and rain falling beneath it is easy to imagine that its drops, increasing in size as they fall, may exercise some retarding action on the wind. But when the head of the cloud is not always first, the base of it

¹ I have been often at great heights on the Alps in rough weather and have seen strong gusts of storm in the plains of the south. But to get full expression of the very heart and the meaning of wind, there is no place like a Yorkshire moor. I think Scottish breezes are thinner, very bleak and piercing, but not substantial. If you lean on them they will let you fall, but one may rest against a Yorkshire breeze as one would on a quickset hedge. I shall not soon forget,—having had the good fortune to meet a vigorous one on an April morning, between Hawes and Settle, just on the flat under Whenside,—the vague sense of wonder with which I watched Ingleborough stand with rocking.



J. M. W. Turner

72. The Locks of Typhoeus

J. C. Armytage



sometimes advanced.¹ The only certainty is, that it will not shape itself horizontally, its thin-drawn lines and main contours will always be oblique, though its motion is horizontal; and, which is still more curious, their sloping lines are hardly ever modified in their descent by any distinct retiring tendency or perspective convergence. A troop of leaning clouds will follow one another, each stooping forward at the same apparent slope, round a fourth of the horizon.

§ 16. Another circumstance which the reader should note in this cloud of Turner's, is the witch-like look of drifted or erected locks of hair at its left side. We have just read the words of the old Greek poet, "Locks of the hundred-headed Typhon;" and must remember that Turner's account of this picture, in the Academy catalogue, was "Slaver throwing overboard the Dead and Dying—Typhoon coming on." The resemblance to wildly drifted hair is stronger in the picture than in the engraving; the gray and purple tints of torn cloud being relieved against golden sky beyond.

§ 17. It was not, however, as we saw, merely to locks of hair, but to serpents, that the Greeks likened the dissolving of the Medusa cloud in blood. Of that sanguine rain, or its meaning, I cannot yet speak. It is connected with other and higher types, which must be traced in another place.²

But the likeness to serpents we may illustrate here. The two Plates already given, 70 and 71 (at page 142), present successive conditions of the Medusa cloud on the side of the Cenis hills (the great limestone precipice above Michel, between Lanslebourg and St. Jean de Maurienne).³ In the first, the cloud is approaching, with the side cloud forming beyond it; in the second, it has

When there is a violent current of wind near the ground, the rain runs slope *forward* at the foot. See the Entrance to Fowey Harbour, of the England Series.

See Part IX, chap. 2, "The Hesperid Æglé."

The reader must remember that sketches made as these are, on the spot, cannot be far carried, and would lose all their use if they were used at home. These were both made in pencil, and merely washed gray on returning to the inn, enough to secure the main forms.

approached, increased, and broken, the Medusa serpent writhing about the central peak, the rounded tops of the broken cumulus showing above. In this instance, they take nearly the forms of flame; but when the storm is more violent, they are torn into fragments, and magnificent revolving wheels of vapour are formed, broken, and tossed into the air, as the grass is tossed in the hayfield from the toothed wheels of the raking-machine; (perhaps, in common with all other inventions of the kind, likely to bring more evil upon men than ever the Medusa cloud did, and turn them more effectually into stone.¹)

§ 18. I have named in the first volume the principal works of Turner representing these clouds; and until I am able to draw them better, it is useless to say more of them; but in connection with the subject we have been examining, I should be glad if the reader could turn to the engravings of the England drawings of Salisbury and Stonehenge. What opportunities Turner had of acquainting himself with classical literature, and how he used them, we shall see presently. In the meantime, let me simply assure the reader that, in various byways, he had gained knowledge of most of the great Greek traditions, and that he felt them more than he knew them; his mind being affected, up to a certain point, precisely as an ancient painter's would have been, by external phenomena of nature. To him, as to the Greek, the storm-clouds seemed messengers of fate. He feared them, while he revered; and he does he ever introduce them without some hidden purpose bearing upon the expression of the scene he is painting.

§ 19. On that plain of Salisbury, he had been struck first by its widely-spacious pastoral life; and secondly, by its monuments of the two great religions of England—Druidical and Christian.

He was not a man to miss the possible connection of these impressions. He treats the shepherd life as a type

¹ I do not say this carelessly, nor because machines throw the labouring man "out of work." The labouring man will always have more work than he wants. I speak thus because the use of such machinery involves the destruction of all pleasures in rural labour; and I doubt not that that destruction, the essential deterioration of the national mind.

ecclesiastical; and composes his two drawings so as rate both.

In the drawing of Salisbury, the plain is swept by rapid distressful rain. The cathedral occupies the centre picture, towering high over the city, of which the (made on purpose smaller than they really are) are gathered about it like a flock of sheep. The cathedral is illumined by a great light. The storm gives way at first to a subdued gleam over a distant parish church, then broken down again, breaks away into full light about the cathedral, and passes over the city, in various sun and shade. In the foreground stands a shepherd leaning on a staff, watching his flock;—bareheaded: he has given shelter to a group of children, who have covered themselves with it, and are shrinking from the rain; his dog lies under a bank; his sheep, for the most part, are gathered quietly, some coming up the slope of the bank to him.¹

The rain-clouds in this picture are wrought with such high I have never seen equalled in any other sky of the same kind. It is the rain of blessing—abundant, of brightness; golden gleams are flying across the sky, and fall softly on the lines of willows in the distance, the willows by the watercourses; the little brooks flash and sparkle and there between them and the fields. Turn to the Stonehenge. That, also, stands in great light; the Gorgon light—the sword of Chrysaor is bared to it. The cloud of judgment hangs above. The stars seem to reel before its slope, pale beneath the light. And nearer, in the darkness, the shepherd lies with his flock scattered.

Turn now to the drawing of the Temple of Minerva, on which I have spoken before of this Stonehenge, to see the use of the same symbol in the drawing of Pæstum in the artist's Italy; but a more striking instance of its use is to be found in a Study of Pæstum, which he made for himself before undertaking the *Liber Studiorum*, and which he has put in his drawing of the Temple of Minerva, on

you see the arrangement of subject in the published engraving, and how much more; it is among the worst engravings in the England

Cape Colonna; and observe farther that he rarely introduces lightning, if the ruined building has not been devoted to religion. The wrath of man may destroy the fort, but only the wrath of heaven can destroy the temple.

§ 21. Of these secret meanings of Turner's, we can see enough in the course of the inquiry we have to undertake, lastly, respecting ideas of relation; but one instance of his opposed use of the lightning symbol, as of the rain of blessing, I name here, to confirm what has been noted above. For, in this last instance, he is questioned respecting his meaning, and explained it. He refers to the drawings of Sinai and Lebanon, made by Finden's Bible. The sketches from which Turner prepared that series were, I believe, careful and accurate; but the treatment of the subjects was left wholly to him. He took the Sinai and Lebanon to show the opposed influences of the Law and the Gospel. The rock of Massora is shown in the burning of the desert, among fallen and forked lightning cleaving the blue mist which veils the summit of Sinai. Armed Arabs pause at the foot of the rock. No human habitation is seen, nor any herb or tree, nor any brook, and the lightning strikes without restraint. Over the Mount Lebanon an intensely soft gray-blue mist is melting into dewy rain. Every ravine is filled, every promontory crowned, by tenderest foliage, golden slanting sunshine.² The white convent nestles into the hollow of the rock; and a little brook runs under the shadow of the nearer trees, beside which two monks are reading.

§ 22. It was a beautiful thought, yet an erring one, all thoughts are which oppose the Law to the Gospel. When people read, "The law came by Moses, but grace and truth by Christ," do they suppose it means that the law was ungracious and untrue? The law was given for a foundation; the grace (or mercy) and truth for fulfilment—the whole forming one glorious Trinity of judgment, mercy, and truth. And if people would but read the *of their Bibles* with heartier purpose of understanding

¹ Hosea xiii. 5 & 15.

² Hosea xiv. 4, 5, 6. Compare Psalm lxxii. 6-16.

instead of superstitiously, they would see that through-
out the parts, which they are intended to make most per-
sonally their own (the Psalms), it is always the Law which
is spoken of with chief joy. The Psalms respecting mercy
are often sorrowful, as in thought of what it cost; but
those respecting the law are always full of delight. David
cannot contain himself for joy in thinking of it,—he is
never weary of its praise:—"How love I thy law! it is
my meditation all the day. Thy testimonies are my delight
and my counsellors; sweeter, also, than honey and the
honeycomb."

§ 23. And I desire, especially, that the reader should
note this, in now closing the work through which we have
passed together in the investigation of the beauty of the
visible world. For perhaps he expected more pleasure
and freedom in that work; he thought that it would lead
him at once into fields of fond imagination, and may
have been surprised to find that the following of beauty
brought him always under a sterner dominion of mys-
terious law; that brightness was continually based upon
obedience, and all majesty only another form of submission.
But this is indeed so. I have been perpetually hindered
in this inquiry into the sources of beauty by fear of
boring the reader with their severities. It was always
necessity I had to ask of him, not sympathy; patience,
not zeal; apprehension, not sensation. The thing to be
shown him was not a pleasure to be snatched, but a law
to be learned.

§ 24. It is in this character, however, that the beauty
of the natural world completes its message. We saw
long ago, how its various powers of appeal to the mind
might be traced to some typical expression of
divine attributes. We have seen since how its modes
of appeal present constant types of human obedience to
the Divine law, and constant proofs that this law, instead
of being contrary to mercy, is the foundation of all delight,
and the guide of all fair and fortunate existence.

§ 25. Which understanding, let us receive our last
message from the Angel of the Sea.

Take up the 19th Psalm and look at it verse by verse

Perhaps to my younger readers, one word may be admitted respecting their Bible-reading in general.¹ The Bible is, indeed, a deep book, when depth is required that is to say, for deep people. But it is not intended particularly, for profound persons; on the contrary, more for shallow and simple persons. And therefore the first, and generally the main and leading idea of the Bible, is on its surface, written in plainest possible Greek, Hebrew, or English, needing no penetration, nor amplification, needing nothing but what we all might give attention.

But this, which is in every one's power, and is the one thing that God wants, is just the last thing any one gives Him. We are delighted to ramble away into dreams, to repeat pet verses from other places, suggested by chance words; to snap at an expression which suits our own particular views, or to dig up a meaning far under a verse, which we should be amiably grieved to think any human being had been so happy as to find before. But the plain, intended, immediate, fruitful meaning, which every one ought to find always, and especially that which depends on our seeing the relation of the verse to those near it, and getting the force of the whole passage in due relation—this sort of significance we do not look for; it being, truly, not to be discovered, unless we really attend to what is said, instead of to our own feelings.

§ 26. It is unfortunate, also, but very certain, that

¹ I believe few sermons are more false or dangerous than those in which the teacher proposes to impress his audience by showing "how much there is in a verse." If he examined his own heart closely before beginning, he would often find that his real design was to show how much he, the expounder, could make out of the verse. But entirely honest and earnest men often fall into the same error. They have been taught that they should always look deep, that Scripture is full of hidden meanings; and they easily yield to the flattering conviction that every chance idea which comes into their heads in looking at a word, is put there by Divine agency. Hence they wander away into what they believe to be an inspired meditation, but which is, in reality, a meaningless jumble of ideas; perhaps very proper ideas, but with which the text in question has no whatever to do.

order to attend to what is said, we must go through the foolishness of knowing the meaning of the words. And the first thing that children should be taught about their Bibles is, to distinguish clearly between words that they understand and words that they do not; and to put aside the words they do not understand, and verses connected with them, to be asked about, or for a future time; and never to think they are reading the Bible when they are merely repeating phrases of an unknown tongue.

§ 27. Let us try, by way of example, this 19th Psalm, and see what plain meaning is uppermost in it.

"The heavens declare the glory of God."

What are the heavens?

The word occurring in the Lord's Prayer, and the thing pressed being what a child may, with some advantage, be led to look at, it might be supposed among a school-ster's first duties to explain this word clearly.

Now there can be no question that in the minds of the sacred writers, it stood naturally for the entire system of the world, and of space beyond it, conceived by them as a flat set with stars. But there can, also, be no question, we saw in previous inquiry, that the firmament, which is said to have been "called" heaven, at the creation, has passed, in all definite use of the word, the system of the world, as spreading the power of the water over the earth; as the constant expressions dew of heaven, rain of heaven, etc., where heaven is used in the singular; while "the heavens," when used plurally, and especially when in connection, as here, from the word "firmament," remained expressive of the starry space beyond.

28. A child might therefore be told (surely, with advantage), that our beautiful word Heaven may possibly have been formed from a Hebrew word, meaning "the place;" that the great warrior Roman nation, camping out at night, generally overtired and not in moods of thinking, are believed by many people to have seen in the stars only the likeness of the glittering studs of their armor, and to have called the sky "The bossed, orudded;" but that others think those Roman soldiers, on their night-watches had rather been impressed by the

great emptiness and void of night, and by the far-coming of sounds through its darkness, and had called the heaven "The Hollow place." Finally, I should tell the children showing them first the setting of a star, how the great Greeks had found out the truest power of the heaven and had called them, "The Rolling." But whatever different nations had called them, at least I would make it clear to the child's mind that in this 19th Psalm, the whole power being intended, the two words are used which express it; the Heavens, for the great vault or void, with all its planets, and stars, and ceaseless march of order innumerable; and the Firmament, for the ordinance of the clouds.

These heavens, then, "declare the *glory* of God;" that is, the light of God, the eternal glory, stable and changeless. As their orbs fail not—but pursue their course for ever, and give light upon the earth—so God's glory surrounds man for ever—changeless, in its fulness insupportable—infinite.

"And the firmament sheweth His *handywork*."

§ 29. The clouds, prepared by the hands of God for the help of man, varied in their ministration—veiling the inner splendour—show, not His eternal glory, but his daily handywork. So He dealt with Moses. I will cover thee "with my hand" as I pass by. Compare Job xxxvi. 24. "Remember that thou magnify His work, which man behold. Every man may see it." Not so the glory—though only in part; the courses of these stars are to be seen imperfectly, and but by few. But this firmament, "every man may see it, man may behold it afar off." "Behold God is great, and we know Him not. For He maketh small the drops of water: they pour down rain according to the vapour thereof."

§ 30. "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. They have no speech nor labour, yet without these their voice is heard. Their voice is heard out throughout the earth, and their words are heard in all the world."

Their rule throughout the earth, whether in the air—their law of light is thereon; but their work is to sustain man's souls, to the end of the inhabited world.

"In them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun," etc. Literally, a tabernacle, or curtained tent, with its veil and its hangings; also of the colours of His desert tabernacle—blue, and purple, and scarlet.

Thus far the psalm describes the manner of this great heaven's message.

Thenceforward it comes to the matter of it.

§ 31. Observe, you have the two divisions of the declaration. The heavens (compare Psalm viii.) declare the eternal glory of God before men, and the firmament the daily mercy of God towards men. And the eternal glory is in this—that the law of the Lord is perfect, and His testimony sure, and His statutes right.

And the daily mercy in this—that the commandment of the Lord is pure, and His fear is clean, and His judgments true and righteous.

There are three oppositions:—

Between law and commandment.

Between testimony and fear.

Between statute and judgment.

§ 32. I. Between law and commandment.

The law is fixed and everlasting; uttered once, abiding for ever, as the sun, it may not be moved. It is "perfect, converting the soul:" the whole question about the soul being, whether it has been turned from darkness to light, acknowledged this law or not,—whether it is godly or ungodly? But the commandment is given momentarily to each man, according to the need. It does not convert: it guides. It does not concern the entire purpose of the soul: but it enlightens the eyes, respecting a special act. The law is, "Do this always;" the commandment, "Do *thou* this *now*:" often mysterious enough, and through the cloud; chilling, and with strange rain of tears; yet always pure (the law converting, but the commandment cleansing): a rod not for guiding merely, but for strengthening, and tasting honey with. "Look how mine eyes have been enlightened, because I tasted a little of this honey."

§ 33. II. Between testimony and fear.

The testimony is everlasting: the true promise of salvation. Bright as the sun beyond all the earth-cloud, it may

wise the simple; all wisdom being assured in perceiving and trusting it; all wisdom brought to nothing which do not perceive it.

But the fear of God is taught through special encouragement and special withdrawal of it, according to each man's need—by the earth-cloud—smile and frown alternately; also, as the commandment, is clean, purging, and cast out all other fear, it only remaining for ever.

§ 34. III. Between statute and judgment.

The statutes are the appointments of the Eternal justice, fixed and bright, and constant as the stars; equal and balanced as their courses. They "are right, rejoicing heart." But the judgments are special judgments of good and evil acts of men. "True," that is to say, fulfilling the warrant or promise given to each man; "righteous altogether," that is, done or executed in truth and righteousness. The statute is right, in appointment. The judgment right altogether, in appointment and fulfilment;—yet not always rejoicing the heart.

Then, respecting all these, comes the expression of passionate desire, and of joy; that also divided with respect to each. The glory of God, eternal in the Heavens, is future, "to be *desired* more than gold, than much fine gold"—treasure in the heavens that fails not. But the present guidance and teaching of God on earth; they are now possessed, sweeter than all earthly food—"sweeter than honey and the honeycomb. More precious than silver" (the law and the testimony) "is the servant warned"—warned of the ways of death and life.

"And in keeping them" (the commandments and judgments) "there is great reward:" pain now, and bitterness of tears, but reward unspeakable.

§ 35. Thus far the psalm has been descriptive and interpreting. It ends in prayer.

"Who can understand his errors?" (wanderings from the perfect law). "Cleanse Thou me from secret faults from all that I have done against Thy will, and far from Thy way, in the darkness. "Keep back thy servant from presumptuous sins" (sins against the commandment) against Thy will when it is seen and direct, pleading with

and conscience. "So shall I be undefiled, and innocent from the great transgression"—the transgression that crucifies afresh.

"Let the words of my mouth (for I have set them to declare Thy law), and the meditation of my heart (for I have set it to keep Thy commandments), be acceptable in Thy sight," whose glory is my strength, and whose work, my redemption; "my Strength, and my Redeemer."

PART VIII

OF IDEAS OF RELATION:—FIRST, OF INVENTION FORMAL

CHAPTER I

THE LAW OF HELP

§ 1. WE have now reached the last and the most important part of our subject. We have seen in the first division of this book, how far art may be, and has been, consistent with physical or material facts. In its second division, we examined how far it may be and has been obedient to the laws of physical beauty. In this last division we have to consider the relations of art to God and man: its work in the help of human beings, and service of their Creator.

We have to inquire into the various Powers, Conditions, and Aims of mind involved in the conception or creation of pictures; in the choice of subject, and the mode and order of its history;—the choice of forms, and the modes of their arrangement.

And these phases of mind being concerned, partly with choice and arrangement of incidents, partly with choice and arrangement of forms and colours, the whole subject will fall into two main divisions, namely, expressional or spiritual invention; and material or formal invention.

They are of course connected;—all good formal invention being expressional also; but as a matter of convenience it is best to say what may be ascertained of the nature of *formal invention*, before attempting to illustrate the faculty in its higher field.

§ 2. First, then, of INVENTION FORMAL, otherwise and



Drawn by J. M. W. Turner

Etched by J. Ruskin

86. Château de Blois

Engraved by T. Lupton



most commonly called technical composition ; that is to say, the arrangement of lines, forms, or colours, so as to produce the best possible effect.

I have often been accused of slighting this quality in pictures ; the fact being that I have avoided it only because I considered it too great and wonderful for me to deal with. The longer I thought, the more wonderful it always seemed : and it is, to myself personally, the quality, above all others, which gives me delight in pictures. Many others I admire, or respect ; but this one I rejoice in. Expression, sentiment, truth to nature, are essential : but all these are not enough. I never care to look at a picture again, if it be ill composed ; and if well composed I can hardly leave off looking at it.

"Well composed." Does that mean according to rule?

No. Precisely the contrary. Composed as only the man who did it could have done it ; composed as no other picture is, or was, or ever can be again. Every great work stands alone.

§ 3. Yet there are certain elementary laws of arrangement traceable a little way ; a few of these only I shall note, not caring to pursue the subject far in this work, so intricate it becomes even in its first elements : nor could it be treated with any approach to completeness, unless I were to give many and elaborate outlines of large pictures. I have a vague hope of entering on such a task, some future day. Meantime I shall only indicate the place which technical composition¹ should hold in our scheme.

¹ The word composition has been so much abused, and is in itself so inexpressive, that when I wrote the first part of this work I intended always to use, in this final section of it, the word "invention," and to reserve the term "composition" for that false composition which can be taught on principles ; as I have already so employed the term in the chapter on "Imagination Associative," in the second volume. But, in arranging this section, I find it is not conveniently possible to avoid the ordinary modes of parlance ; I therefore only head the section as I intended (and as is, indeed, best), using in the text the ordinarily accepted term ; only the reader must be careful to note that what I spoke of shortly as "composition" in the chapters on "Imagination," I here always call, distinctly, "false composition ;" using here, as I find most convenient, the words "invention" or "composition" interchangeably, for the true faculty.

And, first, let us understand what composition is, and how far it is required.

§ 4. Composition may be best defined as the help everything in the picture by everything else.

I wish the reader to dwell a little on this word "Help." It is a grave one.

In substance which we call "inanimate," as of clouds or stones, their atoms may cohere to each other, or consist with each other, but they do not help each other. The removal of one part does not injure the rest.

But in a plant, the taking away of any one part does injure the rest. Hurt or remove any portion of the bark, or pith, the rest is injured. If any part enters in a state in which it no more assists the rest, and has thus become "helpless," we call it also "dead."

The power which causes the several portions of a plant to help each other, we call life. Much more is there so in an animal. We may take away the branch of a tree without much harm to it; but not the animal's limb. Thus, intensity of life is also intensity of helpfulness, completeness of depending of each part on all the rest. The ceasing of this help is what we call corruption; and in proportion to the perfectness of the help, is the degree of the loss. The more intense the life has been, the more terrible is its corruption.

The decomposition of a crystal is not necessarily impure at all. The fermentation of a wholesome liquid begins to admit the idea slightly; the decay of leaves yet more; flowers, more; of animals, with greater painfulness and terribleness in exact proportion to their original vitality; and the foulest of all corruption is that of the body of man; and, in his body, that which is occasioned by disease, more than that of natural death.

§ 5. I said just now, that though atoms of inanimate substance could not help each other, they could "consist with each other." "Consistence" is their virtue. The parts of a crystal are consistent, but of dust, inconsistent. Orderly adherence, the best help its atoms constitute the nobleness of such substance. If matter is either consistent, or living, we

pure, or clean; when inconsistent or corrupting (unhelpful), we call it impure, or unclean. The greatest uncleanness being that which is essentially most opposite to life.

Life and consistency, then, both expressing one character (namely, helpfulness of a higher or lower order), the Maker of all creatures and things, "by whom all creatures live, and all things consist," is essentially and for ever the Helpful One, or in softer Saxon, the "Holy" One.

The word has no other ultimate meaning: Helpful, harmless, undefiled: "living" or "Lord of life."

The idea is clear and mighty in the cherubim's cry: "Helpful, helpful, helpful, Lord God of Hosts;" *i.e.* of all the hosts, armies, and creatures of the earth.¹

§ 6. A pure or holy state of anything, therefore, is that in which all its parts are helpful or consistent. They may or may not be homogeneous. The highest or organic purities are composed of many elements in an entirely helpful state. The highest and first law of the universe—and the other name of life is, therefore, "help." The other name of death is "separation." Government and co-operation are in all things and eternally the laws of life. Anarchy and competition, eternally, and in all things, the laws of death.

§ 7. Perhaps the best, though the most familiar example we could take of the nature and power of consistence, will be that of the possible changes in the dust we tread on.

Exclusive of animal decay, we can hardly arrive at a more absolute type of impurity than the mud or slime of a damp, over-trodden path, in the outskirts of a manufacturing town. I do not say mud of the road, because that is mixed with animal refuse; but take merely an ounce or two of the blackest slime of a beaten footpath on a rainy day, near a large manufacturing town.

¹ "The cries of them which have reaped have entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth (of all the creatures of the earth)." You will find a wonderful clearness come into many texts by reading, habitually, "helpful" and "helpfulness" for "holy" and "holiness" or else "living," as in Rom. xi. 16. The sense "dedicated" (the Latin *sanctus*), being, of course, inapplicable to the Supreme Being, is a merely secondary and accidental one.

§ 8. That slime we shall find in most cases composed of clay (or brickdust, which is burnt clay) mixed with sand, a little sand, and water. All these elements are at help to war with each other, and destroy reciprocally each other's nature and power, competing and fighting for place; every tread of your foot;—sand squeezing out clay, and clay squeezing out water, and soot meddling everywhere and defiling the whole. Let us suppose that this ounce of mud is left in perfect rest, and that its elements gather together, like to like, so that their atoms may get into the closest relations possible.

§ 9. Let the clay begin. Ridding itself of all foreign substance, it gradually becomes a white earth, already so beautiful; and fit, with help of congealing fire, to be made into finest porcelain, and painted on, and be kept in king's palaces. But such artificial consistence is not its best. Leave it still quiet to follow its own instinct of unity, and it becomes not only white, but clear; not only clear, but hard; nor only clear and hard, but so set that it can deal with light in a wonderful way, and gather out of it the loveliest blue rays only, refusing the rest. We call it then a sapphire.

Such being the consummation of the clay, we give it similar permission of quiet to the sand. It also becomes first, a white earth, then proceeds to grow clear and hard, and at last arranges itself in mysterious, infinitely fine parallel lines, which have the power of reflecting not merely the blue rays, but the blue, green, purple, and red rays in the greatest beauty in which they can be seen through any hard material whatsoever. We call it then an opal.

In next order the soot sets to work; it cannot make itself white at first, but instead of being discouraged, tries harder and harder, and comes out clear at last, and the hardest thing in the world; and for the blackness that it had, obtains in exchange the power of reflecting all the rays of the sun at once in the vividest blaze that any solid thing can shoot. We call it then a diamond.

Last of all the water purifies or unites itself, contented enough if it only reach the form of a dew-drop; but if

insist on its proceeding to a more perfect consistence, it crystallizes into the shape of a star.

And for the ounce of slime which we had by political economy of competition, we have by political economy of co-operation, a sapphire, an opal, and a diamond, set in the midst of a star of snow.

§ 10. Now invention in art signifies an arrangement, in which everything in the work is thus consistent with all things else, and helpful to all else.

It is the greatest and rarest of all the qualities of art. The power by which it is effected is absolutely inexplicable and incommunicable; but exercised with entire facility by those who possess it, in many cases even unconsciously.¹

In work which is not composed, there may be many beautiful things, but they do not help each other. They set the best only stand beside, and more usually compete with and destroy, each other. They may be connected artificially in many ways, but the test of there being no invention is, that if one of them be taken away, the others are no worse than before. But in true composition, if one be taken away, all the rest are helpless and valueless. Generally, in falsely composed work, if anything be taken away, the rest will look better; because the attention is less distracted. Hence the pleasure of inferior artists in sketching, and their inability to finish: all that they add destroys.

§ 11. Also in true composition, everything not only helps everything else a *little*, but helps with its utmost power. Every atom is in full energy; and *all* that energy is kind. Not a line, nor spark of colour, but is doing its very best, and that best is aid. The extent to which this law is carried in truly right and noble work is wholly inconceivable to the

¹ By diligent study of good compositions, it is possible to put work together, so that the parts shall help each other a little, or at all events do no harm; and when some tact and taste are associated with this diligence, semblances of real invention are often produced, which, being the results of great labour, the artist is always proud of; and which, being capable of learned explanation and imitation, the spectator naturally takes interest in. The common precepts about composition produce and teach this false kind, which, as true composition is the best, being the corruption of it, is the ignoblest condition of art.

ordinary observer, and no true account of it would be believed.

§ 12. True composition being entirely easy to the man who can compose, he is seldom proud of it, though he clearly recognizes it. Also, true composition is inexplicable. No one can explain how the notes of a Mozart melody or the folds of a piece of Titian's drapery, produce the essential effects on each other. If you do not feel it, no one can by reasoning make you feel it. And, the highest composition is so subtle, that it is apt to become unpopular and sometimes seem insipid.

§ 13. The reader may be surprised at my giving so high a place to invention. But if he ever come to know true invention from false, he will find that it is not only the highest quality of art, but is simply the most wonderful power of humanity. It is pre-eminently the deed of human creation; *ποίησις*, otherwise, poetry.

If the reader will look back to my definition of poetry he will find it is "the suggestion by the imagination of noble grounds for noble emotion" (Vol. III. p. 14) amplified below (§ 14) into "assembling by help of the imagination;" that is to say, imagination associatively described at length in Vol. II., in the chapter just referred to. The mystery of the power is sufficiently set forth in that place. Of its dignity I have a word or two to say here.

§ 14. Men in their several professed employments looked at broadly, may be properly arranged under five classes:—

1. Persons who see. These in modern language are sometimes called sight-seers, that being an occupation coming more and more into vogue every day. Anciently they used to be called, simply, seers.

2. Persons who talk. These, in modern language, are usually called talkers, or speakers, as in the House of Commons, and elsewhere. They used to be called *prophets*.

3. Persons who make. These, in modern language, are usually called manufacturers. Anciently they were called *poets*.

4. Persons who think. There seems to be no very distinct modern title for this kind of person, anciently called philosophers, nevertheless we have a few of them among us.

5. Persons who do: in modern language, called practical persons; anciently, believers.

Of the first two classes I have only this to note—that we ought neither to say that a person sees, if he sees falsely, nor speaks, if he speaks falsely. For seeing falsely is worse than blindness, and speaking falsely, than silence. A man who is too dim-sighted to discern the road from the ditch, may feel which is which;—but if the ditch appears manifestly to him to be the road, and the road to be the ditch, what shall become of him? False seeing is unseeing, on the negative side of blindness; and false speaking, unspeaking,—on the negative side of silence.

To the persons who think, also, the same test applies very shrewdly. Theirs is a dangerous profession; and from the time of the Aristophanes thought-shop to the great German establishment, or thought-manufactory, whose productions have, unhappily, taken in part the place of the older and more serviceable commodities of Nuremberg toys and Berlin wool, it has been often harmful enough to mankind. It should not be so, for a false thought is more distinctly and visibly no thought, than a false saying is no saying. But it is touching the two great productive classes of the doers and makers, that we have one or two important hints to note here.

§ 15. Has the reader ever considered, carefully, what is the meaning of “doing” a thing?

Suppose a rock falls from a hill-side, crushes a group of cottages, and kills a number of people. The stone has produced a great effect in the world. If any one asks, respecting the broken roofs, “What did it?” you say the stone did it. Yet you don’t talk of the deed of the stone. You enquire farther, and find that a goat had been feeding beside the rock, and had loosened it by gnawing the roots of the grasses beneath, you find the goat to be the active cause of the calamity, and you say the goat did it. *You don’t call the goat the doer, nor talk of its evil de*

But if you find any one went up to the rock, in the night and with deliberate purpose loosened it, that it might fall on the cottages, you say in quite a different sense, "It is his deed; he is the doer of it."

§ 16. It appears, then, that deliberate purpose and resolve are needed to constitute a deed or doing, in the true sense of the word; and that when, accidentally or mechanically, events take place without such purpose, they have indeed effects or results, and agents or causes, but neither deeds nor doers.

Now it so happens, as we all well know, that by far the largest part of things happening in practical life are brought about with no deliberate purpose. There are always a number of people who have the nature of stones; they fall on other persons and crush them. Some again have the nature of weeds, and twist about other people's feet and entangle them. More have the nature of logs, and lie in the way, so that every one falls over them. And most of all have the nature of thorns, and set themselves by waysides, so that every passer-by must be torn, and all good seed choked; or perhaps make wonderful cracking under various pots, even to the extent of practical boiling water and working pistons. All these people produce immense and sorrowful effect in the world. Yet none of them are doers; it is their nature to crush, impede, and prick: but deed is not in them.¹

§ 17. And farther, observe, that even when some effect is finally intended, you cannot call it the person's deed unless it is *what* he intended.

If an ignorant person, purposing evil, accidentally does good, (as if a thief's disturbing a family should lead them to discover in time that their house was on fire); or *vice versa*, if an ignorant person intending good accidentally does evil (as if a child should give hemlock to a

¹ We may, perhaps, expediently recollect as much of our botanical teaching as that there may be sharp and rough persons, like spinners who yet have good in them, and are essentially branches, and can be cut off. But the true thorny person is no spine, only an excrescence; rootless evermore, leafless evermore. No crown made of such can ever be the glory of Angel's hand. (In Memoriam, lxviii.)

companions for celery), in neither case do you call them the doers of what may result. So that in order to a true deed, it is necessary that the effect of it should be foreseen. Which, ultimately, it cannot be, but by a person who knows, and in his deed obeys, the laws of the universe, and of its Maker. And this knowledge is in its highest form, respecting the will of the Ruling Spirit, called Trust. For it is not the knowledge that a thing is, but that, according to the promise and nature of the Ruling Spirit, a thing will be. Also obedience in its highest form is not obedience to a constant and compulsory law, but a persuaded or voluntarily yielded obedience to an issued command; and so far as it was a *persuaded* submission to command, it was anciently called, in a passive sense, "persuasion," or *πίστις*, and in so far as it alone assuredly did, and it alone *could* do, what it meant to do, and was therefore the root and essence of all human deed, it was called by the Latins the "doing," or *fides*, which was passed into the French *foi* and the English *faith*. And therefore because in His doing always certain, and in His speaking always true, His name who leads the armies of Heaven is "Faithful and true,"¹ and all deeds which are done in alliance with those armies, be they small or great, are essentially deeds of faith, which therefore, and in this one stern, eternal sense, subdues all kingdoms, and turns to flight the armies of the aliens, and is at once the source and the substance of all human deed, rightly so called.

§ 18. Thus far then of practical persons, once called believers, as set forth in the last word of the noblest group of words ever, so far as I know, uttered by simple man concerning his practice, being the final testimony of the leaders of a great practical nation, whose deed thenceward became an example of deed to mankind:

᾽ὦ ξεῖν', ἀγγέλλειν Λακεδαιμονίοις, ὅτι τῇδε
κεῖμεθα, τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πεπαιθήμενοι.

¹ "True," means, etymologically, not "consistent with fact," but "which may be trusted." "This is a true saying, and worthy of reputation," etc., meaning a trusty saying,—a saying to be rested upon.

"O stranger! (we pray thee), tell the Lacedæmonians that we are lying here, having *obeyed* their words."

§ 19. "What, let us ask next, is the ruling character of the person who produces—the creator or maker—anciently called the poet?"

We have seen what a deed is. What then is a "creation"? Nay, it may be replied, to "create" cannot be said of man's labour.

On the contrary, it not only can be said, but is said must be, said continually. You certainly do not talk of creating a watch, or creating a shoe; nevertheless you talk of creating a feeling. Why is this?

Look back to the greatest of all creation, that of the world. Suppose the trees had been ever so well, or ingeniously put together, stem and leaf, yet if they had not been able to grow, would they have been well created? Or suppose the fish had been cut and stitched finely of skin and whalebone; yet, cast upon the waters, had not been able to swim? Or suppose Adam and Eve had been made in the softest clay, ever so neatly, and set at the foot of the tree of knowledge, fastened up to it, quite unable to fall, or do anything else, would they have been well created, or in any true sense created at all?

§ 20. It will, perhaps, appear to you, after a little further thought, that to create anything in reality is to put life into it.

A poet, or creator, is therefore a person who puts things together, not as a watchmaker steel, or a shoemaker leather, but who puts life into them.

His work is essentially this: it is the gathering and arranging of material by imagination, so as to have in at last the harmony or helpfulness of life, and the passion or emotion of life. Mere fitting and adjustment of material is nothing; that is watchmaking. But helpful and passionate harmony, essentially choral harmony, so called from the Greek word "rejoicing,"¹ is the harmony of Apollo and the Muses; the word Muse and Mother being derived from the same root, meaning "passionate seeking of love, of which the issue is passionate finding, or satisfaction."

σοφούς τε ὠνομακέναι παρὰ τῆς χαρᾶς ἐμφύτου ὄνομα. (De leg. I)

INVENTION. For which reason I could not bear to use any baser word than this of invention. And if the reader will think over all these things, and follow them out, as I think he may easily with this much of clue given him, he will not any more think it wrong in me to place invention so high among the powers of man.¹ Nor any more think it strange that the last act of the life of Socrates² should have been to purify himself from the sin of having negligently listened to the voice within him, which, through all his past life, had bid him "labour, and make harmony."

¹ This being, indeed, among the visiblest signs of the Divine or immortal life. We have got a base habit of opposing the word "mortal" or "deathful" merely to "*im*-mortal;" whereas it is essentially contrary to "divine" (to *theos*, not to *athanatos*, Phaedo, 66), that which is deathful being anarchic or disobedient, and that which is divine being and obedient; this being the true distinction between flesh and spirit.

² πολλάκις μοι φοιτῶν τὸ αὐτὸ ἐνύπνιον ἐν τῷ παρελθόντι βίω, ἀλλοτ' ἢ ἄλλῃ ὄψει φαινόμενον, τὰ αὐτὰ δὲ λέγων, ὦ Σώκρατες, ἔφη, μουσικὴν οὐκ καὶ ἐργάζου. (Phaedo, 11.)

CHAPTER II

THE TASK OF THE LEAST

§ 1. THE reader has probably been surprised at my assertions made often before now, and reiterated here, that the *minutest* portion of a great composition is helpful to the whole. It certainly does not seem easily conceivable that this should be so. I will go farther, and say that it is inconceivable. But it is the fact.

We shall discern it to be so by taking one or two compositions to pieces, and examining the fragments. In doing which, we must remember that a great composition always has a leading emotional purpose, technically called its motive, to which all its lines and forms have so close relation. Undulating lines, for instance, are expressive of action; and would be false in effect if the motive of the picture was one of repose. Horizontal and angular lines are expressive of rest and strength; and would destroy the design whose purpose was to express disquiet and feebleness. It is therefore necessary to ascertain the motive before descending to the detail.

§ 2. One of the simplest subjects, in the series of the Rivers of France, is "Rietz, near Saumur." The published Plate gives a better rendering than usual of its tone of light; and my rough etching, Plate 73, sufficiently shows the arrangement of its lines. What is the motive?

To get at it completely, we must know something of the Loire.

The district through which it here flows is, for the most part, a low place, yet not altogether at the level of the sea, but cut into steep banks of chalk or gravel,



J. M. W. Turner

THE HISTORY OF THE GREAT BRITAIN

J. Ruskin



forty feet high, running for miles at about an equal height above the water.

These banks are excavated by the peasantry, partly for uses, partly for cellars, so economizing vineyard space here; and thus a kind of continuous village runs along the river-side, composed half of caves, half of rude buildings, backed by the cliff, propped against it, therefore always running away from the river; mingled with overlappings of vineyard trellis from above, and little towers or summer-houses for outlook, when the grapes are ripe, or for gossip over the garden wall.

§ 3. It is an autumnal evening, then, by this Loire side. The day has been hot, and the air is heavy and misty still; the sunlight warm, but dim; the brown vine-leaves motionless: all else quiet. Not a sail in sight on the river,¹ its strong noiseless current lengthening the stream of low sunlight.

The motive of the picture, therefore, is the expression of rude but perfect peace, slightly mingled with an indolent languor and despondency; the space between intervals of enforced labour; happy, but listless, and having little care or hope about the future; cutting its home out of this gravel bank, and letting the vine and the river twine and undermine as they will; careless to mend or build, so long as the walls hold together, and the black fruit swells in the sunshine.

§ 4. To get this repose, together with rude stability, we give therefore horizontal lines and bold angles. The grand horizontal space and sweep of Turner's distant river show perhaps better in the etching than in the Plate; but demand wholly for value on the piece of near wall. It is the vertical line of its dark side which drives the eye up into the distance, right against the horizontal, and so makes itself felt, while the flatness of the stone prepares the eye to understand the flatness of the river. Farther: hide with your finger the little ring on that stone, and you will find the river has stopped flowing. That ring is to repeat the curved lines of the river bank, which express its line of

The sails in the engraving were put in to catch the public eye where there are none in the drawing.

current, and to bring the feeling of them down near. On the other side of the road the horizontal lines taken up again by the dark pieces of wood, without which we should still lose half our space.

Next: The repose is to be not only perfect, but intelligent: the repose of out-wearied people; not caring in what becomes of them.

You see the road is covered with litter. Even crockery is left outside the cottage to dry in the sun, being washed up. The steps of the cottage door have been cut too high for comfort originally, only it was less trouble to cut three large stones than four or five small. They are now all aslope and broken, not repaired for years. The weighty forms increase the sense of languor throughout the scene, and of stability also, because we feel how difficult it would be to stir them. The crockery has its work to do also;—the arched door on the left being necessary to support the great thickness of walls and the strength they require to prevent falling in of the cliff above;—as the horizontal lines must be diffused on the right, so this arch must be diffused on the left; and the large round plate on one of the steps, with the two small ones on the other, all carry down the element of circular curvature. Hide them and see the result.

As they carry the arched group of forms down, the arched window-shutter diffuses it upwards, where all lines of the distant buildings suggest one and the same of disorderly and careless strength, mingling masonry and rock.

§ 5. So far of the horizontal and curved lines. How about the radiating ones? What has the black vine trellis to do?

Lay a pencil or ruler parallel with its lines. You will find that they point to the massive building in the distance. To which, as nearly as is possible without at once showing the artifice, every other radiating line points also; all of them ludicrously when it is once pointed out; even the curve of the top of the terrace runs into it, and the



the river evidently leads to its base. And it is in the exact centre of the picture, the

diagonal from corner to corner passes through it, and the other only misses the base by the twentieth of an inch.

If you are accustomed to France, you will know in a moment by its outline that this massive building is an old church.

Without it, the repose would not have been essentially the labourer's rest—rest as of the Sabbath. Among all the groups of lines that point to it, two are principal: the first, those of the vine trellis: the second, those of the handles of the saw left in the beam: the blessing of human life, and its labour.

Whenever Turner wishes to express profound repose, he puts in the foreground some instrument of labour cast aside. See, in Rogers's Poems, the last vignette, "*Datur hora quieti*," with the plough in the furrow: and in the first vignette of the same book, the scythe on the shoulder of the peasant going home. (There is nothing about the scythe in the passage of the poem which this vignette illustrates.)

§ 6. Observe, farther, the outline of the church itself. As our habitations are, so is our church, evidently a heap of old, but massive walls, patched, and repaired, and roofed in, and over and over, until its original shape is hardly recognizable. I know the kind of church well—can tell even here, two miles off, that I shall find some Norman arches in the apse, and a flamboyant porch, rich and dark, with every statue broken out of it; and a rude wooden belfry above all; and a quantity of miserable shops built in among the buttresses; and that I may walk in and out as much as I please, but that how often soever, I shall always find some one praying at the Holy Sepulchre, in the darkest aisle, and my going in and out will not disturb them. For they *are* praying, which in many a handsomer and higher-furnished edifice might, perhaps, not be so assuredly the case.

§ 7. Lastly: What kind of people have we on this winding road? Three indolent ones, leaning on the wall to look over into the gliding water; and a matron with *market panniers*; by her figure, not a fast rider. The *resides*, is bad, and seems unsafe for trotting, and she

passed without disturbing the cat, who sits comfortably the block of wood in the middle of it.

§ 8. Next to this piece of quietness, let us glance at a composition in which the motive is one of tumult: that the Fall of Schaffhausen. It is engraved in the Keepsake I have etched in Plate 74, at the top, the chief lines of composition,¹ in which the first great purpose is to give swing enough to the water. The line of fall is straight and monotonous in reality. Turner wants to get the great concave sweep and rush of the river well felt, in spite of the unbroken form. The column of spray, rocks, mill and bank, all radiate like a plume, sweeping round together in grand curves to the left, where the group of figures hurried about the ferry boat, rises like a dash of spray; they also radiating: so as to form one perfectly connected cluster, with the two *gens-d'armes* and the millstones; the millstones at the bottom being the root of it; the two soldiers laid right and left to sustain the branch of figures beyond, balanced just as a tree bough would be.

§ 9. One of the *gens-d'armes* is flirting with a young lady in a round cap and full sleeves, under pretence of wanting her to show him what she has in her bandbox. The motive of which flirtation is, so far as Turner is concerned in it, primarily the bandbox: this and the millstones below, give him a series of concave lines, which concentrated by the recumbent soldiers, intensify the hollow sweep of the fall, precisely as the ring on the stone does the Loire eddies. These curves are carried out to the right by the small plate of eggs, laid to be washed in the spring; and, all these concave lines being a little too quiet and recumbent, the staggering casks are set on the left, and the ill-balanced milk-pail on the right, to give

¹ These etchings of compositions are all reversed, for they are mere sketches on the steel, and I cannot sketch easily except straight from the drawing, and without reversing. The looking-glass plagues the artist with cross lights. As examples of composition, it does not matter which way they are turned; and the reader may see this Schaffhausen subject from the right side of the Rhine, by holding the book before a glass. The rude indications of the figures in the Loire are nearly facsimiles of Turner's.



J. M. W. Turner

74. The Millstream

J. M. W. Turner



al feeling of things being rolled over and over. The s which are to give this sense of rolling are dark, in : to hint at the way in which the cataract rolls boulders ock ; while the forms which are to give the sense of its ping force are white. The little spring, splashing out s pine-trough, is to give contrast with the power of the —while it carries out the general sense of splashing er.

10. This spring exists on the spot, and so does every- ing else in the picture ; but the combinations are wholly itrary ; it being Turner's fixed principle to collect out any scene, whatever was characteristic, and put it to- her just as he liked. The changes made in this instance : highly curious. The mills have no resemblance what- er to the real group as seen from this spot ; for there a vulgar and formal dwelling-house in front of them. at if you climb the rock behind them, you find they form that side a towering cluster, which Turner has put with the modification into the drawing. What he has done the mills, he has done with still greater audacity to the ntral rock. Seen from this spot, it shows, in reality, its atest breadth, and is heavy and uninteresting ; but on e Lauffen side, exposes its consumed base, worn away the rush of water, which Turner resolving to show, tenely draws the rock as it appears from the other side the Rhine, and brings that view of it over to this side. ave etched the bit with the rock a little larger below ; d if the reader knows the spot, he will see that this ce of the drawing, reversed in the etching, is almost a nâ fide unreversed study of the fall from the Lauffen e.¹

Finally, the castle of Lauffen itself, being, when seen m this spot, too much foreshortened to show its extent, rner walks a quarter of a mile lower down the river, ws the castle accurately there, brings it back with him,

With the exception of the jagged ledge rising out of the foam w, which comes from the north side, and is admirable in its ession of the position of the limestone-beds, which, rising from w the drift gravel of Constance, are the real cause of the fall of fhausen.

and puts it in all its extent, where he chooses to have beyond the rocks.

I tried to copy and engrave this piece of the drawing of its real size, merely to show the forms of the clouds drifted back by the breeze from the fall, and wet with spray; but in the endeavour to facsimile the touch of the great part of their grace and ease has been lost; Plate 75 may, if compared with the same piece in the Keepsake engraving, at least show that the original drawing has not yet been rendered with completeness.

§ 11. These two examples may sufficiently serve to show the mode in which minor details, both in form and spirit, are used by Turner to aid his main motives. In the course I cannot, in the space of this volume, go on examining subjects at this length, even if I had time to etch them; but every design of Turner's would be equally instructive, examined in a similar manner. Thus, however, we have only seen the help of the parts to the whole; we must give yet a little attention to the manner of combining the smallest details.

I am always led away, in spite of myself, from the proper subject here, invention formal, or the method of pleasant placing of lines and masses, into the emotional results of such arrangement. The chief reason of this is that the emotional power can be explained; but the method of the formation of formative arrangement, as I said, cannot be explained, any more than that of melody in music. One instance or two of it, however, may be given.

§ 12. Much fine formative arrangement depends on a more or less elliptical or pear-shaped balance of the group, obtained by arranging the principal member of the group on two opposite curves, and either centralizing it on some powerful feature at the base, centre, or summit, or else clasping it together by some conspicuous point or knot. A very small object will often do this satisfactorily.

If you can get the complete series of Lefèvre's engravings from Titian and Veronese, they will be quite enough to teach you, in their dumb way, everything that is teachable of composition; at all events, try to get the Madonna with St. Peter and St. George under the two great



J. Ruskin, after Turner

75 The Castle of London

R. P. Cuf



the Madonna and Child, with mitred bishop on her left, and St. Andrew on her right; and Veronese's Triumph of Venice. The first of these Plates unites two formative symmetries: that of the two pillars, clasped by the square altar-cloth below and cloud above, catches the eye first; but the main group is the fivefold one rising to the left, crowned by the Madonna. St. Francis and St. Peter form the two wings, and the kneeling portrait figures, its base. It is clasped at the bottom by the key of St. Peter, which points straight at the Madonna's head, and is laid on the steps solely for this purpose; the curved lines, which enclose the group, meet also in her face; and the straight line of light, on the cloak of the nearest senator, points to her also. If you have Turner's *Liber Studiorum*, turn to the Lauffenburg, and compare the figure group there: a fivefold chain, one standing figure, central; two recumbent, for wings; two half-recumbent, for bases; and a cluster of weeds to clasp. Then turn to Lefèvre's *Europa* (there are two in the series—I mean the one with the two tree trunks over her head). It is a wonderful ninefold group. *Europa* central; two stooping figures, each surmounted by a standing one, for wings; a cupid on one side, and dog on the other, for bases: a cupid and trunk of tree, on each side, to terminate above; and a garland for clasp.

§ 13. Fig. 94, p. 192, will serve to show the mode in which similar arrangements are carried into the smallest detail. It is magnified four times¹ from a cluster of leaves in the foreground of the "Isis" (*Liber Studiorum*). Figs. 95 and 96, page 193, show the arrangement of the two groups composing it; the lower is purely symmetrical, with trefoil centre and broad masses for wings; the uppermost is a sweeping continuous curve, symmetrical, but foreshortened. Both are clasped by arrow-shaped leaves. The two whole groups themselves are, in turn, members of another larger group, composing the entire foreground, and consisting of broad dock-leaves, with minor clusters on the right and left, of which these form the chief portion on the right side.

§ 14. Unless every leaf, and every visible point or object, however small, forms a part of some harmony of this kind

¹ [Reduced for this edition.]

(these symmetrical conditions being only the most simple and obvious), it has no business in the picture. It is the necessary connection of all the forms and colours, down to the last touch, which constitutes great or inventive work separated from all common work by an impassable gulf.

By diligently copying the etchings of the *Liber Studiorum*



Fig. 94.

the student may, however, easily attain the perception of the relations, and be prepared to understand the composition. It would take many years to explain the arrangements merely; but that there is a fixed value and place in each element.

It is curious that, in spite of all the constant talking "composition" which goes on among art students, true



Fig. 95.



Fig. 96.

position is just the last thing which appears to be perceived. One would have thought that in this group, the value of the central black leaf would have been

seen, of which the principal function is to point towards and continue, the line of bank above. See Plate 62. I take a glance at the published Plate in the England series and show that no idea of the composition had occurred to the engraver's mind. He thought any leaves would do, and supplied them from his own repertory of hack vegetation.

§ 15. I would willingly enlarge farther on this subject—it is a favourite one with me; but the figures required for any exhaustive treatment of it would form a separate volume. All that I can do is to indicate, as these examples do sufficiently, the vast field open to the student's analysis if he cares to pursue the subject; and to mark for the general reader these two strong conclusions:—that nothing in great work is ever either fortuitous or contentious.

It is not fortuitous; that is to say, not left to fortune. The "must do it by a kind of felicity" of Bacon is true; but it is true also that an accident is often suggestive to the inventor. Turner himself said, "I never lose an accident." But it is this not *losing* it, this taking things out of the hands of Fortune, and putting them into those of force and foresight, which attest the master. Chance may sometimes help, and sometimes provoke, a success; but must never rule, and rarely allure.

And, lastly, nothing must be contentious. Art has many uses and many pleasantnesses; but of all its services, none are higher than its setting forth, by a visible and enduring image, the nature of all true authority and freedom; Authority which defines and directs the action of benevolent law; and Freedom which consists in deep and secure consent of individual¹ helpfulness.

¹ "Individual," that is to say, distinct and separate in character though joined in purpose. I might have enlarged on this head, but that all I should care to say has been already said admirably by Mr. J. S. Mill in his essay on *Liberty*.

CHAPTER III

THE RULE OF THE GREATEST

1. In the entire range of art principles, none perhaps present a difficulty so great to the student, or require from the teacher expression so cautious, and yet so strong, as those which concern the nature and influence of magnitude.

In one sense, and that deep, there is no such thing as magnitude. The least thing is as the greatest, and one as a thousand years, in the eyes of the Maker of great and small things. In another sense, and that close to us and necessary, there exist both magnitude and value. Though not a sparrow falls to the ground unnoted, there are yet creatures who are of more value than many; and the same Spirit which weighs the dust of the earth in a balance, counts the isles as a little thing.

2. The just temper of human mind in this matter, nevertheless, be told shortly. Greatness can only be rightly estimated when minuteness is justly revered. Greatness is the aggregation of minuteness; nor can its finiteness be felt truthfully by any mind unaccustomed to affectionate watching of what is least.

But if this affection for the least be unaccompanied by the powers of comparison and reflection; if it be impatient in its thirst, restless in curiosity, and incapable of patient and self-commandant pause which is wise to unglance, and submissive to refuse, it will close the paths of noble art to the student as effectually, and hopelessly, as even the blindness of pride, or impatience of ambition.

3. I say the paths of noble art, not of useful art. Patient investigation will have its reward; the m-

curiosity will at least slake the thirst of others, if not own; and the diffused and petty affections will distribute in serviceable measure, their minute delights and new discoveries. The opposite error, the desire of great as such, or rather of what appears great to indolence and vanity;—the instinct which I have described in the “*Six Lamps*,” noting it, among the Renaissance builders, as an especial and unfailing sign of baseness of mind, as fruitless as it is vile; no way profitable—every way harmful—the widest and most corrupting expression of vulgar pride. The microscopic drawing of an insect may be precise, but nothing except disgrace and misguidance will ever be gathered from such work as that of Haydon or Barry.

§ 4. The work I have mostly had to do, since this was begun, has been that of contention against such delusions of swollen insolence and windy conceit; but I have noticed lately, that some lightly-budding philosophers depreciated true greatness; confusing the relations of things as they bear upon human instinct and morality; reasoning as if a mountain were no nobler than a grain of sand, and as if many souls were not of mightier interest than one. To whom it must be shortly answered that the Lord of power and life knew which were His noblest works, when He bade His servant watch the play of the Leviathan, rather than to dissect the spawn of the minnow; and that when it comes to practical question whether a single soul is to be jeopard for many, and this Leonidas, or Curtius, or Winkelried is to abolish—so far as abolishable—his own spirit, that he save more numerous spirits, such question is to be solved by the simple human instinct respecting number and magnitude, not by reasoning on infinity:—

“Le navigateur, qui, la nuit, voit l’océan étinceler de lumière danser en guirlandes de feu, s’égaye d’abord de ce spectacle. Il dit dix lieues; la guirlande s’allonge indéfiniment, elle s’agite, se tord, se noue, aux mouvements de la lame; c’est un serpent monstrueux qui va toujours s’allongeant, jusqu’à trente lieues, quarante lieues. Et tout cela n’est qu’une danse d’animalcules imperceptibles. Quel nombre? À cette question l’imagination s’effraye; elle sent une nature de puissance immense, de richesse épouvantable. . . . Que sont ces petits des petits? Rien moins que les constructeurs du globe où nous sommes. De leurs corps, de leurs débris,

uré le sol qui est sous nos pas. . . . Et ce sont les plus
 qui ont fait les plus grandes choses. L'imperceptible rhizopode
 bâti un monument bien autre que les pyramides, pas moins que
 le centrale, une notable partie de la chaîne des Apennins. Mais
 trop peu encore ; les masses énormes du Chili, les prodigieuses
 illères, qui regardent le monde à leurs pieds, sont le monument
 aïre où cet être insaisissable, et pour ainsi dire, invisible, a
 éli les débris de son espèce disparue."—(Michelet : *L'Insecte.*)

5. In these passages, and those connected with them
 the chapter from which they are taken, itself so vast in
 e, and therefore so sublime, we may perhaps find the
 relations of minuteness, multitude, and magnitude.
 shall not feel that there is no such thing as littleness,
 o such thing as magnitude. Nor shall we be disposed
 confuse a Volvox with the Cordilleras ; but we may learn
 they both are bound together by links of eternal life
 toil ; we shall see the vastest thing noble, chiefly for
 it includes ; and the meanest for what it accomplishes.
 once we might gather—and the conclusion will be found
 experience true—that the sense of largeness would be
 t grateful to minds capable of comprehending, balance-
 and comparing ; but capable also of great patience
 expectation ; while the sense of minute wonderfulness
 ld be attractive to minds acted upon by sharp, small,
 strative sympathies, and apt to be impatient, irregular,
 partial. This fact is curiously shown in the relations
 een the temper of the great composers and the modern
 etic school. I was surprised at the first rise of that
 ol, now some years ago, by observing how they re-
 ned themselves to subjects which in other hands would
 : been wholly uninteresting (compare Vol. IV., p. 19) :
 in their succeeding efforts, I saw with increasing wonder,
 they were almost destitute of the power of feeling vast-
 , or enjoying the forms which expressed it. A mountain
 eat building only appeared to them as a piece of colour
 certain shape. The powers it represented, or included,
 : invisible to them. In general they avoided sub-
 : expressing space or mass, and fastened on confined,
 n, and sharp forms ; liking furze, fern, reeds, straw, '
 e, dead leaves, and such like, better than strong stones,

broad-flowing leaves, or rounded hills ; in all such things, when forced to paint them, they missed the and mighty lines ; and this no less in what they loved in what they disliked ; for though fond of foliage, their always had a tendency to congeal into little acicular hedges, and never tossed free. Which modes of proceed naturally from a petulant sympathy with and immediately visible interests or sorrows, not regard their large consequences, nor capable of understanding massive view or more deeply deliberate mercifulness ; peevish and horror-struck, and often incapable of control, though not of self-sacrifice. There are more who can forget themselves than govern themselves.

This narrowly pungent and bitter virtue has, however its beautiful uses, and is of special value in the present day, when surface-work, shallow generalization, and arithmetical estimates of things, are among the chief dangers and causes of misery, which men have to deal with.

§ 6. On the other hand, and in clear distinction all such workers, it is to be remembered that the composers, not less deep in feeling, are in the fixed of regarding as much the relations and positions, a separate nature, of things ; that they reap and thresh in sheaf, never pluck ears to rub in the hand ; fish with net or line, and sweep their prey together within great of errorless curve ;—that nothing ever bears to the separate or isolated aspect, but leads or links a chain of aspects—that to them it is not merely the surface, not substance, of anything that is of import ; but its circumference and continence ; that they are pre-eminently patient and reserved ; observant, not curious ;—comprehensive conjectural ; calm exceedingly ; unerring, constant, tenacious in steadfastness of intent ; unconquerable ; incomprehensible ; always suggesting, implying, including, more than can be told.

§ 7. And this may be seen down to their treatment of the smallest things.

For there is nothing so small but we may, as we can see it in the whole, or in part, and in subdued connection with other things, or in individual and petty proportions.

The greatest treatment is always that which gives conception the widest range, and most harmonious guidance ;—being permitted us to employ a certain quantity of time, and certain number of touches of pencil—he who with these embraces the largest sphere of thought, and suggests within that sphere the most perfect order of thought, has wrought the most wisely, and therefore most nobly.

§ 8. I do not, however, purpose here to examine or illustrate the nature of great treatment—to do so effectually would need many examples from the figure composers ; and it will be better (if I have time to work out the subject carefully) that I should do so in a form which may be easily accessible to young students. Here I will only state in conclusion what it is chiefly important for all students to be convinced of, that all the technical qualities by which greatness of treatment is known, such as reserve in colour, tranquillity and largeness of line, and refusal of unnecessary objects of interest are, when they are real, the exponents of a habitually noble temper of mind, never the observances of a precept supposed to be useful. The refusal or reserve of a mighty painter cannot be imitated ; it is only by reaching the same intellectual strength that you will be able to give an equal dignity to your self-denial. No one can tell you beforehand what to accept, or what to ignore ; only remember always, in painting as in eloquence, the greater your strength, the quieter will be your manner, and the fewer your words ; and in painting, as in all the arts and duties of life, the secret of high success will be found, not in restless and various excellence, but in a quiet singleness of truly chosen aim.

CHAPTER IV

THE LAW OF PERFECTNESS

§ 1. AMONG the several characteristics of great treatises which in the last chapter were alluded to without enlarged upon, one will be found several times named in reserve.

It is necessary for our present purpose that we understand this quality more distinctly. I mean the power which a great painter exercises over him in fixing certain limits, either of force, of colour, or of quantity of work;—limits which he will not transgress in any part of his picture, even though here and there a sense of incompletion may exist, under the fixed conditions, and might tempt an inferior workman to improve them. The nature of this reserve we must understand in order that we may also determine the nature of true composition or perfectness, which is the end of composition.

§ 2. For perfectness, properly so called, means *thoroughness*. The word signifies literally the doing our work *thoroughly*. It does not mean carrying it up to a constant and established degree of finish, but carrying the whole of it up to a degree determined upon. In a chalk or pencil sketch by a great master, it will often be found that the deepest shades are feeble tints of gray; the outlines nearly invisible, and the forms brought out by a ghostly delicacy of touch, which, on looking to the paper, will be indistinguishable from its grain and texture. A single line of ink, occurring anywhere in a drawing, would of course destroy it; placed in the *darkness* of a mouth or nostril, it would turn the expression *into a caricature*; on a cheek or brow it would *imply a blot*. Yet let the blot remain, and let the

work up to it with lines of similar force; and the drawing which was before perfect, in terms of pencil, will become, under his hand, perfect in terms of ink; and what was before a scratch on the cheek will become a necessary and beautiful part of its gradation.

All great work is thus reduced under certain conditions, and its right to be called complete depends on its fulfilment of them, not on the nature of the conditions chosen. Habitually, indeed, we call a coloured work which is satisfactory to us, finished, and a chalk drawing unfinished; but in the mind of the master, all his work is, according to the sense in which you use the word, equally perfect or imperfect. Perfect, if you regard its purpose and limitation; imperfect, if you compare it with the natural standard. In what appears to you consummate, the master has assigned to himself terms of shortcoming, and marked with a sad severity the point up to which he will permit himself to contend with nature. Were it not for his acceptance of such restraint, he could neither quit his work, nor endure it. He could not quit it, for he would always perceive more that might be done; he could not endure it, because all doing ended only in more elaborate deficiency.

§ 3. But we are apt to forget in modern days, that the reserve of a man who is not putting forth half his strength is different in manner and dignity from the effort of one who can do no more. Charmed, and justly charmed, by the harmonious sketches of great painters, and by the candour of their acquiescence in the point of pause, we have put ourselves to produce sketches as an end instead of a means, and thought to imitate the painter's scornful restraint of his own power, by a scornful rejection of the things beyond ours. For many reasons, therefore, it becomes desirable to understand precisely and finally what a good painter means by completion.

§ 4. The sketches of true painters may be classed under the following heads:—

I. *Experimental*.—In which they are assisting an imperfect conception of a subject by trying the look of it *per in different ways*.

By the greatest men this kind of sketch is hardly made; they conceive their subjects distinctly at once; their sketch is not to try them, but to fasten them down. Raphael's form the only important exception—and numerous examples of experimental work by him evidence of his composition being technical rather than imaginative. I have never seen a drawing of the kind by any great Venetian. Among the nineteen thousand sketches by Turner—which I arranged in the National Gallery there was, to the best of my recollection, not one. In several instances the work, after being carried forward to a certain length, had been abandoned and begun again with another view; sometimes also two or more methods of treatment had been set side by side with a view to choice. But there were always two distinct imaginations contending for realization—not experimental modification of one.

§ 5. II. *Determinant*.—The fastening down of an idea in the simplest terms, in order that it may not be disturbed or confused by after work. Nearly all the great composers do this, methodically, before beginning a painting. Such sketches are usually in a high degree resolute and compressive; the best of them outlined or marked calmly with the pen, and deliberately washed with colour, indicating the places of the principal lights.

Fine drawings of this class never show any hurry or confusion. They are the expression of concluded operation of mind, are drawn slowly, and are not so much sketches as maps.

§ 6. III. *Commemorative*.—Containing records of facts which the master required. These in their most elaborate form are "studies," or drawings from Nature, or photographs needed in the composition, often highly finished in the part which is to be introduced. In this form, however, they never occur by the greatest imaginative masters. For by a truly great inventor everything is invented; the atom of the work is unmodified by his mind; and a study from Nature, however beautiful, could be introduced by him into his design without change; it would not mix with the rest. Finished studies for introduction

referred chiefly by Leonardo and Raphael, both technical designers rather than imaginative ones

Commemorative sketches by great masters are generally, in fact, merely to put them in mind of motives of invention, they are shorthand memoranda of things with which they did not care to trouble their memory; or, finally, accurate sketches of things which they must *not* modify by invention, local detail, costume, and such like. You may find perfectly accurate drawings of coats of arms, portions of dresses, pieces of architecture, and so on, by all the great masters; but you will not find elaborate studies of bits of their structures.

§ 7. When the sketch is made merely as a memorandum, it is impossible to say how little, or what kind of drawing, may be sufficient for the purpose. It is of course likely to be hasty from its very nature, and unless the exact purpose be understood, it may be as unintelligible as a piece of shorthand writing. For instance, in the corner of a sheet of sketches made at sea, among those of Turner, at the National Gallery, occurs one, Fig. 97 (see next page). I suppose most persons could not see much use in it. It nevertheless was probably one of the most important sketches made in Turner's life, fixing for ever in his mind certain facts respecting the sunrise from a clear sea-horizon. Having myself watched the sunrise occasionally, I perceive this sketch to mean the following:

(Half circle at the top.) When the sun was only half above the sea, the horizon was sharply traced across its disk, and red streaks of vapour crossed the lower part of it.

(Horseshoe underneath.) When the sun had risen so far as to show three-quarters of its diameter, its light became so great as to conceal the sea-horizon, consuming it away in descending rays.

(Smaller horseshoe below.) When on the point of reaching itself from the horizon, the sun still consumed the line of the sea, and looked as if pulled down by it.

(Broken oval.) Having risen about a fourth of its way, the sun had nearly reached the horizon, and the sea-horizon was again visible.

diameter above the horizon, the sea-line reappeared
 the risen orb was flattened by refraction into an oval
 (Broken circle.) Having risen a little farther
 the sea-line, the sun, at last, got itself round, a

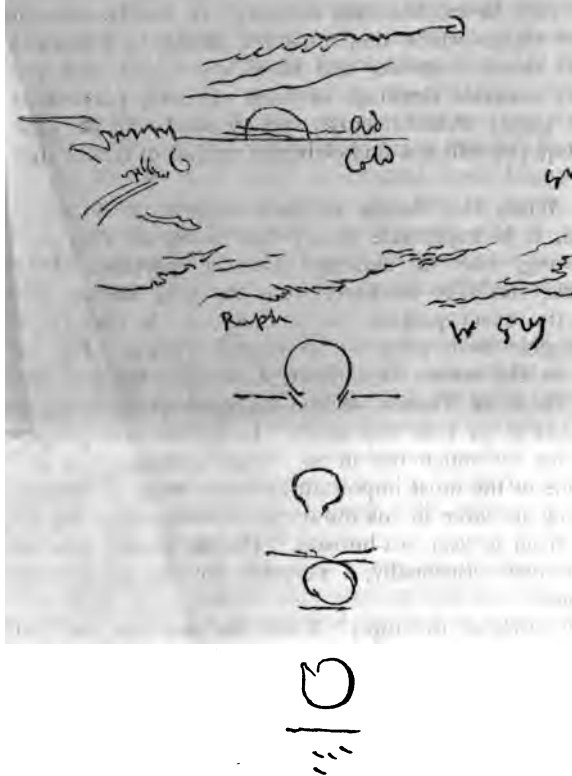


Fig. 97.

right, with sparkling reflection on the waves just
 the sea-line.

This memorandum is for its purpose entirely
 sufficient though the sun is not drawn carefully
 of the pencil; but there is no af





desired slightness. Could it have been drawn round as instantaneously, it would have been. The purpose is throughout determined; there is no scrawling, as in vulgar sketching.¹

§ 8. Again, Fig. 98 is a facsimile of one of Turner's "memoranda," of a complete subject,² Lausanne, from the road to Fribourg.

This example is entirely characteristic of his usual drawings from nature, which unite two characters, being *both* commemorative and determinant:—Commemorative, in so far as they note certain facts about the place: determinant, in that they record an impression received from the place there and then, together with the principal arrangement of the composition in which it was afterwards to be recorded. In this mode of sketching, Turner differs from all other men whose work I have studied. He never draws accurately on the spot, with the intention of modifying or composing afterwards from the materials; but instantly modifies as he draws, placing his memoranda where they are to be ultimately used, and taking exactly what he wants, not a fragment or line more.

§ 9. This sketch has been made in the afternoon. He had been impressed, as he walked up the hill, by the vanishing of the lake in the golden horizon, without end of waters, and by the opposition of the pinnacled castle and cathedral to its level breadth. That must be drawn! and from this spot, where all the buildings are set well together. But it lucklessly happens that, though the buildings come just where he wants them in situation, they don't in height. For the castle (the square mass on the right) is in reality higher than the cathedral, and

¹ The word in the uppermost note, to the right of the sun, is "red;" the others, "yellow," "purple," "cold," "light grey." He always noted the colours of skies in this way.

² It is not so good a facsimile as those I have given from Dürer, the original sketch is in light pencil; and the thickening and delicate emphasis of the lines, on which nearly all the beauty of the drawing depended, cannot be expressed in the woodcut, though marked with a double line as well as I could. But the figure will answer its purpose well enough in showing Turner's mode of sketching. [Revised this edition.]

would block out the end of the lake. Down it goes instantly a hundred feet, that we may see the lake of it; without the smallest regard for the military position of Lausanne.

§ 10. Next: The last low spire on the left is in truth concealed behind the nearer bank, the town running down the hill (and climbing another hill) in that direction. But the group of spires, without it, would not be rich enough to give a proper impression of Lausanne, a spiry place. Turner quietly sends to fetch the church from round the corner, places it where he likes, and indicates its distance only by aerial perspective (much greater in the pencil drawing than in the woodcut).

§ 11. But again: Not only the spire of the low church, but the peak of the Rochers d'Enfer (that high in the distance) would in reality be out of sight; it is much farther round to the left. This would never do either; for without it, we should have no idea that Lausanne was opposite the mountains, nor should we have a nice sloping line to lead us into the distance.

With the same unblushing tranquillity of mind in which he had ordered up the church, Turner sends also to fetch the Rochers d'Enfer; and puts *them* also where he chooses to crown the slope of distant hill, which, as every traveller knows, in its decline to the west, is one of the most notable features of the view from Lausanne.

§ 12. These modifications, easily traceable in the larger features of the design, are carried out with equal audacity and precision in every part of it. Every one of those confused lines on the right indicates something that is really there, only everything is shifted and sorted into the exact places that Turner chose. The group of distant objects near us at the foot of the bank is a cluster of mills, which, when the picture was completed, were to be the blackest things in it, and to throw back the castle and the golden horizon; while the rounded touches at the bottom, under the castle, indicate a row of trees, which were going to be made very round indeed in the picture (to oppose the spiky and angular masses of castle).

very consecutive, in order to form another conducting line into the distance.

§ 13. These motives, or motives like them, might perhaps be guessed on looking at the sketch. But no one without going to the spot would understand the meaning of the vertical lines in the left-hand lowest corner.

They are a "memorandum" of the artificial verticalness of a low sandstone cliff, which has been cut down there to give space for a bit of garden belonging to a public-house beneath, from which garden a path leads along the ravine to the Lausanne rifle-ground. The value of these vertical lines in repeating those of the cathedral, is very great; it would be greater still in the completed picture, increasing the sense of looking down from a height, and giving grasp of, and power over, the whole scene.

§ 14. Throughout the sketch, as in all that Turner made, the observing and combining intellect acts in the same manner. Not a line is lost, nor a moment of time; and though the pencil flies, and the whole thing is literally done as fast as a piece of shorthand writing, it is to the full as purposeful and compressed, so that while there are indeed dashes of the pencil which are unintentional, they are only unintentional as the form of a letter is, in fast writing, not from want of intention, but from the accident of haste.

§ 15. I know not if the reader can understand,—I myself cannot, though I see it to be demonstrable,—the simultaneous occurrence of idea which produces such a drawing as this: the grasp of the whole, from the laying of the first line, which induces continual modifications of all that is done, out of respect to parts not done yet. No line is ever changed or effaced: no experiment made; but every touch placed with reference to all that are to succeed, as to all that have gone before; every addition takes its part, as the stones in an arch of a bridge; the last touch locks the arch. Remove that keystone, or remove any other of the stones of the vault, and the whole will fall.

§ 16. I repeat—the power of mind which accomplishes this, is yet wholly inexplicable to me, as it was when I first defined it in the chapter on imagination associated with
VOL. V.

the second volume. But the grandeur of the power impresses me daily more and more; and, in quitting the subject of invention, let me assert finally, in clearest and strongest terms, that no painting is of any true imaginative perfectness at all, unless it has been thus conceived.

One sign of its being thus conceived may be always found in the straightforwardness of its work. There are continual disputes among artists as to the best way of doing things, which may nearly all be resolved into confession of indetermination. If you know precisely what you want, you will not feel much hesitation in setting about it; and a picture may be painted almost any way, so only that it be a straight way. Give a true painter a ground of black, white, scarlet, or green, and out of it he will bring what you choose. From the black, brightness; from the white, sadness; from the scarlet, coolness; from the green, glow; he will make anything out of anything, but in each case his method will be pure, direct, perfect, the shortest and simplest possible. You will find him, moreover, in different as to succession of process. Ask him to begin at the bottom of the picture instead of the top,—to finish two square inches of it without touching the rest, or to lay a separate ground for every part before finishing any;—this is all the same to him! What he will do, if left to himself, depends on mechanical convenience, and on the time at his disposal. If he has a large brush in his hand, and plenty of one colour ground, he may lay as much as he wanted of that colour, at once, in every part of the picture where it is to occur; and if any is left, perhaps walk to another canvas, and lay the rest of it where it will be wanted on that. If, on the contrary, he has a small brush in his hand, and is interested in a particular spot of the picture, he will, perhaps, not stir from it till that bit is finished. But the absolutely best, or centrally, and entirely *right* way of painting is as follows:—

§ 17. A light ground, white, red, yellow, or gray, not brown, or black. On that an entirely accurate, and firm *black outline* of the whole picture, in its principal masses. *The outline* to be exquisitely correct as far as it reaches, *but not to include small details*; the use of it being

mit the masses of first colour. The ground-colours then to be laid firmly, each on its own proper part of the picture, as inlaid work in a mosaic table, meeting each other truly at the edges: as much of each being laid as will get itself into the state which the artist requires it to be in for his second painting, by the time he comes to it. On this first colour, the second colours and subordinate masses laid in due order, now, of course, necessarily without previous outline, and all small detail reserved to the last, the bracelet being not touched, nor indicated in the least, till the arm is finished.¹

§ 18. This is, as far as it can be expressed in a few words, the right, or Venetian way of painting; but it is incapable of absolute definition, for it depends on the scale, the material, and the nature of the object represented, *how much* a great painter will do with his first colour; or how many after processes he will use. Very often the first colour, richly blended and worked into, is also the last; sometimes it wants a glaze only to modify it; sometimes an entirely different colour above it. Turner's storm-blues, for instance, were produced by a black ground with opaque blue, mixed with white, struck over it.² The amount of detail given in the first colour will also depend on convenience. For instance, if a jewel *fastens* a fold of dress, a Venetian will lay probably a piece of the jewel colour in its place at the time he draws the fold; but if the jewel *falls upon* the dress, he will paint the folds only in the ground colour, and the jewel afterwards. For in the first case his hand must pause, at any rate, where the fold is

¹ Thus, in the Holy Family of Titian, lately purchased for the National Gallery, the piece of St. Catherine's dress over her shoulders painted on the under dress, after that was dry. All its value would have been lost, had the slightest tint or trace of it been given previously. In this picture, I think, and certainly many of Tintoret's, are painted on dark grounds; but this is to save time, and with some loss to the future brightness of the colour.

² In cleaning the "Hero and Leander," now in the National Collection, these upper glazes were taken off, and only the black ground left. I remember the picture when its distance was of this exquisite blue. I have no doubt the "Fire at Sea" has had its distance destroyed in the same manner.

fastened; so that he may as well mark the colour of gem: but he would have to check his hand in the sw with which he drew the drapery, if he painted a jewel t fell upon it with the first colour. So far, however, as can possibly use the under colour, he will, in whatever has to superimpose. There is a pretty little instance such economical work in the painting of the pearls on breast of the elder princess, in our best Paul Veron (Family of Darius). The lowest is about the size o small hazel-nut, and falls on her rose-red dress. Any ot but a Venetian would have put a complete piece of wl paint over the dress, for the whole pearl, and pain into that the colours of the stone. But Veronese kn beforehand that all the dark side of the pearl will ref the red of the dress. He will not put white over the i only to put red over the white again. He leaves the ad dress for the dark side of the pearl, and with two s separate touches, one white, another brown, places its l light and shadow. This he does with perfect care : calm; but in two decisive seconds. There is no dash, display, nor hurry, nor error. The exactly right thing done in the exactly right place, and not one atom of col nor moment of time spent vainly. Look close at the touches,—you wonder what they mean. Retire six : from the picture—the pearl is there!

§ 19. The degree in which the ground colours extended over his picture, as he works, is to a great pair absolutely indifferent. It is all the same to him whet he grounds a head, and finishes it at once to the should leaving all round it white; or whether he grounds whole picture. His harmony, paint as he will, never be complete till the last touch is given; so long as it mains incomplete, he does not care how little of it suggested, or how many notes are missing. All is wrt till all is right; and he must be able to bear the all-wro ness till his work is done, or he cannot paint at all. mode of treatment will, therefore, depend on the nat of his subject, as is beautifully shown in the water-col sketches by Turner in the National Gallery. His ge system was to complete inch by inch; leaving the

the white all round, especially if the work was to be late. The most exquisite drawings left unfinished in collection—those at Rome and Naples—are thus lined accurately on pure white paper, begun in the middle of the sheet, and worked out to the side, finishing as he proceeds. If, however, any united effect of light or colour is to embrace a large part of the subject, he will lay with a broad wash over the whole paper at once; then he goes into it, using it as a ground, and modifying it in the Venetian manner. His oil pictures were laid roughly on ground colours, and painted into with such rapid skill, that the artists who used to see him finishing at the easel sometimes suspected him of having the picture sketched underneath the colours he showed, and removing, instead of adding, as they watched.

20. But, whatever the means used may be, the intensity and directness of them imply absolute grasp of the whole subject, and without this grasp there is no good painting. This, finally, let me declare, without qualification, that partial conception is no conception. The whole picture must be imagined, or none of it is. And this grasp of the whole implies very strange and sublime qualities of character. It is not possible, unless the feelings are completely under control; the least excitement or passion will disturb the measured equity of power; a painter needs to be as calm as a general; and as little moved or subdued by his feelings of pleasure, as a soldier by the sense of pain. Nothing good can be done without intense feeling; but the artist must be feeling so crushed, that the work is set about with a mechanical steadiness, absolutely untroubled, as a man on a ship—*not* without pity, but conquering it and putting it aside—begins an operation. Until the feelings can give strength enough to the will to enable it to conquer them, they are not strong enough. If you cannot leave your picture at any moment;—cannot turn from it, and go on to another, while the colour is drying;—cannot work at part of it you choose with equal contentment—you have *not firm enough grasp* of it.

21. It follows, also, that no vain or selfish person can ever *truly paint*, in the noble sense of the word. Vanity and

restlessness are troublous, eager, anxious, petulant :—painting can only be done in calm of mind. Resolution is enough to secure this : it must be secured by disposition as well. You may resolve to think of your picture or what if you have been fretted before beginning, no more clear grasp of it will be possible for you. No fortitude is calm enough. Only honest calm,—natural calm. You might as well try by external pressure to smooth a mirror that would reflect the sky, as by violence of effort to see the peace through which only you can reach imagination. That peace must come in its own time ; as the waters set themselves into clearness as well as quietness : you cannot filter your mind into purity than you can compress it into calmness ; you must keep it pure, if you would have it pure ; and throw no stones into it, if you would have it quiet. Great courage and self-command may, to a certain extent, give power of painting without the true calm underneath ; but never of doing first-rate work. There is sufficient evidence of this, in even what we know of great men, though of the greatest, we nearly always know least (and that necessarily ; they being very silent, and much given to setting themselves forth to questioners ; to be contemptuously reserved, no less than unselfish). But in such writings and sayings as we possess of them we may trace a quite curious gentleness and serene composure. Rubens' letters are almost ludicrous in their assumed politeness. Reynolds, swiftest of painters, gentlest of companions ; so also Velasquez, Titian, . . .

And so on.

It is gratuitous to add that no shallow or practical person can paint. Mere cleverness or special gift not enough for an artist. It is only perfectness of mind, unclouded by passion, that can reach the highest qualities, in fine, of the imagination.

No false person can paint. A person when it suits his purposes, seize a subject, but the relations of truth,—its perfectness makes it wholesome truth, he can use it. Wholeness and wholesomeness go together. Sincerity ; it is only the constant

d submissiveness to truth, which can measure its
e angles and mark its infinite aspects; and fit them
nit them into the strength of sacred invention.

red, I call it deliberately; for it is thus, in the most
ate senses, humble as well as helpful; meek in its
ing, as magnificent in its disposing; the name it
being rightly given even to invention formal, not
ise it forms, but because it finds. For you cannot
a lie; you must make it for yourself. False things
be imagined, and false things composed; but only
can be invented.

PART IX
OF IDEAS OF RELATION:—SECOND,
OF INVENTION SPIRITUAL

CHAPTER I

THE DARK MIRROR

§ 1. IN the course of our inquiry into the moral of landscape (Vol. III., Chap. xvii.), we promised at the close of our work to seek for some better, or at least clearer, conclusions than were then possible to us. We confined ourselves in that chapter to the vindication of the probable utility of the *love* of natural scenery. We made no assertion of the usefulness of *painting* such scenery. It might be well to delight in the real country, or admire the real flowers and true mountains. But it did not follow that it was advisable to paint them.

Far from it. Many reasons might be given why we should not paint them. All the purposes of good which we saw that the beauty of Nature could accomplish, may be better fulfilled by the meanest of her realities, than by the brightest of imitations. For prolonged entertainment, no picture can be compared with the wealth of interest which may be found in the herbage of the poorest field, or blossoms of the narrowest copse. As suggestive of supernatural power, the passing away of a fitful raincloud, or opening of dawn, are in their change and mystery more *regnant than any pictures*. A child would, I suppose, *derive a religious lesson from a flower more willingly than from a print of one*; and might be taught to under-

a nineteenth Psalm, on a starry night, better than by diagrams of the constellations.

Whence it might seem a waste of time to draw landscape at all.

I believe it is;—to draw landscape mere and solitary, however beautiful (unless it be for the sake of geographical or other science, or of historical record). But there is kind of landscape which it is not inexpedient to draw. That kind, we may probably discover by considering that which mankind has hitherto contented itself with painting.

§ 2. We may arrange nearly all existing landscape under the following heads:—

I. **HEROIC.**—Representing an imaginary world, inhabited by men not perhaps perfectly civilized, but noble, and usually subjected to severe trials, and by spiritual powers of the highest order. It is frequently without architecture; never without figure-action, or emotion. Its principal master is Titian.

II. **CLASSICAL.**—Representing an imaginary world, inhabited by perfectly civilized men, and by spiritual powers of an inferior order.

It generally assumes this condition of things to have existed among the Greek and Roman nations. It contains usually architecture of an elevated character, and lays incidents of figure-action, or emotion. Its principal master is Nicolo Poussin.

III. **PASTORAL.**—Representing peasant life and its daily work, or such scenery as may naturally be suggestive of agriculture, with figures, cattle, and domestic buildings. A supernatural being is ever visibly present. It does not in ordinary cases admit architecture of an elevated character nor exciting incident. Its principal master is Sp.

IV. **CONTEMPLATIVE.**—Directed principally to the observance of the powers of Nature, and record of the poetical associations connected with landscape, illustrated or contrasted with, existing states of human life. No supernatural being is visibly present. It admits every kind of subject, and requires, in general, figure incident

but not of an exciting character. It was not completely until recent times. Its principal Turner.¹

§ 3. These are the four true orders of landscape distinctly separated from each other in ; very distinctly in typical examples. Two special require separate note.

(A) PICTURESQUE.—This is indeed rather the (or sometimes the undeveloped state) of the class than a distinct class ; but it may be considered as including pictures meant to display the skill and his powers of composition ; or to give agreeable and colours, irrespective of sentiment. It is much modern art, with the street views and church of the Dutch, and the works of Canaletto, (Cape, and the like.

(B) HYBRID.—Landscape in which the painter attempts to unite the irreconcilable sentiment of of the above-named classes. Its principal Berghem and Wouvermans.

§ 4. Passing for the present by these inferior, we find that all true landscape, whether simple or complex, depends primarily for its interest on contrast with humanity, or with spiritual powers. Banish the gods and nymphs from the classical landscape—its interest will move you no more. Show that the dark and most romantic mountain are uninhabited and it will cease to be romantic. Fields without trees and without fairies will have no gaiety in them ; and the noblest masses of ground or colours of sky will not raise your thoughts, if the earth has no life and the heaven none to refresh.

¹ I have been embarrassed in assigning the names to the orders of art, the term "Contemplative" belonging in justice to the romantic and pastoral conception as to the modern. I intended, originally, to call the four schools—Romantic, Picturesque, and Theoretic—which would have been more consistent with the nomenclature of the second order. It would not have been pleasant in sound, nor, to the eye, very clear in sense.

§ 5. It might perhaps be thought that, since from scenes in which the figure was principal, and landscape symbolical and subordinate (as in the art of Egypt), the process of ages had led us to scenes in which landscape was principal and the figure subordinate,—a continuance in the same current of feeling might bring forth at last an art from which humanity and its interests should wholly vanish, leaving us to the passionless admiration of herbage and stone. But this will not, and cannot be. For observe the parallel instance in the gradually increasing importance of dress. From the simplicity of Greek design, concentrating, I suppose, its skill chiefly on the naked form, the course of time developed conditions of Venetian imagination which found nearly as much interest, and expressed nearly as much dignity, in folds of dress and fancies of decoration as in the faces of the figures themselves: so that if from Veronese's Marriage in Cana we remove the architecture and the gay dresses, we shall not in the faces and hands remaining, find a satisfactory abstract of the picture. But try it the other way. Take out the faces; leave the draperies, and how then? Put the fine dresses and jewelled girdles into the best group you can; paint them with all Veronese's skill: will they satisfy you?

§ 6. Not so. As long as they are in their due service and subjection—while their folds are formed by the motion of men, and their lustre adorns the nobleness of men—so long the lustre and the folds are lovely. But cast them from the human limbs;—golden circlet and silken tissue are withered; the dead leaves of autumn are more precious than they.

This is just as true, but in a far deeper sense, of the weaving of the natural robe of man's soul. Fragrant tissue of flowers, golden circlets of clouds, are only fair when they meet the fondness of human thoughts, and glorify human visions of heaven.

§ 7. It is the leaning on this truth which, more than any other, has been the distinctive character of all my own past work. And in closing a series of Art-studies, prolonged during so many years, it may be perhaps permitted me to hint out this specialty—the rather that it has been,

distinctive root and leading force of art and way are the things denied concerning

And in these books of mine, their desire as essays on art, is their bringing ever human passion or human hope. Arisi desire to explain the principles of art, vour to defend an individual painter : have been coloured throughout,—nay, co shape, and even warped and broken, by ing social questions, which had for me greater than the work I had been force Every principle of painting which I ha to some vital or spiritual fact ; and in r tecture the preference accorded finally another, is founded on a comparison of the life of the workman—a question by the subject of architecture wholly forgot

§ 8. The essential connection of the with human emotion is not less certain impressive pictures the link is slight c connection should exist at a single pc need. The comparison with the dress be carried out into the extremest pai often happen that no part of the figur is discernible, nevertheless, the perceiv drapery is worn by a figure makes all one of the most sublime figures in the wo so : one of the fainting Maries in Tin has cast her mantle over her head, and its shade, and her whole figure veiled But what the difference is between the gathers round her as she falls, and the a heap upon the ground, that differenc

If or sand—true desertness is not in the want of leaves, of life. Where humanity is not, and was not, the natural beauty is more than vain. It is even terrible; as the dress cast aside from the body; but as an embroidered shroud hiding a skeleton.

§ 9. And on each side of a right feeling in this matter we lie, as usual, two opposite errors.

The first, that of caring for man only; and for the rest of the universe, little, or not at all, which, in a measure, is the error of the Greeks and Florentines; the other, that of caring for the universe only;—for man, not at all which, in a measure, is the error of modern science, and of the Art connecting itself with such science.

The degree of power which any man may ultimately possess in landscape-painting will depend finally on his conception of this influence. If he has to paint the desert, awfulness—if the garden, its gladness—will arise simply and only from his sensibility to the story of life. Without this he is nothing but a scientific mechanist; this, though it cannot make him yet a painter, raises him to a sphere in which he may become one. Nay, the mere shadow and semblance of this have given dangerous power to works in all other respects unnoticeable; and the least sense of its true presence has given value to work in all other respects vain.

The true presence, observe, of sympathy with the spirit of man. Where this is not, sympathy with any higher spirit is impossible.

For the directest manifestation of Deity to man is in his own image, that is, in man.

§ 10. "In His own image. After His likeness." *Ad imaginem et Similitudinem Suam*. I do not know what people in general understand by those words. I suppose they ought to be understood. The truth they contain seems to lie at the foundation of our knowledge both of God and man; yet do we not usually pass the sentence in dull reverence, attaching no definite sense to it at all? For all practical purpose, might it not as well be of the text?

have no time, nor much desire, to examine the

vague expressions of belief with which the verse has been encumbered. Let us try to find its only possible significance.

§ 11. It cannot be supposed that the bodily shape of man resembles, or resembled, any bodily shape in Deity. The likeness must therefore be, or have been, in the mind. Had it wholly passed away, and the divine soul be altered into a soul brutal or diabolic, I suppose we should have been told of the change. But we are told nothing of the kind. The verse still stands as if for our use and trust. It was only death which was to be our punishment. Not *change*. So far as we live, the image is still there, defiled, if you will; broken, if you will; all but effaced, if you will, by death and the shadow of it. But it is not changed. We are not made now in any other image than God's. There are, indeed, the two states of the image—the earthly and heavenly, but both Adamite, both human, both the same likeness; only one defiled, one pure. So that the soul of man is still a mirror wherein may be seen, darkly, the image of the mind of God.

These may seem daring words. I am sorry that they do; but I am helpless to soften them. Discover another meaning of the text if you are able;—but be sure that it is a meaning—a meaning in your head and heart; not a subtle gloss, nor a shifting of one verbal expression into another, both idealess. I repeat that, to me, the verse has, and can have, no other signification than this: that the soul of man is a mirror of the mind of God. If the mirror, dark, distorted, broken, use what blameful word you please of its state; yet in the main, a true mirror out of which alone, and by which alone, we can know anything of God at all.

"How?" the reader, perhaps, answers indignantly. "I know the nature of God by revelation, not by looking in myself."

Revelation to what? To a nature incapable of receiving truth? That cannot be; for only to a nature capable of truth, desirous of it, distinguishing it, feeding upon it, is revelation possible. To a being undesirous of it

ating it, revelation is impossible. There can be none to a brute, or fiend. In so far, therefore, as you love truth, and live therein, in so far revelation can exist for you;—and in so far, your mind is the image of God's.

§ 12. But consider, farther, not only *to* what, but *by* what, is the revelation. By sight? or word? If by sight, then to eyes which see justly. Otherwise, no sight would be revelation. So far, then, as your sight is just, it is the image of God's sight.

If by words,—how do you know their meanings? Here is a short piece of precious word revelation, for instance. "God is love."

Love! yes. But what is *that*? The revelation does not tell you that, I think. Look into the mirror, and you will see. Out of your own heart, you may know what love is. In no other possible way,—by no other help or sign. All the words and sounds ever uttered, all the revelations of cloud, or flame, or crystal, are utterly powerless. They cannot tell you, in the smallest point, what love means. Only the broken mirror can.

§ 13. Here is more revelation. "God is just!" Just! What is that? The revelation cannot help you to discover. You say it is dealing equitably or equally. But how do you discern the equality? Not by inequality of mind; not by a mind incapable of weighing, judging, or distributing. The lengths seem unequal in the broken mirror, for you they are unequal; but if they seem equal, then the mirror is true. So far as you recognize equality, and your conscience tells you what is just, so far your mind is the image of God's; and so far as you do *not* discern this nature of justice or equality, the words "God is just" bring no revelation to you.

§ 14. "But His thoughts are not as our thoughts." So; the sea is not as the standing pool by the wayside. Yet when the breeze crisps the pool, you may see the image of the breakers, and a likeness of the foam. Nay, in some sort, the same foam. If the sea is for ever invisible to you, something you may learn of it from the wind. Nothing, assuredly, any otherwise.

"But this poor miserable Me! Is this, then, all

book I have got to read about God in ?" Yes, truly No other book, nor fragment of book, than that, will ever find ; no velvet-bound missal, nor frankincensed manuscript ;—nothing hieroglyphic nor cuneiform ; papyrus pyramid are alike silent on this matter ;—nothing in clouds above, nor in the earth beneath. That flesh-bound volume is the only revelation that is, that was, or that be. In that is the image of God painted ; in that is law of God written ; in that is the promise of God revealed. Know thyself ; for through thyself only thou canst know God.

§ 15. Through the glass, darkly. But, except through the glass, in nowise.

A tremulous crystal, waved as water, poured out on the ground ;—you may defile it, despise it, pollute it to your pleasure and at your peril ; for on the peace of the weak waves must all the heaven you shall ever gain be seen ; and through such purity as you can win for the dark waves, must all the light of the risen Sun of righteousness be bent down, by faint refraction. Cleanse them, calm them, as you love your life.

Therefore it is that all the power of nature depends on subjection to the human soul. Man is the sun of the world ; more than the real sun. The fire of his wonderful heart is the only light and heat worth gauge or measure. Where he is, are the tropics ; where he is not, ice-world.

CHAPTER II

THE LANCE OF PALLAS

It might be thought that the tenor of the preceding was in some sort adverse to my repeated statement that great art is the expression of man's delight in God's not in *his own*. But observe, he is not himself his work : he is himself precisely the most wonderful piece of God's workmanship extant. In this best piece not only is he bound to take delight, but cannot, in a right state of mind, take delight in anything else, otherwise than in himself. Through himself, however, as the sun enlightens the world, not as *the* creation. In himself, as the light of the world.¹ Not as being the world. Let him stand in due relation to other creatures, and to inanimate things—know them all and love them, as made for him, and as for them;—and he becomes himself the greatest blessing of them. But let him cast off this relation, and forget the less creation round him, and instead of being the light of the world, he is a sun in space—a sun all, spotted with storm.

All the diseases of mind leading to fatalest ruin concenter in this isolation. They are the concentration of the mind upon himself, whether his heavenly interests or his earthly interests, matters not; it is the being *his own* which makes the regard of them so mortal. Every excess of asceticism on one side, of sensualism on the other, the isolation of his soul or of his body; the fixing his affections upon them alone; while every healthy state of mind and of individual minds consists in the unselfish

presence of the human spirit everywhere, energizing all things; speaking and living through all things.

§ 3. Man being thus the crowning and ruling work of God, it will follow that all his best art must have some-thing to tell about himself, as the soul of things, and ruler of creatures. It must also make this reference to himself under a true conception of his own nature. Therefore any art which involves no reference to man is inferior or faulty. And all art which involves misconception of man or base thought of him, is in that degree false and bad.

Now the basest thought possible concerning him is that he has no spiritual nature; and the foolishhest misunderstanding of him possible is, that he has or should have no animal nature. For his nature is nobly animal, spiritual—coherently and irrevocably so; neither part nor parcel, but at its peril, expel, despise, or defy the other. The great art confesses and worships both.

§ 4. The art which, since the writings of Rieu and Lindsay, is specially known as "Christian," erred by its denial of the animal nature of man;—and, in conjunction with all monkish and fanatical forms of religion, looking always to another world instead of this. It drew its strength in visions, and was therefore swept away notwithstanding all its good and glory, by the strong tide of the naturalist art of the sixteenth century. But that naturalist art erred on the other side; denied at last the spiritual nature of man, and perished in corruption.

A contemplative reaction is taking place in our times, out of which it may be hoped a new spiritual art may be developed. The first school of landscape, named in the foregoing chapter, the Heroic, is that of the naturalists. The second (Classical), and third (Pastoral) belong to the time of sensual decline. The fourth (Contemplative) is that of modern revival.

§ 5. But why, the reader will ask, is no place given to this scheme to the "Christian" or spiritual art which preceded the naturalists? Because all landscape before that art is subordinate, and in one essential principle. It is subordinate, because intended only to represent the conception of saintly or Divine presence;—

therefore to be considered as a landscape decoration or type, than an effort to paint nature. If I included it in my list of schools, I should have to go still farther back, and include with it the conventional and illustrative landscape of the Greeks and Egyptians.

§ 6. But also it cannot constitute a real school, because the first assumption is false, namely, that the natural world can be represented without the element of death.

The real schools of landscape are primarily distinguished from the preceding unreal ones by their introduction of this element. They are not at first in any sort the worthier for it. But they are more true, and capable, therefore, in the issue, of becoming worthier.

It will be a hard piece of work for us to think this lightly out, but it must be done.

§ 7. Perhaps an accurate analysis of the schools of art of all time might show us that when the immortality of the soul was practically and completely believed, the elements of decay, danger, and grief in visible things were always disregarded. However this may be, it is assuredly so in the early Christian schools. The ideas of danger or decay were not merely repugnant, but inconceivable to them; the expression of immortality and perpetuity is alone possible. I do not mean that they take no note of the absolute fact of corruption. This fact the early painters did compel themselves to look fuller in the front than any other men: as in the way they usually paint the Deluge (the raven feeding on the bodies), and in all the various triumphs and processions of the power of Death, which formed one great chapter of religious teaching and painting, from Orcagna's time to the close of the Purist epoch. But we mean that this external fact of corruption is separated in their minds from the main conditions of their work; and horror enters no more into their general treatment of landscape than the fear of murder or martyrdom, both of which they had nevertheless continually to represent. None of these things appeared to them as affecting the general dealings of the Deity with His world. Death, pain, and decay were simply momentary accidents in the course of immortality, which never ought to exercise any depressi-

influence over the hearts of men, or in the life of God, in intense life, power, and helping power, was and everywhere. Human bodies, at one time or had indeed to be made dust of, and raised from this becoming dust was hurtful and humiliating, in the least melancholy, nor, in any very high degree, except to thoughtless persons who needed times to be reminded of it, and whom, not at all the things much himself, the painter accordingly did of it, somewhat sharply.

§ 8. A similar condition of mind seems to have attained, not unfrequently, in modern times, by whom either narrowness of circumstance or education, vigorous moral efforts, have guarded from the t of the world, so as to give them firm and childli in the power and presence of God, together wit of conscience, and a belief in the passing of all some form of good. It is impossible that a pers disciplined should feel, in any of its more acute the sorrow for any of the phenomena of nature, in any material danger which would occur to The absence of personal fear, the consciousness of as great in the midst of pestilence and storm, as beds of flowers on a summer's morning, and the that whatever appeared evil, or was assuredly pain eventually issue in a far greater and enduring go general feeling and conviction, I say, would gradu and at last put to entire rest, the physical sens: grief and fear; so that the man would look upon without dread,—expect pain without lamentation.

§ 9. It may perhaps be thought that this is a and right state of mind.

Unfortunately, it appears that the attainment never possible without inducing some form of in kness.



painter belonging to the purest religious mastered his art. Perugino nearly did so; b he was more rational—more a man of t the rest. No literature exists of a high y minds in the pure religious temper

y, a great deal of literature exists, produced by in that temper, which is markedly, and very far, average literary work.

The reason of this I believe to be, that the right man is not intended to give him repose, but to him to do his work. It is not intended that he look away from the place he lives in now, and himself with thoughts of the place he is to live in at that he should look stoutly into this world, in at if he does his work thoroughly here, some good rs or himself, with which however he is not at concerned, will come of it hereafter. And this brave, but not very hopeful or cheerful faith, I e to be always rewarded by clear practical success lendid intellectual power; while the faith which on the future fades away into rosy mist, and empti-musical air. That result indeed follows naturally on its habit of assuming that things must be right, t come right, when, probably, the fact is, that so we are concerned, they are entirely wrong; and wrong: and also on its weak and false way of on what these religious persons call "the bright things," that is to say, on one side of them only, od has given them two sides, and intended us to 1.

I was reading but the other day, in a book by a useful, and able Scotch clergyman, one of these lies, in which he described a scene in the Highlands (he said) the goodness of God. In this Highland here was nothing but sunshine, and fresh breezes, ating lambs, and clean tartans, and all manner of nness. Now a Highland scene is, beyond dispute, : enough in its own way; but, looked close at, has lows. Here, for instance, is the very fact of one, y as I can remember—having seen many. It is valley of soft turf, enclosed in its narrow oval by rocks and broad flakes of nodding fern. From one it to the other winds, serpentine, a clear brown drooping into quicker ripple as it reaches the oval field, and then, first islanding a purple.

white rock with an amber pool, it dashes away in narrow fall of foam under a thicket of mountain-ash alder. The autumn sun, low but clear, shines on scarlet ash-berries and on the golden birch-leaves, w fallen here and there, when the breeze has not ca them, rest quiet in the crannies of the purple . Beside the rock, in the hollow under the thicket, carcase of a ewe, drowned in the last flood, lies n bare to the bone, its white ribs protruding through skin, raven-torn ; and the rags of its wool still flick from the branches that first stayed it as the stream s it down. A little lower, the current plunges, roaring, a circular chasm like a well, surrounded on three side a chimney-like hollowness of polished rock, down w the foam slips in detached snow-flakes. Round the e of the pool beneath, the water circles slowly, like l oil ; a little butterfly lies on its back, its wings glue one of the eddies, its limbs feebly quivering ; a fish) and it is gone. Lower down the stream, I can just over a knoll, the green and damp turf roofs of four or hovels, built at the edge of a morass, which is trodde the cattle into a black Slough of Despond at their d and traversed by a few ill-set stepping-stones, with and there a flat slab on the tops, where they have out of sight, and at the turn of the brook I see a fishing, with a boy and a dog—a picturesque and p group enough certainly, if they had not been ther day starving. I know them, and I know the dog's also, which are nearly as bare as the dead ewe's ; the child's wasted shoulders, cutting his old tartan j through, so sharp are they. We will go down and with the man.

§ 12. Or, that I may not piece pure truth with f for I have none of his words set down, let us he word or two from another such, a Scotchman also, ar true-hearted, and in just as fair a scene. I write ou passage, in which I have kept his few sentences, . *For word, as it stands in my private diary :—*“ 22nd . 851). Yesterday I had a long walk up the Via C Matlock, coming down upon it from the hills

all sown with anemones and violets, and murmuring with sweet springs. Above all the mills in the valley, the brook, in its first purity, forms a small shallow pool, with a sandy bottom covered with cresses and other water plants. A man was wading in it for cresses as I passed up the valley, and bade me good-day. I did not go much farther; he was there when I returned. I passed him again, about one hundred yards, when it struck me I might as well turn all I could about watercresses: so I turned back. I asked the man, among other questions, what he called the common weed, something like watercress, but with a serrated leaf, which grows at the edge of nearly all such pools. 'We calls that brooklime, hereabouts,' said a voice behind me. I turned, and saw three men, miners or manufacturers—two evidently Derbyshire men, and respectable-looking in their way; the third, thin, poor, old, and under-featured, and utterly in rags. 'Brooklime?' I said. 'What do you call it lime for?' The man said he did not know; it was called that. 'You'll find that in the British 'Erba,' said the weak, calm voice of the old man. I turned to him in much surprise; but he went on saying something drily (I hardly understood what) to the cress-gatherer; who contradicting him, the old man said he didn't know fresh water,' he 'knew enough of sa't.' 'Have you been a sailor?' I asked. 'I was a sailor for eleven years and ten months of my life,' he said, in the same strangely quiet manner. 'And what are you now?' 'I lived for ten years after my wife's death by picking up rags and bones; I hadn't much occasion afore.' 'And now how do you live?' 'Why, I lives hard and honest, and haven't got to live long,' or something to that effect. He then went on, in a kind of maundering way, about his wife. 'She had rheumatism and fever very bad; and her second rib growed over her hench-bone. A' was a clever woman, but a' grow'd to be a very little one' (this, with an expression of deep melancholy). 'Eighteen years after her first lad she was in the family-way again, and they had doctors up from Lunnon about it. They wanted to rip her open, and take the child out of her. But I never would give my consent.' (Then, af

a pause :) 'She died twenty-six hours and ten mi after it. I never cared much what come of me since I know that I shall soon reach her; that's a knowle would na gie for the king's crown.' 'You are a Sc man, are not you?' I asked. 'I'm from the Is Skye, sir; I'm a McGregor.' I said something his religious faith. 'Ye'll know I was bred in the Cl of Scotland, sir,' he said, 'and I love it as I love my soul: but I think thae Wesleyan Methodists ha' got tion among them too.'"

Truly, this Highland and English hill-scenery i enough; but has its shadows; and deeper colouring and there, than that of heath and rose.

§ 13. Now, as far as I have watched the main p of human mind, they have risen first from the resol to see fearlessly, pitifully, and to its very worst, what deep colours mean, wheresoever they fall; not by any r to pass on the other side, looking pleasantly up to the but to stoop to the horror, and let the sky, for the pr take care of its own clouds. However this may moral matters, with which I have nothing here to c my own field of inquiry the fact is so; and all great beautiful work has come of first gazing without shri into the darkness. If, having done so, the human can, by its courage and faith, conquer the evil, it rises conceptions of victorious and consummated beauty. then the spirit of the highest Greek and Venetian Art unable to conquer the evil, but remaining in strong th melancholy war with it, not rising into supreme beat is the spirit of the best northern art, typically repres by that of Holbein and Dürer. If, itself conquered b evil, infected by the dragon breath of it, and at last br into captivity, so as to take delight in evil for ever, i comes the spirit of the dark, but still powerful sensuc art, represented typically by that of Salvator. We trace this fact briefly through Greek, Venetian, and E esque art; we shall then see how the art of decline *of avoiding* the evil, and seeking pleasure only; and *obtain, at last, some power of judging whether the ten of our own contemplative art be right or ignoble.*

§ 14. The ruling purpose of Greek poetry is the assertion of victory, by heroism, over fate, sin, and death. The error of these great enemies is dwelt upon chiefly by the tragedians. The victory over them, by Homer.

The adversary chiefly contemplated by the tragedians is fate, or predestinate misfortune. And that under three principal forms.

(A) Blindness or ignorance; not in itself guilty, but inducing acts which otherwise would have been guilty; and leading, no less than guilt, to destruction.¹

(B) Visitation upon one person of the sin of another.

(C) Repression by brutal, or tyrannous strength, of a benevolent will.

§ 15. In all these cases sorrow is much more definitely connected with sin by the Greek tragedians than by Shakspeare. The "fate" of Shakspeare is, indeed, a form of blindness, but it issues in little more than haste or indiscretion. It is, in the literal sense, "fatal," but hardly criminal.

The "I am fortune's fool" of Romeo, expresses Shakspeare's primary idea of tragic circumstance. Often his victims are entirely innocent, swept away by mere current strong encompassing calamity (Ophelia, Cordelia, Arthur, Queen Katherine). This is rarely so with the Greeks. The victim may indeed be innocent, as Antigone, but is in some way resolutely entangled with crime, and destroyed by it, if it struck by pollution, no less than participation.

The victory over sin and death is therefore also with the Greek tragedians more complete than with Shakspeare. The enemy has more direct moral personality,—as it is sinfulness more than mischance, it is met by a higher

The speech of Achilles to Priam expresses this idea of fatality and submission clearly, there being two vessels—one full of sorrow, the other of great and noble gifts (a sense of disgrace mixing with that of glory, and of honour with that of joy), from which Jupiter pours forth the destinies of men; the idea partly corresponding to the scriptural—"in the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and the wine is red; it is full of wrath, and He poureth out of the same." But the title of the gods, nevertheless, both with Homer and Hesiod, is given not from the cup of sorrow, but of good: "givers of good" (δωρητὴς ἐδάω).—Hes. *Th. i.*; *Odys. viii.* 325.

daughter of Atlas and the Sea, (Atlas, the sustainer of heaven, and the Sea, the disturber of the Earth). She dwells in the island of Ogygia ("the ancient or venerable"). Never Athens, or any other Greek city, is spoken of with any peculiar reverence, it is called "Ogygian.") Coming from this goddess of secrets, and from others, some of destructive natural force (Scylla), others giving the enchantment of mere natural beauty (Circe, daughter of the Sun and Sea), he arrives at last at the Grecian land, whose king is "strength with intellect," whose queen, "virtue." These restore him to his country.

18. Now observe that in their dealing with all these facts the Greeks never shrink from horror; down to the uttermost depth, to its most appalling physical detail, they strive to sound the secrets of sorrow. For them there is no passing by on the other side, no turning away from grief to vanity from pain. Literally, they have not sold up their souls unto vanity." Whether there be consolation for them or not, neither apathy nor blindness can be their saviour; if, for them, thus knowing the depths of the grief of earth, any hope, relief, or triumph may yet seem possible,—well; but if not, still hopeless, still, eternal, the sorrow shall be met face to face.

Hector, so righteous, so merciful, so brave, has, nevertheless, to look upon his dearest brother in his miserablest state. His own soul passes away in hopeless sobs through the throat-wound of the Grecian spear. That is one of the things in this world, a fair world truly, but having, in its other aspects, this one, highly ambiguous.

19. Meeting it boldly as they may, gazing right into the skeleton face of it, the ambiguity remains; nay, in this sort gains upon them. We trusted in the gods;—ought that wisdom and courage would save us. Our strength and courage themselves deceive us to our death. We had the aspect of Deiphobus—terror of the enemy. He was not terrified him, but left us, in our mortal need. And beyond that mortality, what hope have we? Nothing is clear to us on that horizon, nor comforting words or honours; perhaps also rest; perhaps a shadow.

even so much as rest? May we, indeed, lie in the dust: or have not our sins hidden from the things that belong to that peace? May and the whirl of passion govern us there: shall be no thought, nor work, nor wisdom, no of the soul? ¹

Be it so. With no better reward, no bribe we will be men while we may: men, just, and fearless, and up to our power, perfect herself, our wisdom and our strength, may be Phoebus, our sun, smite us with plague, or hide from us helpless;—Jove and all the powers of heaven us, or give us up to destruction. While we hold fast our integrity; no weak tears shall by untimely tremors abate our strength of arm, or weakness of limb. The gods have given us at least a body and this righteous conscience; these will be bright and pure to the end. So may we fall but not to baseness; so may we sink to sleep to shame.

§ 20. And herein was conquest. So defied, the ing and accusing shadows shrank back; the

—one harmony of power and peace. The sun hurt not by day, nor the moon by night; the earth did no more her jaws into the pit: the sea whitened ere against them the teeth of his devouring waves. And moon, and earth, and sea,—all melted into grace ve; the fatal arrows rang not now at the shouldersollo, the healer; lord of life, and of the three great of life—Care, Memory, and Melody. Great Artemis led their flocks by night; Selene kissed in love the of those who slept. And from all came the help ven to body and soul; a strange spirit lifting the limbs; strange light glowing on the golden hair; strangest comfort filling the trustful heart, so that ould put off their armour, and lie down to sleep,—ork well done, whether at the gates of their temples¹ their mountains;² accepting the death they once t terrible, as the gift of Him who knew and granted as best.

τι ἀνέστησαν, ἀλλ' ἐν τέλει τούτῳ ἔσχοντο. Herod. i. 31.

*ἀποπεμπόμενος, αὐτὸς μὲν οὐκ ἀπελίπετο· τὸν δὲ παῖδα συστρά-
ν ἔόντα οἱ μουνογενέα, ἀπέπεμψε.* Herod. vii. 221.

CHAPTER III

THE WINGS OF THE LION

§ 1. SUCH being the heroic spirit of Greek religion and art we may now with ease trace the relations between it and that which animated the Italian, and chiefly the Venetian schools.

Observe, all the nobleness, as well as the faults, of the Greek art were dependent on its making the most of the present life. It might do so in the Anacreontic temper—*Τί Πλειάδεσσιν, κῆμοί;* “What have I to do with the Pleiads?” or in the defiant or the trustful endurance of fate;—but its dominion was in this world.

Florentine art was essentially Christian, ascetic, expectant of a better world, and antagonistic, therefore, to the Greek temper. So that the Greek element, once forced upon it, destroyed it. There was absolute incompatibility between them. Florentine art, also, could not produce landscape. It despised the rock, the tree, the vital air itself, aspiring to breathe empyreal air.

Venetian art began with the same aim and under the same restrictions. Both are healthy in the youth of art. Heavenly aim and severe law for boyhood; earthly work and fair freedom for manhood.

§ 2. The Venetians began, I repeat, with asceticism always, however, delighting in more massive and deeper colour than other religious painters. They are especially fond of saints who have been cardinals, because of the red hats, and they sunburn all their hermits into splendid russet brown.

They differed from the Pisans in having no Maremma between them and the sea; from the Romans in continuing

quarrelling with the Pope; and from the Florentines in having no gardens.

They had another kind of garden, deep furrowed, with blossom in white wreaths—fruitless. Perpetual May therein, and singing of wild, nestless birds. And they had no *Marmitta* to separate them from this garden of theirs. The destiny of Pisa was changed, in all probability, by the ten miles of marsh-land and poisonous air between it and the sea. The Genoese energy was feverish; too much heat selected from their torrid Apennine. But the Venetian had his free horizon, his salt breeze, and sandy Lido-shore; sloped far and flat,—ridged sometimes under the *Tramontane* winds with half a mile's breadth of rollers;—sea and sand shrivelled up together in one yellow careering field of fall and roar.

3. They were, also, we said, always quarrelling with the Pope. Their religious liberty came, like their bodily health, from that wave training; for it is one notable effect of a life passed on ship-board to destroy weak beliefs in painted forms of religion. A sailor may be grossly superstitious, but his superstitions will be connected with galelets and omens, not cast in systems. He must custom himself, if he prays at all, to pray anywhere and anyhow. Candlesticks and incense not being portable into the maintop, he perceives those decorations to be, on the whole, inessential to a maintop mass. Sails must be set and cables bent, be it never so strict a saint's day, and it is found that no harm comes of it. Absolution on a shore must be had of the breakers, it appears, if at all, and they give it plenary and brief, without listening to confession.

Whereupon our religious opinions become vague, but our religious confidences strong; and the end of it all is that we perceive the Pope to be on the other side of the annines, and able, indeed, to sell indulgences, but not to, for any money. Whereas, God and the sea are ours, and we must even trust them both, and take what they shall send.

4. Then, farther. This ocean-work is wholly adverse to any morbid conditions of sentiment. Reverie, above all

things, is forbidden by Scylla and Charybdis. By the dog and the depths, no dreaming! The first thing required of us is presence of mind. Neither love, nor poetry, nor piety must ever so take up our thoughts as to make us slow and unready. In sweet Val d'Arno it is permissible enough to dream among the orange blossoms, and forget the day in twilight of ilex. But along the avenues of the Adriatic waves there can be no careless walking. Vigilance, night and day, required of us, besides learning of many practical lessons in severe and humble dexterities. It is enough for the Florentine to know how to use his sword and to ride. We Venetians, also, must be able to use our swords, and on ground which is none of the steadiest; but, besides, we must be able to do nearly everything that hands can turn to—rudders, and yards, and cables, all needing workmanly handling and workmanly knowledge, from capital as well as from men. To drive a nail, lash a spar, reef a sail—rude work this for noble hands; but to be done sometimes, and done well on pain of death. All which not only takes mean pride out of us, and puts nobler pride in its stead; but it tends partly to soothe, partly to chasten, partly to employ and direct, the hot Italian temper and make us every way greater, calmer, and happier.

§ 5. Moreover, it tends to induce in us great respect for the whole human body; for its limbs, as much as for its tongue or its wit. Policy and eloquence are well; and indeed, we Venetians can be politic enough, and can speak melodiously when we choose; but to put the helm up at the right moment is the beginning of all cunning—and that we need arm and eye;—not tongue. And with this respect for the body as such, comes also the sailor's preference of massive beauty in bodily form. The landmen among their roses and orange-blossoms, and chequered shadows of twisted vine, may well please themselves with pale faces, and finely drawn eyebrows, and fantastic braidings of hair. But from the sweeping glory of the sea we learn to love another kind of beauty; broad-breasted, level-browed, like the horizon;—thighed and shouldered like billows; footed like their stealing foam;—bathed in golden hair like their sunsets.

. Such were the physical influences constantly in ion on the Venetians ; their painters, however, were prepared for their work by others in their infancy. ations connected with early life among mountains ed and deepened the teaching of the sea ; and the ss of form of the Tyrolese Alps gave greater strength rotesqueness to their imaginations than the Greek rs could have found among the cliffs of the Ægean. ar, however, the influences on both are nearly similar. reek Sea was indeed less bleak, and the Greek hills ss grand ; but the difference was in degree rather than nature of their power. The moral influences at work two races were far more sharply opposed.

Evil, as we saw, had been fronted by the Greek, rust out of his path. Once conquered, if he thought ore, it was involuntarily, as we remember a painful yet with a secret dread that the dream might return ontinue for ever. But the teaching of the Church middle ages had made the contemplation of evil the duties of men. As sin, it was to be duly t upon, that it might be confessed. As suffering, d joyfully, in hope of future reward. Hence con- of bodily distemper which an Athenian would have upon with the severest contempt and aversion, n the Christian Church regarded always with pity, ten with respect : while the partial practice of celi- y the clergy, and by those over whom they had ce,—together with the whole system of conventual e and pathetic ritual (with the vicious reactionary cies necessarily following), introduced calamitous ons both of body and soul, which added largely pagan's simple list of elements of evil, and intro- the most complicated states of mental suffering and itude.

Therefore the Christian painters differed from the in two main points. They had been taught a faith put an end to restless questioning and discouragement.

All was at last to be well—and their best genius be peacefully given to imagining the glories of and the happiness of its redeemed. But on the

more of the deep horror which vexed the soul of
or Homer. His Pallas-shield was the shield of
the shield of the Gorgon. All was at last to issue
in sweetest harpings and seven-fold circles of lig
for the present he had to dwell with the maimed
blind, and to revere Lazarus more than Achilles.

§ 9. This reference to a future world has a
influence on all their conclusions. For the earth
its natural elements are despised. They are to
like a scroll. Man, the immortal, is alone rev
work and presence are all that can be noble or
Men, and fair architecture, temples and courts
may be in a celestial city, or the clouds and
Paradise; these are what we must paint when
beautiful things. But the sea, the mountains, th
are all adverse to us,—a desolation. The gro
was cursed for our sake;—the sea that executed
on all our race, and rages against us still, though
storm-demons churning it into foam in nightly
Lido, and hissing from it against our palaces.
but a terror, or a temptation. She is for hermits
murderers,—for St. Jerome, and St. Mary of E
the Magdalen in the desert, and monk Peter, falli

loss, from all the wholesome labours of tillage, he is shut out from the sweet wonders and charities of earth, and from the pleasant natural history of the birds and beasts, and times and seasons, all unknown to him. No swallow chattered at his window,¹ nor hovered under his golden roofs, claimed the sacredness of his mercy;² no Pythagorean fowl taught him the value of the poor,³ nor did the grave spirit of poverty bid him side to set forth the delicate grace and honour of life.⁴ No humble thoughts of grasshopper sire like the Athenian; no gratitude for gifts of olive; no selfish care for figs, any more than thistles. The Venetian feast had no need of the fig-tree spoon.⁵ No thought about birds, and wasps and frogs, would have been heeded by his proud fancy; no carol or murmur of the fallen unrecognized on ears accustomed only to the syllables of war-tried men, and wash of songless

No simple joy was possible to him. Only stately power; high intercourse with kingly and beautiful things, proud thoughts, or splendid pleasures; throned desires, and ennobled appetites. But of innocent, helpful, holy pleasures, he had none. As in the Venetian landscape, nearly all rural labour is banished from the picture: there is one bold etching of a landscape, and ploughing in the foreground, but this is only a detail; the customary Venetian background is without any stirring or laborious rural life. We find, indeed, often a shepherd with his flock, sometimes a woman spinning, but no corn, no fields, no growing crops, nor nestling villages. The numerous drawings and woodcuts variously contrived, with or without representative of Venetian work, a watermill, a mill, a miller, a river constant, generally the sea. The prevailing idea in all the great pictures I have seen is of mountainous land with wild but graceful forest, rising up or horizontal clouds. The mountains are dark, the clouds glowing or soft gray, always massive; the sky deep, clear, melancholy; the foliage, neither intricate,

¹ *Lucian*, *Ode 12th*. ² *Herod.* i. 59. ³ *Lucian* (*Micyllus*).
⁴ *Isotphanes*, *Plutus*. ⁵ *Hippias Major*, 208.

was peopled by spiritual beings of the highest order in this rested the dominion of the Venetians over schools. They were the *last believing* school. Although, as I said above, always quarrelling with the Pope, there is all the more evidence of an earnestness in their religion. People who trusted the Mass flattered the Pope more. But down to Tintoretto the Roman Catholic religion was still real and sincere in Venice; and though faith in it was compatible with what to us appears criminal or absurd, the religion was entirely sincere.

§ 13. Perhaps when you see one of Titian's passionate subjects, or find Veronese making a marriage in Cana one blaze of worldly pomp, you say that Titian must have been a sensualist, and Veronese an unbeliever.

Put the idea from you at once, and be assured for ever; it will guide you through many a life, as well as of painting,—that of an evil tree, which cannot gather good fruit—good of any sort or kind; sensualism.

Let us look to this calmly. We have seen what

ning, the modern English idea of religion, to understand the temper of the Venetian Catholics. I do not enter into examination of our own feelings; but I have to point out one significant point of difference between us.

1. An English gentleman, desiring his portrait, gives freely to the painter a choice of several actions, in any of which he is willing to be represented. As for instance, on his best horse, shooting with his favourite pointer, reclining himself in his robes of state on some great occasion, meditating in his study, playing with his children, or visiting his tenants; in any of these or other circumstances, he will give the artist free leave to paint. But in one important action he would shrink even from the suggestion of being drawn. He will assuredly never have himself be painted praying.

2. Naturally, this is the action which, of all others, a man desires to be painted in. If they want a noble complete portrait, they nearly all choose to be painted kneeling on their knees.

3. "Hypocrisy," you say; and "that they might be a lesson of men." If we examine ourselves, or any one of us, who will give trustworthy answer on this point, so as to ascertain, to the best of our judgment, what the Venetian *is*, which would make a modern English person to be painted praying, we shall not find it, I believe, an excess of sincerity. Whatever we find it to be, the Venetian feeling is certainly not hypocrisy. It is conventionalism, implying as little devotion in the person represented, as regular attendance at church does in the Englishman. But that it is not hypocrisy, you may ascertain by a simple consideration (supposing you not to have any previous knowledge of the expression of sincere persons to be copied by the portraits themselves). The Venetians, when desired to deceive, were much too subtle to attempt easily. If they assumed the mask of religion, the mask must have been of some use. The persons whom they desired to be painted praying must, therefore, have been religious, and, being so, we believed in the Venetians' sincerity. If, therefore, we compare other contemporary nations with whom they have been in contact, we can find any, more religious than the Venetians.

§ 17. I leave the matter to your examination, warning you, confidently, that you will discover evidence, that the Venetian religion was true. true, but one of the main motives of their life field of investigation to which we are here limited collect some of the evidence of this.

For one profane picture by great Venetians find ten of sacred subjects ; and those, also their grandest, most laboured, and most beloved. Tintoret's power culminates in two great religious the Crucifixion, and the Paradise. Titian's in the Peter Martyr, and Presentation of the Veronese's in the Marriage in Cana. John Basaiti never, so far as I remember, painted than sacred subjects. By the Palmas, Vincenzo and Bonifazio, I remember no profane subjectance.

§ 18. There is, moreover, one distinction of highest import between the treatment of sacred by Venetian painters and by all others.

Throughout the rest of Italy, piety had become and opposed theoretically to worldly life ; hence the Tuscan and Umbrian painters generally separated

The saints no more breathe celestial air. They are on their own plain ground—nay, here in our houses with us. All kind of worldly business going on in their presence, carelessly; our own friends and respected acquaintances, with all their mortal faults, and in their mortal flesh, looking at them face to face unalarmed: nay, our dearest children playing with their pet dogs at Christ's very feet.

I once myself thought this irreverent. How foolishly! As if children whom He loved *could* play anywhere else.

§ 19. The picture most illustrative of this feeling is perhaps that at Dresden, of Veronese's family, painted by himself.

He wishes to represent them as happy and honoured. The best happiness and highest honour he can imagine for them is that they should be presented to the Madonna, to whom, therefore, they are being brought by the three virtues—Faith, Hope, and Charity.

The Virgin stands in a recess behind two marble shafts, such as may be seen in any house belonging to an old family in Venice. She places the boy Christ on the edge of a balustrade before her. At her side are St. John the Baptist, and St. Jerome. This group occupies the left side of the picture. The pillars, seen sideways, divide it from the group formed by the Virtues, with the wife and children of Veronese. He himself stands a little behind, his hands clasped in prayer.

§ 20. His wife kneels full in front, a strong Venetian woman, well advanced in years. She has brought up her children in fear of God, and is not afraid to meet the Virgin's eyes. She gazes steadfastly on them; her proud and gentle, self-possessed face are relieved in one broad mass of shadow against a space of light, formed by the white robes of Faith, who stands beside her—guardian and companion. Perhaps a somewhat disappointing Faith at the first sight, for her face is not in any special way *alted* or refined. Veronese knew that Faith had to be a companion simple and slow-hearted people, perhaps oftener *an able or refined people*—does not therefore insist on *being severely intellectual*, or looking as if she *were* *says in the best company*. So she is only distinguish-

by her pure white (not bright white) dress, her de hand, her golden hair drifted in light ripples across breast, from which the white robes fall nearly in the of a shield—the shield of Faith. A little behind her s Hope; she also, at first, not to most people a recogn Hope. We usually paint Hope as young, and jc Veronese knows better. That young hope is vain h passing away in rain of tears; but the Hope of Ver is aged, assured, remaining when all else has been away. “For tribulation worketh patience, and pa experience, and experience hope;” and *that* hope m not ashamed.

She has a black veil on her head.

Then again, in the front, is Charity, red-robed; stc the arms,—a servant of all work, she; but small-he not being specially given to thinking; soft-eyed, he braided brightly; her lips rich red, sweet-blossoming. has got some work to do even now, for a neph Veronese’s is doubtful about coming forward, and very humbly and penitently towards the Virgin—h perhaps not having been quite so exemplary as mi present be wished. Faith reaches her small white lightly back to him, lays the tips of her fingers on his Charity takes firm hold of him by the wrist from b and will push him on presently, if he still hangs back.

§ 21. In front of the mother kneel her two eldest dren, a girl of about sixteen, and a boy a year o younger. They are both rapt in adoration—the boy’s the deepest. Nearer us, at their left side, is a yo boy, about nine years old—a black-eyed fellow, full c —and evidently his father’s darling (for Veronese ha him full in light in the front; and given him a bee white silken jacket, barred with black, that nobody ever miss seeing him to the end of time). He is a shy about being presented to the Madonna, and fo present has got behind the pillar, blushing, but op his black eyes wide; he is just summoning coura *peep round* and see if she looks kind. A still yo *child*, about six years old, is really frightened, and b *ick to his mother*, catching hold of her dress

st. She throws her right arm round him and over him, in an exquisite instinctive action, not moving her eyes from Madonna's face. Last of all, the youngest child, perhaps about three years old, is neither frightened nor interested, but finds the ceremony tedious, and is trying to coax the dog to play with him; but the dog, which is one of those little curly, short-nosed, fringy-pawed things, which all Italian ladies petted, will not now be coaxed. For the dog is the last link in the chain of lowering feeling, and his doggish views of the matter. He cannot understand, first, how the Madonna got into the house; nor, secondly, why she is allowed to stay, disturbing the family, and taking all their attention from his dogship. And he is angry away, much offended.

22. The dog is thus constantly introduced by the painters in order to give the fullest contrast to the highest of human thought and feeling. I shall examine this presently farther, in speaking of pastoral landscape animal painting; but at present we will merely compare the use of the same mode of expression in Veronese's representation of the Queen of Sheba.

3. This picture is at Turin, and is of quite inestimable value. It is hung high; and the really principal figure, Solomon, being in the shade, can hardly be seen, but is treated with Veronese's utmost tenderness, in the bloom of perfect youth, his hair golden, short, crisply curled. He is seated high on his lion throne: two elders on each side attend him, the whole group forming a tower of solemnity. I have alluded, elsewhere, to the principle on which the best composers act, of supporting these lofty groups by a vigorous mass of foundation. This column of shade is curiously sustained. A falconer leans forward on the left-hand side, bearing on his wrist a snow-white hawk, its wings spread, and brilliantly relieved against the robe of one of the elders. It touches with its wings the golden lions of the throne, on which the light glances strongly; thus forming, together with it, the medieval eagle symbol, which is the type of Christ throughout mediæval work. In order to show the meaning of the symbol, and that Solomon is typically invested with

by her pure white (not bright white) dress, a bold a hand, her golden hair drifted in the shape of a crest breast, from which the white robe points to Solomon of a shield—the shield of Faith. Hope; she also, at first which the Queen for Veronese knows best bearing on our passing away in by a chain of descent is aged, assure wholly oppressed and subdued away. "For fainting, she looks up to Solomon; he, startled by fear for her, starts not ashamed, opening his right hand, as

She has almost to drop the sceptre. At Ther and of honour is kneeling also, but does the arm; and is gathering up her dress not crushed; and looking back to encourage braided, carrying two toy-birds, made of enamel has presentation to the King, is frightened at Veronese fainting, and does not know what she ought to do. At last, the Queen's dog, another of the paws, is wholly unabashed by Solomon's presence; and stands with his forelegs well advanced in front of his mistress, thinking everybody has his wits; and barking violently at one of the attendants who has set down a golden vase disrespectfully near him.

§ 25. Throughout these designs I want the reader to notice the purpose of representing things as they likely to have occurred, down to trivial, or even ludicrous detail—the nobleness of all that was intended to be represented so great that nothing could detract from it. Further instance, however, and a prettier one, of this far realization, occurs in a Holy Family, by Veronese. The Madonna has laid the infant Christ, projecting base of pillar, and stands behind, looking on Him. St. Catherine, having knelt down in front of the child, turns round to receive her—so suddenly, and so that any other child must have fallen over the edge of the base. St. Catherine, terrified, thinking He is really falling, stretches out her arms to catch Him. Veronese, looking down, only smiles. "He will not

6. A more touching instance of this realization occurs, in the treatment of the Saint Veronica (in the Calvary), at Dresden. Most painters merely show her as one of the gentle, weeping, attendant women who had been allowed to approach Christ without offence. But in Veronese's conception, she has to look through the executioners to Him. She is not weeping; and the expression of pity, though intense, is overcome by that of resolution. She is determined to reach Christ; has set her teeth close, and thrusts aside one of the executioners, who strikes fiercely at her with a heavy armed cord.

27. These instances are enough to explain the general character of the mind of Veronese, capable of tragic power to the utmost, if he chooses to exert it in that direction, but by habitual preference, exquisitely graceful and playful; cheerful, without severity, and winningly noble; delighting in the light, sweet, every-day incident, but hiding deep meaning underneath it; rarely painting a gloomy subject, and never a base one.

28. I have, in other places, entered enough into the estimation of the great religious mind of Tintoret; supposing then, that he was distinguished from Titian chiefly by his character. But in this I was mistaken;—the opinion of Titian is like that of Shakspeare—occult behind magnificent equity. It is not possible, however, within the limits of this work, to give any just account of the work of Titian: nor shall I attempt it; but will only express some of those more strange and apparently inconsistent attributes of it, which might otherwise prevent the work from getting clue to its real tone. The first of these is occasional coarseness in choice of type of feature.

29. In the second volume (p. 133) I had to speak of St. Magdalen, in the Pitti Palace, as treated basely, that in strong terms, "the disgusting Magdalen of Pitti."

Why she is so, as compared with the received type of Magdalen. A stout, red-faced woman, dull, and coarse, with much of the animal in even her expression.

of repentance—her eyes strained, and inflamed with weeping. I ought, however, to have remembered another picture of the Magdalen by Titian (Mr. Rogers's, now in the National Gallery), in which she is just as refined, as in the Pitti Palace she is gross; and had I done so, I should have seen Titian's meaning. It had been the fashion before his time to make the Magdalen always young and beautiful, if no one else, even the rudest painters flattered her; her repentance was not thought perfect unless she had lustrous hair and lovely lips. Titian first dared to contradict the romantic fable, and reject the narrowness of sentimental faith. He saw that it was possible for plain women to repent no less vividly than beautiful ones; and for stout people to repent, as well as those more delicately made. It seemed to him that the Magdalen would have received her punishment not the less quickly because her wit was none of the readiest; and would not have been regarded with compassion by her Master because her eyes were swollen or her dress disordered. It is just because he had himself sternly to enforce this lesson that the picture is so painful: the only instance, so far as I remember, of Titian painting a woman markedly and entirely belonging to the lowest class.

§ 30. It may perhaps appear more difficult to account for the alternation of Titian's great religious pictures with others devoted wholly to the expression of sensual qualities, or to exulting and bright representation of heathen deities. The Venetian mind, we have said, and Titian's especially, as the central type of it, was wholly realist, universal and manly.

In this breadth and realism, the painter saw that sensuality in man was, not only a fact, but a Divine fact: that every human creature, though the highest of the animals, nevertheless, a perfect animal, and his happiness, health, and nobleness, depended on the due power of animal passion, as well as the cultivation of every spiritual tendency.

He thought that every feeling of the mind and heart, as every form of the body, deserved painting. His painter's true and highly trained instinct, the

body is the loveliest of all objects. I do not stay to trace the reasons why, at Venice, the female body could be found in more perfect beauty than the male; but so it was; and it becomes the principal subject, therefore, both with Giorgione and Titian. They painted it fearlessly, with all right and natural qualities; never, however, representing it as exercising any overpowering attractive influence on man; but only on the Faun or Satyr.

Yet they did this so majestically that I am perfectly certain no untouched Venetian picture ever yet excited one base thought (otherwise than in base persons anything may do so); while in the greatest studies of the female body by the Venetians, all other characters are overborne by majesty, and the form becomes as pure as that of a Greek statue.

§ 31. There is no need, I should think, to point out how this contemplation of the entire personal nature was reconcilable with the severest conceptions of religious duty and faith.

But the fond introduction of heathen gods may appear less explicable.

On examination, however, it will be found, that these deities are never painted with any heart-reverence or affection. They are introduced for the most part symbolically (Bacchus and Venus oftenest, as incarnations of the spirit of revelry and beauty), of course always conceived with deep imaginative truth, much resembling the mode of Keats's conception; but never so as to withdraw any of the deep devotion rendered to the objects of Christian faith.

In all its roots of power, and modes of work;—in its belief, its breadth, and its judgment, I find the Venetian mind perfect.

How, then, did its art so swiftly pass away? How come, what it became unquestionably, one of the chief causes of the corruption of the mind of Italy, and of her subsequent decline in moral and political power?

§ 32. By reason of one great, one fatal fault;—recklessness in aim. Wholly noble in its sources, it was unworthy in its purposes.

Separate and strong, like Samson, chosen from its

and with the spirit of God visibly resting on it,—it warred in careless strength, and wantoned in pleasure. No Venetian painter ever worked with beyond that of delighting the eye, or expressing agreeable to himself or flattering to his nation. They not be either, unless they were religious. But he desired the religion. He desired the delight.

The Assumption is a noble picture, because Tintoret believed in the Madonna. But he did not paint it any one else believe in her. He painted it, he enjoyed rich masses of red and blue, and face with sunlight.

Tintoret's Paradise is a noble picture, because he in Paradise. But he did not paint it to make think of heaven; but to form a beautiful terminus the hall of the Greater Council.

Other men used their effete faiths and means with a high moral purpose. The Venetian gave earnest faith, and the lordliest faculty, to gild the of an antechamber, or heighten the splendours of :

§ 33. Strange and lamentable as this careless appear, I find it to be almost the law with the great Weak and vain men have acute consciences, and under a profound sense of responsibility. The sternly disdainful of themselves, do what they can, merely as it pleases them at the moment, reckless comes of it.

I know not how far in humility, or how far in the hopeless levity, the great Venetians gave their : blasted by the sea-winds or wasted by the worm.

CHAPTER IV

DÜRER AND SALVATOR

"EMIGRAVIT"

1. By referring to the first analysis of our subject, it will be seen we have next to examine the art which cannot conquer the evil, but remains at war with, or in captivity to it.

Up to the time of the Reformation, it was possible for men even of the highest powers of intellect, to obtain a tranquillity of faith, in the highest degree favourable to the pursuit of any particular art. Possible, at least, we see it to have been; there is no need—nor, so far as I see, any ground for argument about it. I am myself unable to understand how it was so, but the fact is unquestionable. It is not that I wonder at men's trust in the Pope's infallibility, or in his virtue; nor at their surrendering their private judgment; nor at their being easily cheated by imitations of miracles; nor at their thinking indulgences could be purchased with money. But I wonder at this one thing only; the acceptance of the doctrine of eternal punishment as dependent on accident of birth, or momentary excitement of devotional feeling. I marvel at the acceptance of the system (as stated in its fulness by Dante) which condemned guiltless persons to the loss of heaven because they had lived before Christ, and which made the obtaining of Paradise turn frequently on a passing thought or a momentary invocation. How this came to pass, it is no part of our work here to determine. That in this it was possible to attain entire peace of mind, to live and die hopefully, is indisputable.

A dark time for all men. We can
ceive it. The great horror of it lay i
as in the trial-hour of the Greek, the
selves seemed to have deceived those wh
in them.

"We had prayed with tears; we had l
hearts. There was no choice of way op
guidance, from God or man, other than th
it was a lie. 'When He, the Spirit of T
He shall guide you into all truth.' And
us into *no* truth. There can be no such S
no Advocate, no Comforter. Has there b
rection?"

§ 3. Then came the Resurrection of
since man first saw him face to face, had
so great. "Swallowed up in victory:"
king over all the earth. All faith, hope, a
were betrayed. Nothing of futurity was n
grave.

For the Pan-Athenaic Triumph, and
Jubilee, there came up, through fields
Dance of Death.

The brood of weak men fled from the fa

Three men only stood firm, facing the new Dionysiac æt, to see what would come of it.

Two in the north, Holbein and Dürer; and, later, one in the south, Salvator.

But the ground on which they stood differed strangely; Dürer and Holbein, amidst the formal delights, the tender fictions, and practical science, of domestic life and honest commerce. Salvator, amidst the pride of lascivious wealth, and the outlawed distress of impious poverty.

§ 5. It would be impossible to imagine any two phases of scenery or society more contrary in character, more opposite in teaching, than those surrounding Nuremberg and Naples, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. That they were then, both districts still to all general intents remain. The cities have in each case lost their splendour and power, but not their character. The surrounding scenery remains wholly unchanged. It is still in our power, from the actual aspect of the places, to conceive their effect on the youth of the two painters.

§ 6. Nuremberg is gathered at the base of a sandstone ~~cl~~, rising in the midst of a dry but fertile plain. The ~~cl~~ forms a prolonged and curved ridge, of which the ~~cl~~ave side, at the highest point, is precipitous; the ~~cl~~er slopes gradually to the plain. Fortified with wall ~~cl~~ tower along its whole crest, and crowned with a ~~cl~~ely castle, it defends the city—not with its precipitous ~~cl~~—but with its slope. The precipice is turned to the ~~cl~~n. It wears no aspect of hostility towards the surrounding fields; the roads lead down into them by gentle ~~cl~~cents from the gates. To the south and east the walls ~~cl~~ on the level of the plain; within them, the city itself ~~cl~~ds on two swells of hill, divided by a winding river. ~~cl~~ architecture has, however, been much overrated. The ~~cl~~ct of the streets, so delightful to the eye of the passing ~~cl~~eller, depends chiefly on one appendage of the roof, ~~cl~~ely, its warehouse windows. Every house, almost ~~cl~~out exception, has at least one boldly opening dormer ~~cl~~ow, the roof of which sustains a pulley for raising ~~cl~~is; and the under part of this strong overhang ~~cl~~ is always carved with a rich pattern, not of re

design, but effective.¹ Among these comparatively structures are mingled, however, not unfrequently turreted at the angles, which are true Gothic fifteenth, some of the fourteenth, century; and principal churches remain nearly as in Dürer's time. Gothic is none of it good, nor even rich (the façades have their ornament so distributed as to give a sufficiently elaborate effect at a distance); the diminutive; their interiors mean, rude, and mentioned, wholly dependent for their interest on stone-cutting in corners, and finely-twisted iron. Of these the mason's exercises are in the worst taste, possessing not even the merit of delicate execution, but the designs in metal are usually meritorious. Fischer's shrine of St. Sebald is good, and may be called an Italian work.²

§ 7. Though, however, not comparable for architecture to any great Italian or French city, Nuremberg has one character peculiar to itself, that of a self-sufficient, contented, quaint domesticity. It would have been to expect any first-rate painting, sculpture, or architecture from the well-regulated community of merchants and artisans. But it is evident they were affectionate and proud of their city—worthy—that they had playful fancy and high taste.

¹ To obtain room for the goods, the roofs slope steeply over the dormer windows are richly carved—but all are of wood for the most part, I think, some hundred years later than the time. A large number of the oriel and bow windows on the ground are wooden also, and of recent date.

² His piece in the cathedral of Magdeburg is strange, wanting both the grace of composition and bold handling of St. Sebald's. The bronze fountains at Nuremberg (three in as many squares) are highly wrought, and have considerable merit. The ordinary ironwork of the houses, with less pretension, is more truly artistic. In Plate 52 (p. 28), the right-hand figure is a characteristic example of the bell-handle at the door of a house, composed of a wreath of flowers and leafage twisted round an upright rod, the spiral terminating below in a hook. The whole of wrought-iron. It is longer than the leaf links of the chain being omitted in the door. The handle, which though often itself of leafage, is for the hand.



Rustin

76. The Moat of Nuremberg

J. H. Le Keux



There is no exalted grandeur in their city, nor any beauty ; but an imaginative homeliness, mingled with some elements of melancholy and power, and a few touches of grace.

Homeliness, among many other causes, arises out in chief. The richness of the houses depends, as said, on the dormer windows ; but their deeper interest on the pitch and space of roofs. I had to notice how much our English cottage depended for its interest on its steep roof. The German house does so to a far greater degree. Plate 76 is engraved¹ from a pen-and-ink sketch of mine on the ramparts of Nuremberg, showing a piece of its moat and wall, and a corner of the city beneath the castle ; of which the view on the extreme right rises just in front of Dürer's

The character of this scene approaches more closely that which Dürer would see in his daily walks, than most of the modernized inner streets. In Dürer's engraving, "The Cannon," the distance (of which the most important passage is facsimiled in my *Elements of Engraving*, p. 111) is an actual portrait of part of the scene as seen from those castle ramparts, looking towards the Rhine and into the Swiss cantons of the Grisons and Valais.

If the reader will be at the pains to turn to it, he will find that the elements of the Nuremberg country, as they still exist. Wooden cottages, thickly grouped, rising steeply and busily high in the roofs ; the sharp church spire, and slightly grotesque, surmounting them ; beyond, a fertile cultivated, healthy plain, bounded by woody hills. A strange coincidence the very plant which constitutes the staple produce of those fields, is in almost ludicrous contrast with the grotesqueness and neatness of the architecture around ; and one may almost fancy that the builders of the little knotted spires and turrets of the town, and the flowers of its dark iron flowers, are in spiritual presence, guiding and guiding the produce of the field,—when one follows the footpaths bordered, everywhere, by the bossy and lustrous jetty flowers of the black hollyhock.

Lastly, when Dürer penetrated among those hills

¹ By Mr. Le Keux, very admirably.



of sea in almost every scene, much as it se be regretted, is possibly owing to his happ of the sea-city where he received the rarest granted to a good workman ; and, for once understood.

§ 10. Among this pastoral simplicity and ness of domestic peace, Dürer had to work o concerning the grave. It haunted him lo to engrave death's heads well before he had looked deeper than any other man into those their jewels lost ; and gave answer at last : his great Knight and Death—of which n But while the Nuremberg landscape is stil minds, we had better turn south quickly, the elements of education which formed, a which companioned, Salvator.

§ 11. Born with a wild and coarse natu I will show you soon), but nevertheless a he set himself in youth hotly to the war, a carelessly on the current, of life. No rectit lines stood in his way ; no tender precision customs ; no calm successions of rural labo his half-starved lips rolled profusion of o

an enmity of the priest ; and the cunning of the wolf
man of the hypocrite.

§ 12. We are accustomed to hear the south of Italy
spoken of as a beautiful country. Its mountain forms
are graceful above others, its sea bays exquisite in outline
and hue ; but it is only beautiful in superficial aspect. In
closer detail it is wild and melancholy. Its forests are
sombre-leaved, labyrinth-stemmed ; the carubbe, the olive,
laurel, and ilex, are alike in that strange feverish twisting
of their branches, as if in spasms of half human pain :—
Avernus forests ; one fears to break their boughs, lest they
should cry to us from the rents ; the rocks they shade are
of ashes, or thrice-molten lava ; iron sponge whose every
pore has been filled with fire. Silent villages, earthquake
shaken, without commerce, without industry, without know-
ledge, without hope, gleam in white ruin from hillside to
hillside ; far-winding wrecks of immemorial walls surround
the dust of cities long forsaken : the mountain streams
run through the cold arches of their foundations, green
with weed, and rage over the heaps of their fallen towers.
Far above, in thunder-blue serration, stand the eternal edges
of the angry Apennine, dark with rolling impendence of
volcanic cloud.

§ 13. Yet even among such scenes as these, Salvator
might have been calmed and exalted, had he been, indeed,
capable of exaltation. But he was not of high temper
enough to perceive beauty. He had not the sacred sense
—the sense of colour ; all the loveliest hues of the Calabrian
were invisible to him ; the sorrowful desolation of the
Calabrian villages unfelt. He saw only what was gross and
hideous,—the jagged peak, the splintered tree, the flowerless
bank of grass, and wandering weed, prickly and pale. His
temper confirmed itself in evil, and became more and more
harsh and morose ; though not, I believe, cruel, ungenerous,
or lascivious. I should not suspect Salvator of wantonly
inflicting pain. His constantly painting it does not prove
he delighted in it ; he felt the horror of it, and in that
horror, fascination. Also, he desired fame, and saw that
there was an untried field rich enough in morbid excitement
to catch the humour of his indolent patrons. But

gloom gained upon him, and grasped him. He could indeed, as men jest in prison-yards (he became after a renowned mime in Florence); his satires are full of mocking, but his own doom to sadness is never repeated.

§ 14. Of all men whose work I have ever studied gives me most distinctly the idea of a lost spirit. Michelangelo calls him, "Ce damné Salvator," perhaps in a sense harsh and violent; the epithet to me seems true in a literal, more merciful sense,—“That condemned Salvator I see in him, notwithstanding all his baseness, the traces of spiritual life in the art of Europe. He was the last man to whom the thought of a spiritual existence presented itself as a conceivable reality. All succeeding men, however powerful—Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck, Reynolds—would have mocked at the idea of a spiritual life. They were men of the world; they are never in despair and they are never appalled. But Salvator was conscious of pensiveness, of faith, and of fear. The misery of the earth is a marvel to him; he cannot leave off gazing at it. The religion of the earth is a horror to him. He gnashes his teeth at it, rages at it, mocks and gibes at it. He would have acknowledged religion, had he seen any that was not. Anything rather than that baseness which he did see in the world. There is no other religion than this of pope and cardinal, which led us to the robber's ambush and the dragon's den. The world was capable of fear also. The gray spectre, horse-headed, striding across the sky—(in the Pitti Palace)—its banners spread, green bars of the twilight seen between its legs—it was no play to him—the painting of it. Helpless, poor Salvator! A little early sympathy, a word of true guidance perhaps, had saved him. What says he of his own fate? “Despiser of wealth and of death.” Two grand sentences, but, oh, condemned Salvator! the question is not for what he can scorn, but what he can love.

§ 15. I do not care to trace the various hold which melancholy takes on this fallen soul. It is no part of my work to analyze his art, nor even that of Dürer; all that we require is the opposite answer they gave to the question

Salvator it came in narrow terms. Desolation

throughout the fields of nature he had to explore;ocrisy and sensuality, triumphant and shameless, in theas from which he derived his support. His life, so far asnobility remained in it, could only pass in horror, disdain,despair. It is difficult to say which of the three prevailsst in his common work; but his answer to the great queswas of despair only. He represents "Umana Fragilita"the type of a skeleton with plummy wings, leaning over a man and child; the earth covered with ruin round them; a thistle, casting its seed, the only fruit of it. "Thorns, and thistles shall it bring forth to thee." The same tone of thought marks all Salvator's more earnest work.

16. On the contrary, in the sight of Dürer, things were for the most part as they ought to be. Men did their work in his city and in the fields round it. The clergy were sincere. Great social questions unagitated; great social evils either non-existent, or seemingly a part of the nature of things, and inevitable. His answer was that of patient endurance; and twofold, consisting of one design in praise of Fortitude, and another in praise of Labour. The Fortitude, commonly known as the "Knight and Death," represents a knight riding through a dark valley overhung by leafless trees, and with a great castle on a hill beyond. Beside him, but a little in advance, rides Death on a pale horse. Death is gray-haired and crowned;—serpents wreathed about his crown; (the sting of Death involved in the glory of power). He holds up the hour-glass, and looks earnestly into the knight's face. Behind him follows Sin; Sin powerless; he has been conquered and passed by, but follows yet, watching if any way of assault remains. On his forehead are two horns—I think of sea-shell—to indicate his insatiableness and instability. He has also twisted horns of the ram, for stubbornness, the ears of the ass, the snout of a swine, the hoofs of a goat. Torn garments hang useless from his shoulders, and he carries a sword with two hooks, for catching as well as wounding. The knight does not heed him, nor even Death, though he is conscious of the presence of the last. The knight rides quietly, his bridle firm in his hand, and he has a close in a slight sorrowful smile, for he bears



the knight's horse-bridle, making it toll as a

§ 17. Dürer's second answer is the plate "Cholera," which is the history of the sorrow of earth, as the "Knight and Death" is of patience under temptation.

Salvator's answer, remember, is in both despair. Death as he reads, lord of temptation over the spirit of man; and lord of ruin, the work of man. Dürer declares the sacred conquest over Death the tempter; and the sacred conquest over Death the destroyer.

§ 18. Though the general intent of the plate is clear, and to be felt at a glance, I am respecting its special symbolism. I do not know far Dürer intended to show that labour, in its most earnest forms, is closely connected with sadness or "dark anger," of the northern kind. Some of the best work ever done for man, has been done in "dark anger";² but I have not yet been able to

¹ This was first pointed out to me by a friend—
It is a beautiful thought: yet, possibly, an after-thought, or suspicion that there is an alteration in the plate at the

how far this is necessary, or how far great work also be done with cheerfulness. If I knew what the was, I should be able to interpret Dürer better; time the design seems to me his answer to the aint, "Yet is his strength labour and sorrow." es," he replies, "but labour and sorrow are his th."

9. The labour indicated is in the daily work of men. he inspired or gifted labour of the few (it is labour cted with the sciences, not with the arts), shown in ar chief functions: thoughtful, faithful, calculating, xecuting.

oughtful, first; all true power coming of that re- l, resistless calm of melancholy thought. This is the and last message of the whole design. Faithful, the arm of the spirit resting on the book. Calculating ly in the sense of self-command), the compasses in ght hand. Executive—roughest instruments of labour feet: a crucible, and geometrical solids, indicating her in the sciences. Over her head the hour-glass and ll, for their continual words, "Whatsoever thy hand h to do." Beside her, childish labour (lesson-learn- sitting on an old millstone, with a tablet on its

I do not know what instrument it has in its hand. r knees a wolf-hound asleep. In the distance a (the disorder and threatening of the universe) setting, inbow dominant over it. Her strong body is close for work; at her waist hang the keys of wealth; e coin is cast aside contemptuously under her feet. as eagle's wings, and is crowned with fair leafage of

, Albert of Nuremberg, it was a noble answer, yet an ect one. This is indeed the labour which is crowned aurel and has the wings of the eagle. It was reserved other country to prove, for another hand to pourtray, bour which is crowned with fire, and has the wings bat.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARY

CHAPTER V

CLAUDE AND POUSSIN

§ 1. It was stated in the last chapter that last painter of Italy on whom any fading faithful spirit rested. Carrying some of it the seventeenth century, he deserved to together with the painters whom the qu Reformation had exercised eighty years his contemporaries. The whole body of him, but chiefly those of landscape, ha regard for the faith of their fathers, or fo founded a school of art properly called which the following are the chief character

§ 2. The belief in a supreme benevole ceased, and the sense of spiritual destitut the mind, together with the hopeless pe and decay in the existing world, the imag quit itself from the oppression of these id perfect worldly felicity, in which the inevit at least be lovely, and the necessarily s

§ 3. Observe, this is neither the Greek nor the Roman rit. Neither Claude nor Poussin, nor any other painter writer, properly termed "classical," ever could enter o the Greek or Roman heart, which was as full, in many ses fuller, of the hope of immortality than our own.

On the absence of belief in a good supreme Being, lows, necessarily, the habit of looking to ourselves for preme judgment in all matters, and for supreme govern- nt. Hence, first, the irreverent habit of judgment in- ad of admiration. It is generally expressed under the tly degrading term "good taste."

§ 4. Hence, in the second place, the habit of restraint self-government (instead of impulsive and limitless edience), based upon pride, and involving, for the most t, scorn of the helpless and weak, and respect only for orders of men who have been trained to this habit of government. Whence the title classical, from the Latin *classicus*.

§ 5. The school is, therefore, generally to be charac- zed as that of taste and restraint. As the school of e, everything is, in its estimation, beneath it, so as to tasted or tested; not above it, to be thankfully received. thing was to be fed upon as bread; but only palated as lainty. This spirit has destroyed art since the close of sixteenth century, and nearly destroyed French literature, English literature being at the same time severely de- ssed, and our education (except in bodily strength) ren- ed nearly nugatory by it, so far as it affects common-place ids. It is not possible that the classical spirit should r take possession of a mind of the highest order. Pope as far as I know, the greatest man who ever fell strongly ler its influence; and though it spoiled half his work, broke through it continually into true enthusiasm and ler thought.¹ Again, as the school of reserve, it refuses allow itself in any violent or "spasmodic" passion; the ools of literature which have been in modern times called asmodic" being reactionary against it. The word,

Cold-hearted, I have called him. He was so in writing the *Pastorals*, of which I then spoke; but in after life his errors were those of his wisdom was his own; it would be well if we also made it our

VERBODEN TOEGANG
TOEGANG TOEGANG

I will expand this definition a little.

1. Perfectly civilized human life; that is, the necessity of humiliating labour, from painful bodily disease, and from abasing misfortune. The ideal of the classical landscape, therefore, must be pleasant and amiable; if employed in labour, endowed with such amenities as may make it not oppressive. (Contrary to the practical ideal, the classical life necessarily involves a contrast with the command, therefore, of a higher order of life, and a lower, occupied in servile work.) Pastoral life is allowable as a contrast with city life. War, by contrast with classical persons, must be a contest for life, not at all for wealth,¹ and free from the influence of a debasing passion. Classical persons must be perfect in all the polite arts, and, because their life is perfect, chiefly in the open air. Hence, the country around them must be of the most finished kind, the country and ground being subdued by frequent human activity.

§ 7. 2. Such personages and buildings must be placed with natural scenery, uninjured by storms or changes of climate (such injury implying interruption of life); and it must be scenery conducing to the

ghtful trees,—under picturesque rocks, and by clear
stains.

8. 3. The spiritual powers in classical scenery must be
orative; ornamental gods, not governing gods; other-
: they could not be subjected to the principles of taste,
would demand reverence. In order, therefore, as far
ossible, without taking away their supernatural power,
lestroy their dignity, they are made more criminal and
icious than men, and, for the most part, those only are
oduced who are the lords of lascivious pleasures. For
appearance of any great god would at once destroy the
le theory of the classical life; therefore, Pan, Bacchus,
the Satyrs, with Venus and the Nymphs, are the prin-
l spiritual powers of the classical landscape. Apollo with
Muses appear as the patrons of the liberal arts. Minerva
ly presents herself (except to be insulted by judgment
Paris); Juno seldom, except for some purpose of tyranny;
iter seldom, but for purpose of amour.

9. Such being the general ideal of the classical land-
pe, it can hardly be necessary to show the reader how
h charm as it possesses must in general be strong only
r weak or second-rate orders of mind. It has, however,
n often experimentally or playfully aimed at by great
1; but I shall only take note of its two leading masters.

10. I. Claude. As I shall have no farther occasion
refer to this painter, I will resume, shortly, what has
n said of him throughout the work. He had a fine
ing for beauty of form, and considerable tenderness
perception. (Vol. I., p. 80; Vol. III., p. 337.) His
al effects are unequalled. (Vol. III., p. 338.) Their
racter appears to me to arise rather from a delicacy of
ily constitution in Claude, than from any mental sensi-
y: such as they are, they give a kind of feminine charm
his work, which partly accounts for its wide influence.
whatever the character may be traced, it renders him
pable of enjoying or painting anything energetic or
ible. Hence the weakness of his conceptions of rough
: (Vol. I., p. 81.)

I. He had sincerity of purpose. (Vol. III., p. 337.)
in common with other landscape painters of his day

neither earnestness, humility, nor love, such as would cause him to forget himself. (Vol. I., p. 82.)

That is to say, so far as he felt the truth, he tried to be true; but he never felt it enough to sacrifice imposed propriety or habitual method to it. Very few of his sketches, and none of his pictures, show evidence of interest in other natural phenomena than the quiet afternoon sunshine which would fall methodically into a composition. One would suppose he had never seen sea in a morning cloud, nor a storm burst on the Apennines. But he enjoys a quiet misty afternoon in a ruminant way (Vol. III., p. 340), yet truly; and strives for likeness of it, therein differing from Salvator, who never attempts to be truthful, but only to be impressive.

§ 11. III. His seas are the most beautiful in old painting (Vol. I., p. 366.) For he studied tame waves, as he studied tame skies, with great sincerity, and some affection; modelled them with more care not only than any other landscape painter of his day, but even than any of the great men; for they, seeing the perfect painting of sea to be impossible, gave up the attempt, and treated it conventionally. But Claude took so much pains about this, feeling it was one of his *fortes*, that I suppose no one can model small wave better than he.

IV. He first set the pictorial sun in the pictorial heaven (Vol. III., p. 337.) We will give him the credit of this with no drawbacks.

V. He had hardly any knowledge of physical science (Vol. I., p. 80), and shows a peculiar incapacity of understanding the main point of a matter. (Vol. III., p. 337.) Connected with which incapacity is his want of harm in expression. (Vol. II., p. 167.) (Compare, for illustration of this, the account of the picture of the Mill in the preface to Vol. I.)

§ 12. Such were the principal qualities of the leading painter of classical landscape, his effeminate softness carrying him to dislike all evidences of toil, or distress, error, and to delight in the calm formalities which mark the school.

though he often introduces romantic incidents

medieval as well as Greek or Roman personages, his landscape is always in the true sense classic—everything being “elegantly” (selectingly or tastefully), not passionately, treated. The absence of indications of rural labour, of hedges, ditches, haystacks, ploughed fields, and the like; the frequent occurrence of ruins of temples, or masses of ruined palaces; and the graceful wildness of growth in his trees, are the principal sources of the “elevated” character which so many persons feel in his scenery.

There is no other sentiment traceable in his work than this weak dislike to entertain the conception of toil or suffering. Ideas of relation, in the true sense, he has none; nor ever makes an effort to conceive an event in its probable circumstances, but fills his foregrounds with decorative figures, using commonest conventionalism to indicate the subject he intends. We may take two examples, merely to show the general character of such designs of his.

§ 13. 1. St. George and the Dragon.

The scene is a beautiful opening in woods by a river side, a pleasant fountain springs on the right, and the usual rich vegetation covers the foreground. The dragon is about the size of ten bramble leaves, and is being killed by the remains of a lance, barely the thickness of a walking-stick, in his throat, curling his tail in a highly offensive and threatening manner. St. George, notwithstanding, on a prancing horse, brandishes his sword, at about thirty yards' distance from the offensive animal.

A semicircular shelf of rocks encircles the foreground, by which the theatre of action is divided into pit and boxes. Some women and children having descended unadvisedly into the pit, are helping each other out of it again, with marked precipitation. A prudent person of rank has taken a front seat in the boxes,—crosses his legs, leans his head on his hand, and contemplates the proceedings with the air of a connoisseur. Two attendants stand in graceful attitudes behind him, and two more walk away under the trees, conversing on general subjects.

§ 14. 2. *Worship of the Golden Calf.*

The scene is nearly the same as that of the St. George.



though he might as well have inquired now ear-rings were). Aaron has put it on a ha under which five people are dancing, and with several children, worshipping. Refresh dancers are provided in four large vases on the left, presided over by a dignified person in a leash. Under the distant group of Moses, conducted by some younger person (Abihu). This younger personage holds and Moses, in the way usually expected of the tables of the law, which are as large as octavo volume.

§ 15. I need not proceed farther, for sense or ordinary powers of thought cannot follow the subjects of Claude, one by one, for I may quit him with these few final statements.

The admiration of his works was legitimate, it regarded their sunlight effects and their grandeur. It was base, in so far as it involved irreverence for the deeper powers of nature, and careless neglect of subject. Large admiration of Claude is impossible in any period of national vigour.

rarity rather than the merit, yet always on a merit
a certain low kind.

§ 17. The other characteristic master of classical landscape is Nicolo Poussin.

I named Claude first, because the forms of scenery he represented are richer and more general than Poussin's; but Poussin has a far greater power, and his landscapes, though more limited in material, are incomparably nobler than Claude's. It would take considerable time to enter into accurate analysis of Poussin's strong but degraded and; and bring us no reward, because whatever he has done has been done better by Titian. His peculiarities; without exception, weaknesses, induced in a highly intellectual and inventive mind by being fed on medals, books, and bassi-relievi instead of nature, and by the want of any deep sensibility. His best works are his Bacchic revels, always brightly wanton and wild, full of life and fire; but they are coarser than Titian's, and infinitely less beautiful. In all minglings of the human and brutal character he leans on the bestial, yet with sternly Greek severity of treatment. This restraint, peculiarly classical, is much too manifest in him; for, owing to his habit of never letting himself be free, he does nothing as well as it ought to be done, rarely even as well as he can himself do it; and his best beauty is rare, incomplete, and characterless, though refined. The nymph pressing the honey in the "Nursing of Jupiter," the Muse leaning against the tree, in the "Inspiration of the Poet" (both in the Dulwich Gallery), appear to me as examples of about his highest reach in this sphere.

18. His want of sensibility permits him to paint hateful subjects, without feeling any true horror: his figures of the Plague, the Death of Polydectes, etc., are as ghastly in incident, sometimes disgusting, but never oppressive. The prominence of the bleeding head in the triumph of David marks the same temper. His battle scenes are cold and feeble; his religious subjects wholly unattractive, they do not excite him enough to develop even his ordinary powers of invention. Neither does he put his power into his landscape when it becomes principle.



his Deuge might be much depreciated, and of ideas of relation, but it is so uncharacteristic I pass it by. Whatever power this lowness in the distance, etc., give to his landscape, (compare Vol. II., Chapter on Infinity, § 1) conventional and artificial.

I have nothing, therefore, to add farther, was said of him in Vol. I. (p. 95); and, as masters of the classical landscape are worn out, we will pass on at once to a school of more vital power.

CHAPTER VI

RUBENS AND CUYP

1. THE examination of the causes which led to the total departure of the religious spirit from the hearts of ministers, would involve discussion of the whole scope of the Reformation on the minds of persons unconcerned directly in its progress. This is of course impossible.

One or two broad facts only can be stated, which the reader may verify, if he pleases, by his own labour. I do not give them rashly.

§ 2. The strength of the Reformation lay entirely in its being a movement towards purity of practice.

The Catholic priesthood was hostile to it in proportion to the degree in which they had been false to their own principles of moral action, and had become corrupt or worldly in heart.

The Reformers indeed cast out many absurdities, and demonstrated many fallacies, in the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church. But they themselves introduced errors, which rent the ranks, and finally arrested the march of the Reformation, and which paralyze the Protestant Church to this day. Errors of which the fatality was increased by the controversial bent which lost accuracy of meaning in the use of declamation, and turned expressions, which ought to be used only in retired depth of thought, into phrases of custom, or watchwords of attack. Owing to which bits of hot, ingenious, and unguarded controversy, the reformed Churches themselves soon forgot the meaning of the word *which*, of all words, was oftenest in their mouths. They forgot that *πίστις* is a derivative of *πείθεμαι*, not of *εἶναι*, and that "*fides*," closely connected with "*fio*"

one side, and with "confido" on the other, is but distantly related to "credo."¹

§ 3. By whatever means, however, the reader may himself be disposed to admit, the Reformation *was* arrested and got itself shut up into chancels of cathedrals in England (even those, generally too large for it), and into conventicle everywhere else. Then rising between the infancy of Reformation, and the palsy of Catholicism;—between a new shell of half-built religion on one side, daubed with untempered mortar, and a falling ruin of out-worn religion on the other, lizard-crannied, and ivy-grown;—rose, on its independent foundation, the faithless and materialized mind of modern Europe—ending in the rationalism of Germany, the polite formalism of England, the careless blasphemy of France, and the helpless sensualities of Italy, in the midst of which, steadily advancing science, and the charities of more and more widely extended peace, are preparing the way for a Christian Church, which shall depend neither on ignorance for its continuance, nor on controversy for its progress, but shall reign at once in light and love.

§ 4. The whole body of painters (such of them as were left,) necessarily fell into the rationalistic chasm. The Evangelicals despised the arts, while the Roman Catholics were effete or insincere, and could not retain influence over men of strong reasoning power.

The painters could only associate frankly with men of the world, and themselves became men of the world. Men, I mean, having no belief in spiritual existences, no interests or affections beyond the grave.

§ 5. Not but that they still painted scriptural subjects. Altar-pieces were wanted occasionally, and pious patrons sometimes commissioned a cabinet Madonna. But there

¹ None of our present forms of opinion are more curious than those which have developed themselves from this verbal carelessness. It never seems to strike any of our religious teachers, that if a child has a father living, it either *knows* it has a father, or does not: it does not "*believe*" it has a father. We should be surprised to see an intelligent child standing at its garden gate, crying out to the passers-by: "I believe in my father, because he built this house;" as logical people proclaim, *they believe in God, because He must have made the world.*

st this difference between the men of this modern
 d, and the Florentines or Venetians—that whereas
 latter never exert themselves fully except on a sacred
 ect, the Flemish and Dutch masters are always languid
 ss they are profane. Leonardo is only to be seen in
 Cena; Titian only in the Assumption; but Rubens
 in the battle of the Amazons, and Vandyck only at
 t.

6. Altar-pieces, when wanted, of course either of them
 supply as readily as anything else. Virgins in blue,¹
 t. Johns in red,² as many as you please. Martyrdoms
 by all means: Rubens especially delights in these.
 Peter, head downwards,³ is interesting anatomically;
 ings of impenitent thieves, and bishops having their
 ues pulled out, display our powers to advantage, also.⁴
 ological instruction, if required: “Christ armed with
 der, to destroy the world, spares it at the intercession
 t. Francis.”⁵ Last Judgments even, quite Michael-
 elesque, rich in twistings of limbs, with spiteful biting,
 scratching; and fine aerial effects in smoke of the pit.⁶
 7. In all this, however, there is not a vestige of religious
 ig or reverence. We have even some visible difficulty
 eeting our patron’s pious wishes. Daniel in the lion’s
 is indeed an available subject, but duller than a lion
 ; and Mary of Nazareth must be painted if an order
 e for her; but (says polite Sir Peter), Mary of Medicis,
 Catherine, her bodice being fuller, and better embroi-
 d, would, if we might offer a suggestion, probably give
 er satisfaction.

8. No phenomenon in human mind is more extra-
 ary than the junction of this cold and worldly temper
 great rectitude of principle, and tranquil kindness
 eart. Rubens was an honourable and entirely well-
 tioned man, earnestly industrious, simple and tem-
 te in habits of life, high-bred, learned and discreet.
 affection for his mother was great; his generosity to
 emporary artists unfailing. He is a healthy, worthy,
 -hearted, courtly-phrased—Animal—without any clearly

Düsseldorf.

² Antwerp.

³ Cologne.

⁴ Brussels.

⁵ Brussels.

⁶ Munich.

pregnant, is leaving the house in a reminiscent manner, assisted by the Patriarch Abram."

ful apology, by the way, instantly follows, finished the picture himself.) "I have engaged a very skilful man in his pursuit of landscapes, solely to augment the enjoyment

Again, in priced catalogue,—

"50 florins each.—The Twelve Apostles, Done by my scholars, from originals by me, each having to be retouched by my hand thus

"600 florins.—A picture of Achilles woman; done by the best of my scholars, retouched by my hand: a most brilliant picture of many beautiful young girls."

§ 9. Observe, however, Rubens is always careful in his statements of what is done by him and not. He is religious too, after his manner every morning, and perpetually uses the phrase "in the grace of God," or some other such, in every business he takes in hand; but the tone of his statements may be determined by one fact.

We saw how Veronese painted himself: as worshipping the Madonna.

LIBRARY

MICHIGAN

VERBLY OF

§ 10. Rembrandt has also painted (it is, on the whole, his greatest picture, so far as I have seen) himself and his wife in a state of ideal happiness. He sits at supper with his wife on his knee, flourishing a glass of champagne, with a roast peacock on the table.

The Rubens is in the Church of St. James at Antwerp; the Rembrandt at Dresden—marvellous pictures, both. No more precious works by either painter exist. Their merits, such as they have, are entirely in them; and the two pictures, not inaptly, represent the Faith and Hope of the 17th century. We have to stoop somewhat lower, in order to comprehend the pastoral and rustic scenery of Cuyp and Teniers, which must yet be held as forming one group with the historical art of Rubens, being connected with it by Rubens' pastoral landscape. To these, I say, we must stoop lower; for they are destitute, not of spiritual character only, but of spiritual thought.

Rubens often gives instructive and magnificent allegory; Rembrandt, pathetic or powerful fancies, founded on real scripture reading, and on his interest in the picturesque character of the Jew. And Vandyck, a graceful dramatic rendering of received scriptural legends.

But in the pastoral landscape we lose, not only all faith in religion, but all remembrance of it. Absolutely now at last we find ourselves without sight of God in all the world.

§ 11. So far as I can hear or read, this is an entirely new and wonderful state of things achieved by the Hollanders. The human being never got wholly quit of the terror of a spiritual being before. Persian, Egyptian, Assyrian, Hindoo, Chinese, all kept some dim, appalling record of what they called "gods." Farthest savages had—and still have—their Great Spirit, or, in extremity, their feather-idols, large and terrible; but here in Holland we have at last got utterly alone with it all. Our only idol glitters dimly, in tangible shape of a pint pot, and all the incense offered thereto, comes out of a small censer or bowl at the end of a pipe. Of deities or virtues, angels, principalities, or powers, in the name of our ditches, no more. Let us have cattle and market vegetables."



only for the effects of light. You will find Dutch painters do not care about the people or the lustres on them. Paul Potter, their best cattle painter, does not care even for sheep's wool; regards not cows, but cowhide. He has dexterity in drawing tufts and locks, lingers over parallel ravines and furrows of fleece that follow sheep's backs as they turn; is unsurpassed in drawing a horn or pointing a nose; but he cannot perceive any condition of an animal's mind or desire of grazing. Cuyp can, indeed, paint better than Holland's sun can show; he is a natural gift, and sees broadly, nay, even sees out—a wonderful thing for men to find out—that there are reflections in water, and that things are often to be painted upside down. A brewer feels the quiet of a summer afternoon, and can make you marvellously drowsy. It is good, else that I know of; strong; but unhelpful and thoughtful. Nothing happens in his pictures. An indifferent person's asking the way of somebody by his cast of countenance, seems not likely

o the causes of which grandeur we must look a little, respect not only to these puppies, and grey horses, and of Cuyp, but to the hunting pieces of Rubens and ers. For closely connected with the Dutch rejection tives of spiritual interest, is the increasing importance ed by them to animals, seen either in the chase or in lture ; and to judge justly of the value of this animal ng, it will be necessary for us to glance at that of : times.

4. And first of the animals which have had more in- e over the human soul, in its modern life, than ever or the crocodile had over Egyptian — the dog and

I stated, in speaking of Venetian religion, that the ians always introduced the dog as a contrast to the aspects of humanity. They do this, not because they ler him the basest of animals, but the highest—the cting link between men and animals ; in whom the forms of really human feeling may be best exemplified, as conceit, gluttony, indolence, petulance. But they ie noble qualities of the dog, too ;—all his patience, and faithfulness ; therefore Veronese, hard as he is on lap-dogs, has painted one great heroic poem on g.

5. Two mighty brindled mastiffs, and beyond them, ess. You scarcely see them at first, against the y green. No other sky for them — poor things. are gray themselves, spotted with black all over ; their udinous doggish vices may not be washed out of —are in grain of nature. Strong thewed and sinewed, er, — no blame on them as far as bodily strength each ; their heads coal-black, with drooping ears and eyes, bloodshot a little. Wildest of beasts perhaps ould have been, by nature. But between them the spirit of their human love, dove-winged and ful, the resistless Greek boy, golden quivered ; his g breast and limbs the only light upon the sky,— : and pure. He has cast his chain about the dogs' and holds it in his strong right hand, leaning proudly back from them. They will never break loose.

This is Veronese's highest, or spiritual view of the

dog's nature. He can only give this when looking at the creature alone. When he sees it in company with men, he subdues it, like an inferior light in presence of the sky, and generally then gives it a merely brutal nature, not insisting even on its affection. It is thus used in the Marriage in Cana to symbolize gluttony. That great picture I have not yet had time to examine in all its bearings of thought, but the chief purpose of it is, I believe, to express the pomp and pleasure of the world, pursued without thought of the presence of Christ; therefore the Fool with the bells is put in the centre, immediately underneath the Christ; and in front are the couple of dogs in leash, one gnawing a bone. A cat lying on her back scratches at one of the vases which hold the wine of the miracle.

§ 17. In the picture of Susannah, her little pet dog is merely doing his duty, barking at the Elders. But in that of the Magdalen (at Turin) a noble piece of bye-meaning is brought out by a dog's help. On one side is the principal figure, the Mary washing Christ's feet; on the other, a dog has just come out from beneath the table (the dog under the table eating of the crumbs), and in doing so, has touched the robe of one of the Pharisees, thus making it unclean. The Pharisee gathers up his robe in a passion, and shows the hem of it to a bystander, pointing to the dog at the same time.

§ 18. In the Supper at Emmaus, the dog's affection is, however, fully dwelt upon. Veronese's own two little daughters are playing, on the higher side of the table with a great wolf-hound, larger than either of them. On the lower side, with her head down, nearly touching his nose, is talking to him—asking him questions it seems, nearly pushing him over at the same time—the other raising her eyes half afraid, half dreamily,—some far-away thought coming over her. A lean dog leans against him on the other side, propping him with her little hand, laid slightly on his neck. He is passive and glad at heart, yielding himself to the pushing or sustaining hand, looks earnestly into the face of the child close to his, would answer her with the gravity of a servant, if so it might be. He can only look at her, and love her.

19. To Velasquez and Titian dogs seem less interesting than to Veronese; they paint them simply as noble brown dogs, but without any special character; perhaps Velasquez's are sterner and more threatening than the Venetian's, but are also his kings and admirals. This fierceness in the animal increases, as the spiritual power of the artist declines; but, with the fierceness, another character. One great and allible sign of the absence of spiritual power is the presence of the slightest taint of obscenity. Dante marked this strongly in all his representations of demons, and as he passes from the Venetians and Florentines to the Dutch, the passing away of the soul-power is indicated by every animal becoming savage or foul. The dog is used by painters, and many other Hollanders, merely to obtain an uninteresting jest; while by the more powerful men, Rubens, Rembrandt, it is painted only in savage chase, butchered agony. I know no pictures more shameful to humanity than the boar and lion hunts of Rubens and Rembrandt, signs of disgrace all the deeper, because the powers sacrificed are so great. The painter of the village alone may, not dishonourably, paint the fox-hunt for the village squire; but the occupation of magnificent art-merit in giving semblance of perpetuity to those bodily pleasures which Nature has mercifully ordained to be transient, in forcing us, by the fascination of its stormy skill, to dwell on that from which eyes of merciful men should instinctively turn away, and eyes of high-minded men scorn, is dishonourable, alike in the power which it degrades, and the joy to which it betrays.

20. In our modern treatment of the dog, of which the prevailing tendency is marked by Landseer, the interest in him is disproportionate to that taken in man, and leads to a somewhat trivial mingling of sentiment, or playing by caricature; giving up the true nature of the animal for the sake of a pretty thought or pleasant jest. Neither Titian nor Velasquez ever jests; and though Veronese jests gracefully and tenderly, he never for an instant oversteps the absolute facts of nature. But the English painter looks for sentiment or jest primarily, and uses both by a feebly romantic taint of fallacy, except



the sculpture with a grave interest and cur-
least caricatured, but highly humorous.
picture, by the same artist, of a forester's
to shoot by his father,—the dog critic
watching the raising of the gun,—sho
sympathy.

§ 21. I wish I were able to trace an
circumstances in the ancient treatment of
I have no sufficient data. Its function in
Greeks is connected with all their beau-
sophy; but I have not a tithe of the know-
to pursue the subject in this direction.
questions relating to sacred animals, and
Eastern mythology. I believe the Greek
animal character corresponded closely to
that it is less sentimental, and either dis-
distinctly fabulous; not hesitating between
hood. Achilles' horses, like Anacreon's
phanes' frogs and birds, speak clearly out,
do not become feebly human by fallacies and
but frankly and wholly.

Zeuxis' picture of the Centaur indicates,
distinctly sentimental conception: and I su-

little and ill ; but he becomes important in the equestrian statues of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, chiefly, I suppose, under the influence of Leonardo.

I am not qualified to judge of the merit of the equestrian statues ; but, in painting, I find that no real interest is taken in the horse until Vandyck's time, he and Rubens caring more for it than all previous painters put together. Rubens was a good rider, and rode nearly every day, as I doubt not, Vandyck also. Some notice of an interesting equestrian picture of Vandyck's will be found in the next chapter. The horse has never, I think, been painted so truthfully again, since he died.¹ Of the influence of its worthy painting, and unworthy use, I do not at present wish to speak, noticing only that it brought about in England the last degradations of feeling and of art. The Dutch, indeed, banished all Deity from the earth ; but I think that in England the death-bed consolation has been sought in the horse's tail.²

I wish, however, the reader distinctly to understand that the expressions of reprobation of field-sports which he will find scattered through these volumes,—and which, in compiling them, I wish I had time to collect and farther increase,—refer only to the chase and the turf ; that is to the hunting, shooting, and horse-racing, but not to athletic exercises. I have just as deep a respect for boxing, wrestling, cricketing, and rowing, as contempt of all various modes of wasting wealth, time, land, and energy in sports, which have been invented by the pride and selfishness of men, in order to enable them to be healthy in idleness, and get quit of the burdens of their own lives, without condescending to make them serviceable to others.

23. Lastly, of cattle.

The period when the interest of men began to be transferred from the ploughman to his oxen is very distinctly marked by Bassano. In him the descent is even

John Lewis has made grand sketches of the horse, but has never, as I know, completed any of them. Respecting his wonderful drawings of wild animals, see my pamphlet on Pre-Raphaelitism *the Old Road*," Vol. I., part i., p. 270].

e "The Fox-hunter's Death-bed," a popular sporting print.



and gradually form a staple art commodity the best ; nevertheless, neither by him nor have I ever seen an entirely well-painted man who has skill enough to paint cattle them. The real influence of these Dutch subsequent art, is difficult to trace, and is not. They contain a certain healthy appreciation of pleasure which I cannot look upon wholly with. On the other hand, their cheap tricks degraded the entire technical system of landscape painting, and their clownish and blunt vulgarities too long and continue, so far as in them lies, to blind the true refinement and passion of rural life. It has always been truth and depth of pastoral feeling of great poets and novelists ; but never, I think, until lately. The designs of J. C. Hook are among the only works of the kind in existence which have not been mentioned in connection with the pastorals of Tennyson.

We must not, however, yet pass to the next stage, having still to examine the last phase of Dutch landscape painting, in which the vulgarities which might be forgiven in the case of Cuyp, and forgotten in the power of R

CHAPTER VII

OF VULGARITY

Two great errors, colouring, or rather discolouring, of the minds of the higher and lower classes, have wide dissension, and wider misfortune, through the error of modern days. These errors are in our modes of interpreting the word "gentleman."

The primal, literal, and perpetual meaning is "a man of age;" well bred, in the sense that a horse or dog is bred.

The so-called higher classes, being generally of purer blood than the lower, have retained the true idea, and the notions associated with it; but are afraid to speak it, and equivocate about it in public; this equivocation proceeding from their desire to connect another with it, and a false one;—that of "a man living on other people's labour;"—with which idea was nothing whatever to do.

The lower classes, denying vigorously, and with reason, that a gentleman means an idler, and rightly so; the more any one works, the more of a gentleman he becomes, and is likely to become,—have got little of the good they otherwise might, with, because, with it, they wanted to hold a family, that race was of no consequence. It is of no consequence in man as it is in

—Not truly prosper till both these
of. Gentlemen have to learn
duty or privilege to live
have to learn that there

4. Gentlemanliness, however, in ordinary parlance, be taken to signify those qualities which are usually evidence of high breeding, and which, so far as they be acquired, it should be every man's effort to acquire ; if he has them by nature, to preserve and exalt. Vulgarity, on the other hand, will signify qualities usually characteristic of ill-breeding, which, according to his power, becomes every person's duty to subdue. We have only to note what these are.

5. A gentleman's first characteristic is that fineness of structure in the body, which renders it capable of the most delicate sensation ; and of structure in the mind which renders it capable of the most delicate sympathies we may say, simply, "fineness of nature." This is, of course, compatible with heroic bodily strength and mental firmness ; in fact, heroic strength is not conceivable without such delicacy. Elephantine strength may drive its way through a forest and feel no touch of the boughs ; the white skin of Homer's Atrides would have felt no rose-leaf, yet subdue its feeling in glow of battle, and behave itself like iron. I do not mean to call an elephant a vulgar animal ; but if you think about him a little, you will find that his non-vulgarity consists in gentleness as is possible to elephantine nature ; not in his insensitive hide, nor in his clumsy foot ; but in the way he will lift his foot if a child lies in his way ; and in the sensitive trunk, and still more sensitive mind, and delicacy of pique on points of honour.

6. And, though rightness of moral conduct is ultimately the great purifier of race, the sign of nobleness is not this rightness of moral conduct, but in sensitiveness. In the make of the creature is fine, its temptations strong, as well as its perceptions ; it is liable to all sorts of impressions from without in their most violent

be base ; since his family may have been ennobling it by pureness of moral habit for many generations, and yet may not have got the title, or other sign of nobleness, attached to their names. Nevertheless, the probability is always in favour of the race which has had acknowledged supremacy, and in which every motive leads to the effort to preserve its true nobility.

LIBRARY

MICHIGAN

JEREMY BE

him from murder when his terror urges him is driven to the murder all the more by the shame which otherwise threatens him. His own story is told under a disguise, though he is now concerned, his passion about it leaves no room for thought. "The man shall die"—not "because he had no pity." He is so eager that it never occurs to him as strange that he has the name. This is true gentleman. A vulgar man would assuredly have been cautious, and asked why

§ 7. Hence it will follow that one of the marks of high-breeding in men generally, will be their mercifulness; these always indicating more of greatness in the mind; and miserliness and narrowness; hence that of Isaiah: "The vile person shall more be called liberal, nor the churl said to be merciful." But a thousand things may prevent this kindness from playing or continuing itself; the mind of the vulgar is warped so as to bear mainly on his own interest; all his sensibilities will take the form of pride, or selfishness, or revengefulness; and other wicked, but manly tempers; or, farther, they may be sensual and covetousness, if he is bent

that the quantity of sympathy a gentleman feels be judged of by its outward expression, for his chief characteristics is apparent reserve. I rent" reserve; for the sympathy is real, but the t: a perfect gentleman is never reserved, but l entirely open, so far as it is good for others, or at he should be. In a great many respects it is that he should be open except to men of his own them, he can open himself, by a word or syllable, e; but to men not of his kind he cannot open ough he tried it through an eternity of clear ul speech. By the very acuteness of his sym- nowns how much of himself he can give to any- he gives that much frankly;—would always be e more if he could, but is obliged, nevertheless, ral intercourse with the world, to be a somewhat on; silence is to most people, he finds, less re- speech. Whatever he said, a vulgar man would t: no words that he could use would bear the e to the vulgar man that they do to him; if he the vulgar man would go away saying, "He had l so, and meant so and so" (something assuredly eant): but he keeps silence, and the vulgar man saying, "He didn't know what to make of him." precisely the fact, and the only fact which he is ble to announce to the vulgar man concerning

ere is yet another quite as efficient cause of the eserve of a gentleman. His sensibility being nd intelligent, it will be seldom that a feeling n, however acutely, but it has touched him in the often before, and in some sort is touching him : is not that he feels little, but that he feels a vulgar man having some heart at the bottom ou can by talk or by sight fairly force the pathos ; down to his heart, will be excited about it and ive; the sensation of pity being strange to him rful. But your gentleman has walked in pity and the tears have never been out of his eyes; yow were bright only; but they were wet. Y.

tell him a sorrowful story, and his countenance does not change; the eyes can but be wet still: he does not speak neither, there being, in fact, nothing to be said, only something to be done; some vulgar person, beside you goes away saying, "How hard he is!" Next day he hears that the hard person has put good end to the sorrow, said nothing about;—and then he changes his wonder, and exclaims, "How reserved he is!"

§ 10. Self-command is often thought a characteristic of high-breeding; and to a certain extent it is so, at least it is one of the means of forming and strengthening character; but it is rather a way of imitating a gentleman than a characteristic of him; a true gentleman has no need of self-command; he simply feels rightly on all occasions; and desiring to express only so much of his feeling as it is right to express, does not need to command himself. Hence perfect ease is indeed characteristic of him; but perfect ease is inconsistent with self-restraint. Nevertheless gentlemen so far as they fail of their own ideal, need to command themselves, and do so; while, on the contrary, to feel unwisely, and to be unable to restrain the expression of that unwise feeling, is vulgarity; and yet even then, the vulgarity at its root, is not in the mistimed expression, but in the unseemly feeling; and when we find fault with a vulgar person for "exposing himself," it is not his openness, or clumsiness; and yet more the want of sensibility to his own failure, which we blame; so that still the vulgarity resolves itself into want of sensibility. Also, it is to be noted, that great powers of self-restraint may be attained by very vulgar persons when it suits their purposes.

§ 11. Closely, but strangely, connected with this openness is that form of truthfulness which is opposed to cunning, yet not opposed to falsity absolute. And here is a distinction of great importance.

Cunning signifies especially a habit of self-interest, reaching, accompanied with superiority. It is associated with an absolute want of sentimental connection with others by the expression of

" Cruikshank's "Noah Claypole," in the illustrations of *David Copperfield*, is, however, more characteristic. It is the intensest rendering of truth absolute and utter with which I am acquainted.¹

The truthfulness which is opposed to cunning ought, I think, rather to be called the desire of truthfulness; it consists more in unwillingness to deceive than in not lying,—an unwillingness implying sympathy with and respect for the person deceived; and a fond observance of truth up to the possible point, as in a good soldier's desire of retaining his honour through a *ruse de guerre*. A cunning person seeks for opportunities to deceive; a gentleman shuns them. A cunning person triumphs in lying; a gentleman is humiliated by his success, or at least by so much of the success as is dependent merely on falsehood, and not on his intellectual superiority.

12. The absolute disdain of all lying belongs rather to Christian chivalry than to mere high-breeding; as contrasted merely with this latter, and with general refinement of courage, the exact relations of truthfulness may be studied in the well-trained Greek mind. The Greeks valued that mercy and truth were co-relative virtues—truth and falsehood, co-relative vices. But they did not value necessary severity, cruelty; nor necessary deception, falsehood. It was needful sometimes to slay men, and sometimes to deceive them. When this had to be done,

it could be done well and thoroughly; so that to direct a lie well to its mark, or a lie well to its end, was equally an accomplishment of a perfect gentleman. Hence, in the pretty diamond-cut-diamond scene between Helen and Mr. Dombey, when she receives him on the balcony, the young man laughs delightedly at her having thrown him her hand upon it;—and she looks at her own woman's form, as just as

among the reckless
which this cent
be regretted
purpose

of the
not to
which
illustrate



"Subtle would he be, and stealthy, who should go thee in deceit, even were he a god, thou many What! here in thine own land, too, wilt thou n from cheating? Knowest thou not me, Pallas maid of Jove, who am with thee in all thy labo gave thee favour with the Phæacians, and keep tl have come now to weave cunning with thee?" I completely this kind of cunning was looked upon : of a man's power, and not as a diminution of faitl is perhaps best shown by the single line of praise i the high qualities of his servant are summed up by ulus in the Plutus—"Of all my house servants, I l to be the faithfullest, and the greatest cheat (or thi

§ 13. Thus, the primal difference between honour base lying in the Greek mind lay in honourable : A man who used his strength wantonly to hurt otl a monster; so, also, a man who used his cunning v to hurt others. Strength and cunning were to only in self-defence, or to save the weak, and th alike admirable. This was their first idea. T second, and perhaps the more essential, difference noble and ignoble lying in the Greek mind, was honourable lie—or, if we may use the strange, expression, the true lie—knew and confessed itself —was ready to take the full responsibility of wha As the sword answered for its blow, so the lie for i But what the Greeks hated with all their heart was lie;—the lie that did not know itself, feared to confe which slunk to its aim under a cloak of truth, and to do liars' work, and yet not take liars' pay, excusi

silence, by equivocation, by the accent on a syllable, by glance of the eye attaching a peculiar significance to a sentence; and all these kinds of lies are worse and baser in many degrees than a lie plainly worded; so that no form of blinded conscience is so far sunk as that which comforts itself for having deceived, because the deception is by gesture or silence, instead of utterance; and, finally, according to Tennyson's deep and trenchant line, "A lie which is half a truth is ever the worst of lies."

§ 15. Although, however, ungenerous cunning is usually so distinct an outward manifestation of vulgarity, that I name it separately from insensibility, it is in truth only an effect of insensibility, producing want of affection to others, and blindness to the beauty of truth. The degree in which political subtlety in men such as Richelieu, Machiavel, or Metternich, will efface the gentleman, depends on the selfishness of political purpose to which the cunning is directed, and on the base delight taken in its use. The command, "Be ye wise as serpents, harmless as doves," is the ultimate expression of this principle, misunderstood usually because the word "wise" is referred to the intellectual power instead of the subtlety of the serpent. The serpent has very little intellectual power, but according to that which it has, it is yet, as of old, the subtlest of the beasts of the field.

§ 16. Another great sign of vulgarity is also, when traced to its root, another phase of insensibility, namely, the undue regard to appearances and manners, as in the households of vulgar persons, of all stations, and the assumption of behaviour, language, or dress unsuited to them, by persons in inferior stations of life. I say "undue" regard to appearances, because in the undueness consists, of course, the vulgarity. It is due and wise in some sort to care for appearances, in another sort undue and unwise. Wherein lies the difference?

At first one is apt to answer quickly: the vulgarity is simply in pretending to be what you are not. But that answer will not stand. A queen may dress like a waiting-maid,—perhaps succeed, if she chooses, in passing for one; *but she will not, therefore, be vulgar; nay, a waiting-maid*

for she is sensitive, simple, and generous, could be no more.

§ 17. Is the vulgarity, then, only in the part you cannot play, so as to be continued? No; a bad amateur actor may be continued in his part, but yet continually detected to be a vulgar regard to appearances has nothing in it of hypocrisy. You shall know a man not to be so by the perfect and neat pronunciation of his words; he does not pretend to pronounce accurately; he pronounces accurately, the vulgarity is in the real scrupulousness.

§ 18. It will be found on farther thought that the regard for appearances is, primarily, a selfish one, not out of a wish to give pleasure (as a wife's vanity is herself beautiful for her husband), but out of a wish to mortify others, or attract for pride's sake; "keeping up appearances" of society, being a struggle of the vain with the vain. But the source of the vulgarity depends on this being done not only, but stupidly, without understanding that which is really produced, nor the relations between oneself and others, so as to sup-

musical fineness of ear enough to feel that his talking is easy and strained.

§ 19. Finally, vulgarity is indicated by coarseness of language or manners, only so far as this coarseness has been contracted under circumstances not necessarily proving it. The illiterateness of a Spanish or Calabrian peasant is not vulgar, because they had never an opportunity of acquiring letters; but the illiterateness of an English school-boy is. So again, provincial dialect is not vulgar; but cockney dialect, the corruption, by blunted use, of a finer language continually heard, is so in a deep degree; and again, of this corrupted dialect, that is the worst which consists, not in the direct or expressive alteration of the form of a word, but in an unmusical destruction of it by dead utterance and bad or swollen formation of lip. There is no vulgarity in—

“Blythe, blythe, blythe was she,
Blythe was she, but and ben,
And weel she liked a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit hen;”

as much in Mrs. Gamp's inarticulate “bottle on the chimney-piece, and let me put my lips to it when I am so paged.”

§ 20. So also of personal defects, those only are vulgar which imply insensibility or dissipation.

There is no vulgarity in the emaciation of Don Quixote, the deformity of the Black Dwarf, or the corpulence of the staff; but much in the same personal characters, as they are seen in Uriah Heep, Quilp, and Chadband.

§ 21. One of the most curious minor questions in this matter is respecting the vulgarity of excessive neatness, implicating itself with inquiries into the distinction between base neatness, and the perfectness of good execution in the fine arts. It will be found on final thought that precision and exquisiteness of arrangement are always noble; but become vulgar only when they arise from an insensibility (insensibility) of temperament, which is incapable of fine passion, and is set ignobly, and with a dullard banism, on accuracy in vile things. In the finest

very little more trouble to draw rightly than in him, therefore, impatience with the vulgar, as in the Greek sculptor of the coin have been. For the engraving of a letter is a difficult work, and his time must have been thrown away.

¹ There is this farther reason also: "Letters are —(Seven Lamps, chap. iv. s. 9). Titian often wanted of ugliness to oppose his beauty with, as a certain oppose his colour. He could regulate the size and position as he liked; and, therefore, made it as neat—tastefully—as possible. But the Greek sculpture could not regulate the size or quantity of inscription. Legible it must be, and contain an assigned group of words. He had no choice, he wanted, or could endure. There was nothing in the letters themselves rugged and picturesque; to give a certain quantity of organic variety.

I do not wonder at people sometimes thinking that when they come suddenly on any of the scattered principles of this kind. I am forced to insist on the opposite practical principles of this kind. It may amuse the reader to see how serviceable to him in showing him how necessary the handling of any subject, that these contrary statements made, if I assemble here the principal ones I remember forward, bearing on this difficult point of composition.

§ 22. All the different impressions connected with negligence or foulness depend, in like manner, on the degree of insensibility implied. Disorder in a drawing-room is vulgar, in an antiquary's study, not; the black battle-stain on a soldier's face is not vulgar, but the dirty face of a housemaid is.

And lastly, courage, so far as it is a sign of race, is peculiarly the mark of a gentleman or a lady: but it becomes vulgar if rude or insensitive, while timidity is not vulgar, if it be a characteristic of race or fineness of make.

and unformed schools (p. 152, edition of 1880); then turn to the 170th page of the *Stones of Venice*, Vol. II., and you will find this directly contrary statement:—

"No good work whatever can be perfect, and the demand for perfection is always a sign of a misunderstanding of the ends of art." . . .

The first cause of the fall of the arts in Europe was a relentless requirement of perfection" (p. 172). By reading the intermediate text, you will be put in possession of many good reasons for this opinion; and, comparing it with that just cited about the Campanile of Giotto, will be brought, I hope, into a wholesome state of not knowing what to think.

Then turn to p. 167, where the great law of finish is again maintained strongly as ever: "Delicate finish (finish—that is to say, up to the limit possible) is always desirable from the greatest masters, and is ways given by them."—(Vol. II. chap. vi. § 19.)

And, lastly, if you look to § 19 of the chapter on the Early Renaissance, Vol. III., you will find the profoundest respect paid to completion; and, at the close of that chapter, § 38, the principle is resumed very strongly. "As *ideals of executive perfection*, these palaces are most notable among the architecture of Europe, and the Rio façade of the Ducal palace, as an example of finished masonry in a vast building, is one of the finest things, not only in Venice, but in the world."

Now all these passages are perfectly true; and, as in much more serious matters, the essential thing for the reader is to receive their truth, however little he may be able to see their consistency. If truths of apparently contrary character are candidly and rightly received, they will fit themselves together in the mind without any trouble. But no truth maliciously received will nourish you, or fit with others. The line of connection may in this case, however, be given in a word. Absolute finish is always right; finish, inconsistent with prudence and reason, wrong. The imperative demand for finish is ruinous, because it refuses better things than finish. The stopping short of the finish, which is honourably possible to human energy, is destructive on the other side, and not in less degree. Err, of the two, on the side of completion.



the other, by Vandyck, also an equestrian portrait, of family, whom I shall here simply call "the knight :"

"I have seldom seen so noble a Vandyck, chiefly be with less flightiness and flimsiness than usual, with and reserve—almost like Titian. The other is, on vulgar and base a picture as I have ever seen, and it of extreme interest to trace the cause of the difference

"In the first place, everything the general and I evidently just made. It has not only been cleaned has been sent home from the tailor's in a hurry la bridle, saddle housings, blue coat, stars and lace tl hat, and sword hilt—all look as if they had just be shopboard in Pall Mall ; the irresistible sense of the brushed to perfection is the first sentiment which the The horse has also been rubbed down all the morning head to tail.

"The knight rides in a suit of rusty armour. It h polished also carefully, and gleams brightly here ar the polishing in the world will never take the battle- darkness out of it. His horse is grey, not lustrous, grey. Its mane is deep and soft ; part of it shaken forehead—the rest, in enormous masses of waving g falls streaming on its neck, and rises in currents of so/ by the wind over the rider's armour. The saddle clo/ fading into leathern brown, gleaming with sparkles When, after looking a little while at the soft mane

we may conclude that vulgarity consists in a deadness of the heart and body, resulting from prolonged, and especially from inherited conditions of "degeneracy," or literally

return. All which reviewing and bowing is in its very nature ignoble, wholly unfit to be painted : a gentleman might as well be painted leaving his card on somebody. And, in the next place, the modern painter has thought to enhance his officer by putting the regiment some distance back and in the shade, so that the men look only about five feet high, being besides very ill painted to keep them in better subordination. One does not know whether most to despise the feebleness of the painter who must have recourse to such an artifice, or his vulgarity in being satisfied with it. I ought by the way, before leaving the point of dress, to have noted that the vulgarity of the painter is considerably assisted by the vulgarity of the costume itself. Not only is it base in being new, but base in that it cannot last to be old. If one wanted a lesson on the ugliness of modern costume, it could not be more sharply received than by turning from one to the other horseman. The knight wears steel plate armour, chased here and there with gold ; the delicate, rich, pointed lace collar falling on the embossed breastplate ; his dark hair flowing over his shoulders ; a crimson silk scarf fastened round his waist, and floating behind him ; buff boots, deep folded at the instep, set in silver stirrup. The general wears his hair cropped short ; blue coat, padded and buttoned ; blue drawers and red stripe ; black shiny boots ; common saddler's stirrups ; buckled hat in hand, suggestive of absurd completion, when assumed.

"Another thing noticeable as giving nobleness to the Vandyck is its feminineness ; the rich, light silken scarf, the flowing hair, the delicate, sharp, though sunburnt features, and the lace collar, do not in the least diminish the manliness, but *add* feminineness. One sees that the knight is indeed a soldier, but not a soldier only ; that he is accomplished in all ways, and tender in all thoughts : while the general is represented as nothing but a soldier—and it is very doubtful if he is even that—he is sure, at a glance, that if he can do anything but put his hat off and on, and give words of command, the anything must, at all events, have something to do with the barracks ; that there is no grace, nor music, nor softness, nor learnedness, in the man's soul ; that he is made up of forms and accoutrements.

"Lastly, the modern picture is as bad painting as it is wretched receiving ; and one is struck, in looking from it to Vandyck's, especially by the fact that good work is always *enjoyed* work. There is not a touch of Vandyck's pencil but he seems to have revelled in it grossly, but delicately—tasting the colour in every touch as an *artist* would wine. While the other goes on daub, daub, daub, like a *bricklayer* spreading mortar—nay, with far less lightness of hand and *fitness of spirit* than a good bricklayer's—covering his canvas hea-

LIBRARY OF

MICHIGAN

JEREMY OF

peculiarly issue from stupidity, are its manifestation.

§ 24. Two years ago, when I was first work out the subject, and chatting with one minded friends (Mr. Brett, the painter of it in the Exhibition of 1859), I casually asked "is vulgarity?" merely to see what he would pose it possible to get a sudden answer. For about a minute, then answered quietly, "one of the forms of Death." I did not see the reply at the time; but on testing it, for every phase of the difficulties connected with it, and summed the true conclusion. Yet, incomplete, it ought to be made a distinctive exclusive definition; showing *what* form of death for death itself is not vulgar, but only death

and conceitedly at once, caring only but to catch the his coarse, presumptuous, ponderous, illiterate work.

Thus far my diary. In case it should be discovered where these pictures are, it should be noted that the modern one is wholly the painter's fault. It is general (except bad taste in pictures). The same painter made an equally vulgar portrait of Bayard. And as for

I cannot, however, construct a short-worded definition which will include all the minor conditions of bodily generacy; but the term "deathful selfishness" will embrace all the most fatal and essential forms of mental degeneracy.

CHAPTER VIII

WOUVERMANS AND ANGELICO

§ 1. HAVING determined the general nature of the Dutch school, we are now able to close our view of the character of the Dutch school.

It is a strangely mingled one, which I have difficulty in investigating, because I have no sympathy with it. However inferior in capacity to enter measuredly into the feelings of Correggio, Titian; what they like, I like; what they disdain. Going lower down, I can still follow the passion, or Albano's prettiness; and lower still I measure modern German heroics, or French : I see what the people mean,—know where they are. But no effort of fancy will enable me to hold of the temper of Teniers, or Wouvermans : than I can enter into the feelings of one of the animals. I cannot see why they painted,—what they aiming at,—what they liked or disliked. All their work is the same sort of mystery to me as the riddle when he tells an Arabian. He is a well-

or commercial value may be in Dutch labour, this at least is clear, that it is wholly insensitive.

The very mastery these men have of their business proceeds from their never really seeing the whole of anything, but only that part of it which they know how to do. Out of all nature they felt their function was to extract the grayness and shininess. Give them a golden sunset, a rosy dawn, a green waterfall, a scarlet autumn on the hills, and they merely look curiously into it to see if there is anything gray and glittering which can be painted on their common principles.

§ 2. If this, however, were their only fault, it would not prove absolute insensibility, any more than it could be declared of the makers of Florentine tables, that they were blind or vulgar, because they took out of nature only what could be represented in agate. A Dutch picture is, in fact, merely a Florentine table more finely touched; it has its regular ground of slate, and its mother-of-pearl and tinsel put in with equal precision; and perhaps the fairest view one can take of a Dutch painter, is that he is a respectable tradesman furnishing well-made articles in oil paint; but when we begin to examine the designs of these articles, we may see immediately that it is his inbred vulgarity, and not the chance of fortune, which has made him a tradesman, and kept him one;—which essential character of Dutch work, as distinguished from all other, may be best seen in that hybrid landscape, introduced by Wouvermans and Berghem. Of this landscape Wouvermans' is the most characteristic. It will be remembered that I called it "hybrid," because it strove to unite the attractiveness of any other school. We will examine the motives of one of the most elaborate Wouvermans existing—landscape with a hunting party, No. 208 in the Pinacothek of Munich.

§ 3. A large lake in the distance narrows into a river in the foreground; but the river has no current, nor has the lake either reflections or waves. It is a piece of gray slate, painted with horizontal touches, and only explained by the water by boats upon it. Some of the figures in the fishing (the corks of a net are drawn in bad perspective

in the ruins to get into his pleasure-bo
catches his dog.

§ 4. On the nearer side of the river, a ground rises from the water's edge up to graceful and carefully studied trees, with statue on a pedestal in the midst of the which are three musicians, and a well-dressed; their coach is in waiting behind. They are hunters. A richly and highly dressed falcon on fist, the principal figure in the picture with Wouvermans' best skill. A stout boat crosses the water after a stag and hind, who go in the middle of the river without sinking. Two boats with the two Amazons, of whom one pursues the other but the other is thrown headforemost into the splash which shows it to be deep at the bottom. The hart and hind find bottom in the middle. The men, with other dogs, are coming up, sailing a toy-boat in the immediate foreground. The whole is dark and gray, throwing only a few spots of light, on Wouvermans' usual system, cloudy, and very cold.

cerned at the hunter's fall; the bathers regard not draught of fishes; the fishers fish among the bathers, but apparently anticipating any diminution in their

5. Let the reader ask himself, would it have been able for the painter in any clearer way to show an avarice, a cold, ice-cold incapacity of understanding a pleasure meant? Had he had as much heart as a dog, he would have given some interest to the fishing; the soul of a grasshopper, some spring to the dancing; the half the will of a dog, he would have made some effort to look at the hunt, or given a little fire to the scene down to the water's edge. If he had been capable of sensibility, he would not have put the pleasure-boat in the ruin;—capable of cheerfulness, he would not have put the ruin above the pleasure-boat. Paralyzed in body and brain, he delivers his inventoried articles of pleasure one by one to his ravenous customers; palate-gluttonous. "We cannot taste it. Hunting is not enough; let us have dancing. That's dull; now give us music, or what is life! The river is too narrow, let us go to a lake; and, for mercy's sake, a pleasure-boat; or can we spend another minute of this languid day! What pleasure can be in a boat? let us swim; we see the fish always drest, let us see them naked."

Such is the unredeemed, carnal appetite for mere sensual pleasure. I am aware of no other painter who depicts it so exclusively, without one gleam of higher thought, beauty, or passion.

the pleasure of Wouvermans, so also is his war. However, however, is not hybrid, it is of one character only. The best example I know is the great battle-piece with the bridge, in the gallery of Turin. It is said that when the picture, which had been taken to Paris, was sent back, the French offered twelve thousand pounds (300,000 francs) for permission to keep it. The report, true or not, shows estimation in which the picture is held at Turin.

6. There are some twenty figures in the *mêlée* which can be seen (about sixty in the picture altogether). Of these twenty, there is not one whose face indi-

courage or power ; or anything but animal rage and
dice ; the latter prevailing always. Every one is
for his life, with the expression of a burglar d
himself at extremity against a party of policemen.
is the same terror, fury, and pain which a low thie
show on receiving a pistol-shot through his arm.
them appear to be fighting only to get away ; the s
bearer is retreating, but whether with the enem
or his own I do not see ; he slinks away with
reverted eye, as if he were stealing a pocket-hand
The swordsmen cut at each other with clenched t
terrified eyes ; they are too busy to curse each ot
one sees that the feelings they have could be expr
otherwise than by low oaths. Far away, to the
figures in the smoke, and to one drowning under th
arch of the bridge, all are wrought with a consumm
in vulgar touch ; there is no good painting, pro
called, anywhere, but of clever, dotty, sparkling
execution, as much as the canvas will hold, an
delicate gray and blue colour in the smoke and sky

§ 9. Now, in order fully to feel the difference
this view of war, and a gentleman's, go, if possible,
National Gallery, and look at the young Malatest
into the battle of Sant' Egidio (as he is painted
Uccello). His uncle Carlo, the leader of the army,
man of about sixty, has just given orders for the kr
close : two have pushed forward with lowered lan
the mêlée has begun only a few yards in front ;
young knight, riding at his uncle's side, has not yet
helmet on, nor intends doing so yet. Erect he s
quiet, waiting for his captain's order to charge ; ca
he were at a hawking party, only more grave ; his gol
wreathed about his proud white brow, as about a st

§ 10. "Yes," the thoughtful reader replies, "this
pictorially very beautiful ; but those Dutchmen we
fighters, and generally won the day ; whereas, this ve
of Sant' Egidio, so calmly and bravely begun, was l

*Indeed, it is very singular that unmitigated exp
cowardice in battle should be given by the pain*

nough for a coward to be stubborn, and a brave man weak; the one may win his battle by a blind persistence, and the other lose it by a thoughtful vacillation. Nevertheless, the want of all expression of resoluteness in Dutch battle-pieces remains, for the present, a mystery to me. In those of Wouvermans, it is only a natural development of his perfect vulgarity in all respects.

§ 11. I do not think it necessary to trace farther the evidences of insensitive conception in the Dutch school. I have associated the name of Teniers with that of Wouvermans in the beginning of this chapter, because Teniers is essentially the painter of the pleasures of the ale-house and card-table, as Wouvermans of those of the chase; and the two are leading masters of the peculiar Dutch trick of white touch on gray or brown ground; but Teniers is higher in reach and more honest in manner. Berghem is the real associate of Wouvermans in the hybrid school of landscape. But all three are alike insensitive; that is to say, unspiritual and deathful, and that to the uttermost, in every thought,—producing, therefore, the lowest phase of possible art of a skillful kind. There are deeper elements in De Hooghe and Gerard Terburg; sometimes expressed with superb quiet painting by the former; but the whole school is inherently mortal to all its admirers; having by its influence in England destroyed our perception of all purposes of painting, and throughout the north of the Continent effaced the sense of colour among artists of every rank.

We have, last, to consider what recovery has taken place from the paralysis to which the influence of this Dutch art had reduced us in England seventy years ago. But, in closing my review of older art, I will endeavour to illustrate, by four simple examples, the main directions of its spiritual power, and the cause of its decline.

§ 12. The frontispiece of this volume is engraved¹ from an old sketch of mine, a pencil outline of the little Madonna by Angelico, in the Annunciation preserved in the sacristy of Santa Maria Novella. This Madonna has not, so far as I know, been engraved before, and it is one of the most characteristic of the Purist school. I believe through all

¹ [Reduced for this edition.]

in his search after delicate form and mini resembles that of Angelico. But the thout mans are wholly of this world. For him the awe, or mercy, hope, or faith. Eating and slaying; rage and lust; the pleasures and a debased body—from these, his thoughts, if them, never for an instant rise or range.

§ 13. The soul of Angelico is in all w reverse of this; habitually as incognizant pleasure as Wouverbans of any heavenly exclusive with absolute exclusiveness; — nor conceiving anything beyond their res Wouverbans lives under gray clouds, his lig spots. Angelico lives in an unclouded light themselves are colour; his lights are not th darks. Wouverbans lives in perpetual tu horse—clash of cup—ring of pistol-shot. . petual peace. Not seclusion from the worl out of the world is needful for him. Ther shut out. Envy, lust, contention, discour as though they were not; and the cloister no penitential solitude, barred from the stir but a possessed land of tender blessing, a

when his voice failed for joy at sweet vesper and matin time; his eyes were blinded by their wings in the sunset, when it sank behind the hills of Luni."

There may be weakness in this, but there is no baseness; and while I rejoice in all recovery from monasticism which leads to practical and healthy action in the world, I must, in closing this work, severely guard my pupils from the thought that sacred rest may be honourably exchanged for selfish and mindless activity.

§ 14. In order to mark the temper of Angelico, by a contrast of another kind, I give in Fig. 99 a facsimile of one of the heads in Salvator's etching of the Academy of Plato.

It is accurately characteristic of Salvator, showing, by quite a central type, his indignant, desolate, and degraded power. I could have taken unspeakably baser examples from others of his etchings, but they would have polluted my book, and been in some sort unjust, representing only the worst part of his work. This head, which is as elevated



Fig. 99.

a type as he ever reaches, is assuredly debased enough; and a sufficient image of the mind of the painter of Catiline and the Witch of Endor.

§ 15. Then, in Fig. 100 (overleaf), you have also a central type of the mind of Dürer. Complete, yet quaint; severely rational and practical, yet capable of the highest imaginative religious feeling, and as gentle as a child's, it seemed to be well represented by this figure of the old bishop, with all the infirmities, and all the victory, of his life, written on his calm, kind, and worldly face. He has been no dreamer, nor persecutor, but a helpful and undeceivable man; and by careful comparison of this conception with the common kinds of episcopal ideal in modern religious art, you will gradually feel how the force of Dürer is joined with an unapproachable refinement, so that he can give the most practical view of whatever he treats, without

the slightest taint or shadow of vulgarity. Last fresco of Giorgione, Plate 79, which is as fair a type as I am able to give in any single figure, of the central Venetian art, will complete for us a series, sufficiently symbolical of the several ranks of art, from lowest to highest.¹ In the Venetians (of whose work I suppose no example is needed being so generally known), we have the entirely carnal—wholly versed in the material world, and incapable of conceiving any goodness or greatness whatsoever.

In Angelico, you have the entirely spiritual mind, versed in the heavenly world, and incapable of conceiving any wickedness or vileness whatsoever.

In Salvator, you have an awakened conscience, some spiritual power, contending with evil, but conquered by it, and brought into captivity to it.

In Dürer, you have a far purer conscience and spiritual power, yet, with some defect still in it, contending with evil, and nobly prevailing over it, retaining the marks of the contest, and never so completely victorious as to conquer sadness.

In Giorgione, you have the same high spiritual and practical sense; but now, with entirely perfect intellect, contending with evil; conquering it utterly, casting it for ever, and rising beyond it into magnificence of reason.

¹ As I was correcting these pages, there was put into my hands a little work by a very dear friend—*Travels and Study in Italy*. Charles Eliot Norton;—I have not yet been able to do more than glance at it; but my impression is, that by carefully reading it, together with the essay by the same writer on the Vita Nuova of Dante, a just estimate may be formed of the religious art of Italy than can be obtained by the study of any other books yet existing. At least, I have seen none in which the tone of thought was at once so tender and so just.

I had hoped, before concluding this book, to have given it more value by extracts from the works which have chiefly helped or guided me, especially from the writings of Helps, Lowell, and the Rev. A. J. F. But if I were to begin making such extracts, I find that I should not know, either in justice or affection, how to end.





CHAPTER IX

THE TWO BOYHOODS

BORN half-way between the mountains and the sea—
young George of Castelfranco—of the Brave Castle:
at George they called him, George of Georges, so
a boy he was—Giorgione.

Have you ever thought what a world his eyes opened
in, searching eyes of youth? What a world of
life, from those mountain roots to the shore;—
eliest life, when he went down, yet so young, to the
city—and became himself as a fiery heart to it?

City of marble, did I say? nay, rather a golden city,
with emerald. For truly, every pinnacle and turret
did or glowed, overlaid with gold, or bossed with
Beneath, the unsullied sea drew in deep breath-
and fro, its eddies of green wave. Deep-hearted,
ic, terrible as the sea,—the men of Venice moved
y of power and war; pure as her pillars of alabaster,
her mothers and maidens; from foot to brow, all
walked her knights; the low bronzed gleaming
-rusted armour shot angrily under their blood-red
-folds. Fearless, faithful, patient, impenetrable; im-
le,—every word a fate—sate her senate. In hope
onour, lulled by flowing of wave around their isles
red sand, each with his name written and the cross
at his side, lay her dead. A wonderful piece of

Rather, itself a world. It lay along the face of
waters, no larger, as its captains saw it from their
at evening, than a bar of sunset that could not pass
but for its power, it must have seemed to them
they were sailing in the expanse of heaven, and this

setting of stones most precious. And aroud the eye could reach, still the soft moving of s proudly pure ; as not the flower, so neither the thistle, could grow in the glancing field strength of Alps, dreamlike, vanishing in h beyond the Torcellan shore ; blue islands c poised in the golden west. Above, free w clouds ranging at their will ;—brightness out and balm from the south, and the stars of tl morning clear in the limitless light of arch circling sea.

Such was Giorgione's school—such Titian

§ 2. Near the south-west corner of Cow square brick pit or well is formed by a clo houses, to the back windows of which it ad of light. Access to the bottom of it is o Maiden Lane, through a low archway and and if you stand long enough under th accustom your eyes to the darkness you n left hand a narrow door, which formerly gav to a respectable barber's shop, of which the looking into Maiden Lane, is still extant, fill (1860), with a row of bottles, connected, in

short waists; the majesty of men founded similarly on shoebuckles and wigs;—impressive enough when Reynolds will do his best for it; but not suggestive of much ideal delight to a boy.

“Bello ovile dov’io dormii agnello;” of things beautiful, besides men and women, dusty sunbeams up or down the street on summer mornings; deep furrowed cabbage-leaves at the greengrocer’s; magnificence of oranges in wheelbarrows round the corner; and Thames’ shore within three minutes’ race.

§ 4. None of these things very glorious; the best, however, that England, it seems, was then able to provide for a boy of gift: who, such as they are, loves them—never, indeed, forgets them. The short waists modify to the last his visions of Greek ideal. His foregrounds had always a succulent cluster or two of greengrocery at the corners. Enchanted oranges gleam in Covent Gardens of the Hesperides; and great ships go to pieces in order to scatter chests of them on the waves. That mist of early sunbeams in the London dawn crosses, many and many a time, the clearness of Italian air; and by Thames’ shore, with its stranded barges and glidings of red sail, dearer to us than Lucerne lake or Venetian lagoon,—by Thames’ shore we will die.

§ 5. With such circumstance round him in youth, let us note what necessary effects followed upon the boy. I assume him to have had Giorgione’s sensibility (and more than Giorgione’s, if that be possible) to colour and form. I tell you farther, and this fact you may receive trustfully, that his sensibility to human affection and distress was no less keen than even his sense for natural beauty—heart-sight deep as eyesight.

Consequently, he attaches himself with the faithfulest child-love to everything that bears an image of the place he was born in. No matter how ugly it is,—has it anything about it like Maiden Lane, or like Thames’ shore? If so, it shall be painted for their sake. Hence, to the very close of life, Turner could endure ugliness which no one else, of the same sensibility, would have borne with for an instant. Dead brick walls, blank square windows, old

picture to the illustration of effects of dirt, soot, dust, and dusty texture; old sides, roadside vegetation, dung-hills, straw-yards, and stains of every common labour.

And more than this, he not only could enjoy and look for *litter*, like Coventry after the market. His pictures are often side to side; their foregrounds differ from the natural way that things have of lying about. His richest vegetation, in ideal work, is composed of delights in shingle, débris, and heaps of fallen stones which I endeavoured to represent."

§ 7. The second great result of this training was, understanding of and regard for whom the Venetians, we saw, despised; whom Turner loved, and more than loved—under no romantic sight of them, but an infatuation prowled about the end of his lane, watching in the wintry streets; nor sight of the poor, the poor in direct relations with the rich.

city commerce, from endless warehouse, towering over
 lanes, to the back shop in the lane, with its stale
 things—highly interesting these last; one of his father's
 friends, whom he often afterwards visited affection-
 atly at Bristol, being a fishmonger and glue-boiler; which
 gave us a friendly turn of mind towards herring-fishing,
 ling, Calais poissardes, and many other of our choicest
 subjects in after-life; all this being connected with that
 mysterious forest below London Bridge on one side; and,
 on the other, with these masses of human power and
 material wealth which weigh upon us, at Covent Garden
 ; with strange compression, and crush us into narrow
 old Court.

8. "That mysterious forest below London Bridge"—
 dearer for the boy than wood of pine, or grove of myrtle.
 For he must have tormented the watermen, beseeching
 them to let him crouch anywhere in the bows, quiet
 and snug, so only that he might get floated down there
 among the ships, and round and round the ships, and
 under the ships, and by the ships, and under the ships,
 clinging, and clambering;—these the only quite beautiful
 sights he can see in all the world, except the sky; but
 when the sun is on their sails, filling or falling,
 soressfully disordered by sway of tide and stress of anchor-
 beautiful unspeakably; which ships also are inhabited
 by marvellous creatures—red-faced sailors, with pipes, appear-
 ing over the gunwales, true knights, over their castle para-
 —the most angelic beings in the whole compass of
 the human world. And Trafalgar happening long before we
 draw ships, we, nevertheless, coax all current stories
 of the wounded sailors, do our best at present to show
 on's funeral streaming up the Thames; and vow that
 Trafalgar shall have its tribute of memory some day. Which,
 accordingly, is accomplished—once, with all our might, for
 its death; twice, with all our might, for its victory; thrice,
 as a farewell to the old Téméraire, and with it, to
 the old order of things.

9. Now this fond companying with sailors must have
 cost him time, it appears to me, pretty equally between
 Covent Garden and Wapping (allowing for incident



chiefly at Deptford and in the markets, of female tenderness and beauty among ny and the barrow,—another boy might, per what people usually term “vulgar.” But and frame of Turner’s mind being not v as possible a combination of the minds of joining capricious waywardness, and int every fine pleasure of sense, and hot d precedent, with a quite infinite tendernes desire of justice and truth—this kind become vulgar, but very tolerant of vul of it in some forms; and on the outside by it, deeply enough; the curious result, i of elements, being to most people wholly It was as if a cable had been woven of bl and then tarred on the outside. People the tar came off on their hands; red through the black underneath, at the pl been strained. Was it ochre?—said th lead?

§ 10. Schooled thus in manners, litera moral principles at Chelsea and Wappin

taught him "to lay one penny upon another." Of mother's teaching, we hear of none; of parish pastoral teaching, the reader may guess how much.

§ 11. I chose Giorgione rather than Veronese to help me in carrying out this parallel; because I do not find in Giorgione's work any of the early Venetian monarchist element. He seems to me to have belonged more to an abstract contemplative school. I may be wrong in this; it is no matter;—suppose it were so, and that he came down to Venice somewhat recusant or insentient, concerning the usual priestly doctrines of his day, how would the Venetian religion, from an outer intellectual standing-point, have looked to him?

§ 12. He would have seen it to be a religion indisputably powerful in human affairs; often very harmfully so; sometimes devouring widows' houses, and consuming the strongest and fairest from among the young: freezing into merciless bigotry the policy of the old: also, on the other hand, animating national courage, and raising souls, otherwise sordid, into heroism: on the whole, always a real and great power; served with daily sacrifice of gold, time, and thought; putting forth its claims, if hypocritically, at least bold hypocrisy, not waiving any atom of them in doubt or fear; and, assuredly, in large measure, sincere, believing itself, and believed: a goodly system, moreover, in aspect; gorgeous, harmonious, mysterious;—a thing which could either to be obeyed or combated, but could not be turned. A religion towering over all the city—many-towered—luminous in marble stateliness, as the dome of our Lady of Safety shines over the sea; many-voiced, giving, over all the eastern seas, to the sentinel his watchword, to the soldier his war-cry; and, on the lips of those who died for Venice, shaping the whisper of death.

§ 13. I suppose the boy Turner to have regarded the religion of his city also from an external intellectual standing-point.

What did he see in Maiden Lane?

Let not the reader be offended with me: I am willing to let him describe, at his own pleasure, what Turner saw there; but to me, it seems to have been this. A religion

industry, and kindness of heart, and generous faith, of any national kind, shut up for to the next, not artistically beautiful even: cal exhibitions; its paraphernalia being characterized by heavy elocution, and cold grimness of behavior.

What chiaroscuro belongs to it—(dependent on candlelight),—we will, however, draw, on the goodness of escutcheon, nor other results omitted, and the best of their results could be old woman and a child being let into a room: the reading by candlelight will be beneficial.

§ 14. For the rest, this religion seems discreditable—discredited—not believing in its authority in a cowardly way, when it might be tolerated, continually shrinking, fencing, finessing; divided against itself, rent, but by thin fissures, and splittings of the walls. Not to be either obeyed, or despised, ignorant, yet clear-sighted youth! only And scorned not one whit the less, though dedicated to it looms high over distant Thames; as St. Mark's campanile rose,

ach. In consequence of a fit of illness, he was taken—I cannot ascertain in what year—to live with an aunt, Brentford; and here, I believe, received some schooling, which he seems to have snatched vigorously; getting knowledge, at least by translation, of the more picturesque classical authors, which he turned presently to use, as we shall see. Hence also, walks about Putney and Twickenham in the summer time acquainted him with the look of English meadow-ground in its restricted states of paddock and park; and with some round-headed appearances of trees, and stately entrances to houses of mark: the avenue at Bushey, and the iron gates and carved pillars of Hampton, impressing him apparently with great awe and admiration; so that in after-life his little country house is,—of all places in the world,—at Twickenham! Of rivers and reedy shores he now learns the soft motion and the green mystery, in a way not to be forgotten.

§ 16. And at last fortune wills that the lad's true life shall begin; and one summer's evening, after various wonderful stage-coach experiences on the north road, which gave him a love of stage-coaches ever after, he finds himself sitting alone among the Yorkshire hills.¹ For the first time, the silence of Nature round him, her freedom opened to him, her glory opened to him. Peace at last; no roll of cart-wheel, nor mutter of sullen voices in the clock shop; but curlew-cry in space of heaven, and welling bell-toned streamlet by its shadowy rock. Freedom at last. Dead-wall, dark railing, fenced field, gated garden, passed away like the dream of a prisoner; and behold, as foot or eye can race or range, the moor, and cloud, and weliness at last. It is here then, among these deserted places! Not among men. Those pale, poverty-struck, or marred faces;—that multitudinous, marred humanity—are not the only things that God has made. Here is something He has made which no one has marred. Pride of purple rocks, and river pools of blue, and tender wilderness

¹ I do not mean that this is his first acquaintance with the country; the first impressive and touching one, after his mind was formed. The earliest sketches I found in the National collection are at Clifton, Bristol; the next, at Oxford.

ruffled a little, fitfully, by the evening
from the meadow thyme.

§ 18. Consider deeply the import to
first sight of ruin, and compare it with
architecture that was around Giorgione.
aged buildings, at Venice, in his time, b
All ruin was removed, and its place fille
our London; but filled always by archi
more wonderful than that whose place
himself happy to work upon the walls
idea of the passing away of the strength
of their works never could occur to him
and brighter the cities of Italy had
broadening on hill and plain, for thre
He saw only strength and immortality, c
both; conceived the form of man as de
power, and fiery with life.

§ 19. Turner saw the exact reverse
present work of men, meanness, aimless
thin-walled, lath-divided, narrow-garrete
booths of a darksome Vanity Fair, busily
But on Whitby Hill, and by Bolton

orthy or ephemeral; their work, despicable, or del. In the Venetian's eyes, all beauty depended on s presence and pride; in Turner's, on the solitude ad left, and the humiliation he had suffered.

20. And thus the fate and issue of all his work were mined at once. He must be a painter of the strength ature, there was no beauty elsewhere than in that; must paint also the labour and sorrow and passing of men: this was the great human truth visible to

their labour, their sorrow, and their death. Mark the . Labour; by sea and land, in field and city, at and furnace, helm and plough. No pastoral inice nor classic pride shall stand between him and rourbling of the world; still less between him and toil of his country,—blind, tormented, unwearied, ellous England.

21. Also their Sorrow; Ruin of all their glorious work, ng away of their thoughts and their honour, mirage leasure, FALLACY OF HOPE; gathering of weed on le step; gaining of wave on deserted strand; weep- of the mother for the children, desolate by her breath-first-born in the streets of the city,¹ desolate by her sons slain, among the beasts of the field.²

22. And their Death. That old Greek question 1;—yet unanswered. The unconquerable spectre still ng among the forest trees at twilight; rising ribbed of the sea-sand;—white, a strange Aphrodite,—out of sea-foam; stretching its gray, cloven wings among clouds; turning the light of their sunsets into blood. has to be looked upon, and in a more terrible shape ever Salvator or Dürer saw it. The wreck of one y country does not infer the ruin of all countries, and . not cause general terror respecting the laws of the erse. Neither did the orderly and narrow succession omestic joy and sorrow in a small German community g the question in its breadth, or in any unresolvable e, before the mind of Dürer. But the English death

¹ "The Tenth Plague of Egypt."

² "Rizpah, the Daughter of Aiah."

—the European death of the nineteenth century—was another range and power; more terrible a thousand times in its merely physical grasp and grief; more terrible incalculably, in its mystery and shame. What were the robber's casual pang, or the range of the flying skin compared to the work of the axe, and the sword, and the famine, which was done during this man's youth on the hills and plains of the Christian earth, from Moscow to Gibraltar? He was eighteen years old when Napoleon fell down on Arcola. Look on the map of Europe and see the blood-stains on it, between Arcola and Waterloo.

§ 23. Not alone those blood-stains on the Alpine snows and the blue of the Lombard plain. The Englishman was before his eyes also. No decent, calculable, comfortable dying; no passing to rest like that of the aged burgher of Nuremberg town. No gentle processions to churchyards among the fields, the bronze crests bossed the memorial tablets, and the skylark singing above from among the corn. But the life trampled out in the slime of the street, crushed to dust amidst the roaring of the wheel, tossed countless away into howling winds along five hundred leagues of rock-fanged seas. Or, worst of all, rotted down to forgotten graves the years of ignorant patience, and vain seeking for comfort from man, for hope in God—infirm, imperfect years as of motherless infants starving at the dawn; oppressed royalties of captive thought, vague ague-fits of amazed despair.

§ 24. A goodly landscape this, for the lad to paint under a goodly light. Wide enough the light was clear; no more Salvator's lurid chasm on jagged horizon nor Dürer's spotted rest of sunny gleam on hedgerow field; but light over all the world. Full shone now its globe, one pallid charnel-house,—a ball strewn bright with human ashes, glaring in poised sway beneath the sun blinding-white with death from pole to pole,—death of myriads of poor bodies only, but of will, and of mind and conscience; death, not once inflicted on the flesh, but fastening on the spirit; death, not silent or

the taunting word, and burning grasp, and infixed

3. Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe." The word spoken in our ears continually to other reapers than the *els*,—to the busy skeletons that never tire for stooping. When the measure of iniquity is full, and it seems that *her* day might bring repentance and redemption,—it ye in the sickle." When the young life has been *ed* all away, and the eyes are just opening upon the *ks* of ruin, and faint resolution rising in the heart for *ler* things,—“Put ye in the sickle.” When the roughest *rs* of fortune have been borne long and bravely, and *hand* is just stretched to grasp its goal,—“Put ye in the *le*.” And when there are but a few in the midst of a *on*, to save it, or to teach, or to cherish; and all its life *ound* up in those few golden ears,—“Put ye in the *le*, pale reapers, and pour hemlock for your feast of *rest* home.”

This was the sight which opened on the young eyes, this watchword sounding within the heart of Turner in his *th*.

So taught, and prepared for his life's labour, sate the boy *last* alone among his fair English hills; and began to *at*, with cautious toil, the rocks, and fields, and trickling *oks*, and soft white clouds of heaven.

CHAPTER X

THE NEREID'S GUARD

§ 1. THE work of Turner, in its first period, is said in my account of his drawings at the National Gallery to be distinguished by "boldness of handling, generally gloomy tendency of mind, subdued colour, and perpetual reference to precedent in composition." I must refer the reader to those two catalogues¹ for a more special account of his early modes of technical study. Here we are concerned only with the expression of that gloomy tendency of mind whose causes we are now better able to understand.

§ 2. It was prevented from overpowering him by his labour. This, continual, and as tranquil in its course as a ploughman's in the field, by demanding an admirable humility and patience, averted the tragic passion of youth. Full of stern sorrow and fixed purpose, the boy set himself to his labour silently and meekly, like a workman's child on its first day at the cotton-mill. Without haste, but without relaxation,—accepting all modes and means of progress, however painful or humiliating, he took the burden on his shoulder and began his march. There was nothing so little, but he noticed it; nothing so great, but he began preparations to cope with it. For some time his work is, apparently, feelingless, so patient and mechanical are the first essays. It gains gradually in power and grasp; there is no perceptible *aim* at freedom, or at fineness, but the force insensibly becomes swifter, and the touch finer. The colour is always dark or subdued.

¹ *Notes on the Turner Collection at Marlborough House. 1857. Catalogue of the Sketches of J. M. W. Turner exhibited at Marlborough*



J. M. W. Turner

78 Quivi Trovanno

J. Runkin



Of the first forty subjects which he exhibited at the Academy, thirty-one are architectural, and of these, twenty-one are of elaborate Gothic architecture (Peterburgh Cathedral, Lincoln Cathedral, Malmesbury Abbey, Tintern Abbey, etc.). I look upon the discipline given to and by these formal drawings as of the highest importance.

His mind was also gradually led by them into a more pensiveness.¹ Education amidst country possessing architectural remains of some noble kind, I believe to be very essential to the progress of a landscape artist. The verses he ever attached to a picture were in 1798. They are from *Paradise Lost*, and refer to a picture of Conistone Fells:—

“Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paints your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise.”

Glancing over the verses, which in following years² he has from Milton, Thomson, and Mallet, it may be seen at how his mind was set, so far as natural scenes were concerned, on rendering atmospheric effect;—and so far as emotion was to be expressed, how consistently it was melancholy. The first paints, first of heroic or meditative subjects, the Plague of Egypt; next, the Tenth Plague of Egypt. The first tribute to the Memory of Nelson is the “Battle of the Nile,” 1799. I presume an unimportant picture, the power was not then availably developed. His first actual subject is Narcissus and Echo, in 1805:—

“So melts the youth, and languishes away,
His beauty withers, and his limbs decay.”

The regret I expressed in the third volume at Turner's not having been educated under the influence of Gothic art was, therefore, misapprehended; I had not then had access to his earliest studies. He was educated under the influence of Gothic architecture; but, in more advanced life, his mind was warped and weakened by classical architecture. Why he left the one for the other, or how far good influences mingled with evil in the result of the change, I have not yet been able to determine.

They may be referred to with ease in Boone's Catalogue of Turner's Works, 1857.



to natural phenomena, and the second to the natural meaning of it I believe to have been 1

The Garden of the Hesperides was supposed to be the westernmost part of the Cyrenaica ; it was an expression for the beauty and luxuriant vegetation of the coast of Africa in that district. The centre of the district "is occupied by a moderately elevated table-land, the edge runs parallel to the coast, to which it is succeeded by a succession of terraces, clothed with verdure, mountain-streams running through ravines ; the soil is the richest vegetation ; well watered by frequent rains, and to the cool sea-breeze from the north, and sheltered from the mass of the mountain from the sands and hot winds of the Sahara." 1

The Greek colony of Cyrene itself was four miles from the sea-shore, "in a spot backed by the mountains on the south, and thus sheltered from the hot winds of the desert ; while at the height of about 1,800 feet an inexhaustible spring bursts forth amidst luxuriant vegetation and pours its waters down to the Mediterranean through the most beautiful ravine."

The nymphs of the west, or Hesperides, I believe, as natural types, the representative

tradition in the Greek mind or not, there can be no doubt of its being Turner's first interpretation of it. The place at the picture may determine this: a clear fountain being made the principal object in the foreground, a bright and strong torrent in the distance,—while the Titan, wrapped in flame and whirlwind, watches from the top of the cliff.

But, both in the Greek mind and in Turner's, this usual meaning of the legend was a completely subordinate one. The moral significance of it lay far deeper. In the second, but principal sense, the Hesperides were the daughters of Atlas, nor connected with the winds of the west, but with its splendour. They are properly the nymphs of the sunset, and are the daughters of night, with many brothers and sisters, of whom I shall take no further account.

"And the Night begat Doom, and short-withering and Death.

And begat Sleep, and the company of Dreams, and Pain, and Sorrow.

And the Hesperides, who keep the golden fruit beyond the Ithy Sea.

And the Destinies, and the Spirits of merciless punish-

ment and Jealousy, and Deceit, and Wanton Love; and Old Time that fades away; and Strife, whose will endures."

We have not, I think, hitherto quite understood the meaning of the feeling about those nymphs and their golden apples, but as a light in the midst of a cloud;—between Pain and Sorrow,—and the Destinies. We must look to the precise meaning of Hesiod's words, in order to get the full meaning of the passage.

"The night begat Doom;" that is to say, the doom of an unseen accident—doom essentially of darkness.

"And short-withering Fate." Ill translated. I cannot do better. It means especially the sudden fate which is an untimely end to all purpose, and cuts off youth and promise: called, therefore (the epithet hardly ever leaving it) *Black Fate*."

"And Death." This is the universal, inevitable death

opposed to the interfering, untimely death. These are named as the elder children. Hesiod pause repeats the word "begat" before going on to number others.

"And begat Sleep, and the Company of Dreams."

"And *Censure*." "Momus," the Spirit of Blame, spirit which desires to blame rather than to praise;—base, unhelpful, unholy judgment;—ignorant and child of the Night.

"And Sorrow." Accurately, sorrow of mourning sorrow of the night when no man can work: of that that falls when what was the light of the eyes is taken from us; lamenting, sightless sorrow, without hope,—child of the Night.

"And the Hesperides." We will come back to these.

"And the Destinies, and the Spirits of Merciless Judgment." These are the great Fates which have ruled the conduct; the first fate spoken of (short-withering) which has rule over occurrence. These great Fates are Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos. Their three powers are Clotho's over the clue, the thread, or connecting—**that is, the conduct of life; Lachesis' over the lot** is to say, the chance which warps, entangles, or **the course of life. Atropos, inflexible, cuts the thread** ever.

"And Jealousy," especially the jealousy of Fortune, balancing all good by evil. The Greeks had a dread of this form of fate.

"And Deceit, and sensual Love. And Old Age, fades, and Strife that endures;" that is to say, old age, which, growing not in wisdom, is marked only by its power—by the gradual gaining of darkness on the face and helplessness on the frame. Such age is the force of true death—the child of Night. "And Strife," the fiercest, and the mightiest, the nearest to man of the Night-child—**blind leader of the blind.**

§ 8. Understanding thus whose sisters they are, we consider of the Hesperides themselves—spoke of **only as the "Singing Nymphs."** They are the

their names are, *Æglé*,—Brightness; *Erytheia*,—Blush-Hestia,—the (spirit of the) Hearth; *Arethusa*,—the sterling.

English reader! hast thou ever heard of these fair rue daughters of Sunset, beyond the mighty sea?

And was it not well to trust to such keepers the guard of the golden fruit which the earth gave to Juno at her age? Not fruit only: fruit on the tree, given by the great mother, to Juno (female power), at her age with Jupiter, or *ruling* manly power (distinguished by the tried and *agonising* strength of Hercules). I Juno, briefly, female power. She is, especially, the goddess presiding over marriage, regarding the woman as mistress of a household. Vesta (the goddess of the hearth), with Ceres, and Venus, are variously dominant in marriage, as the fulfilment of love; but Juno is presently the housewives' goddess. She therefore represents in her character, whatever good or evil may result from female ambition, or desire of power: and, as to a wife, the earth presents its golden fruit to her, which gives to two kinds of guardians. The wealth of the earth as the source of household peace and plenty, is guarded by the singing nymphs—the Hesperides. But, as source of household sorrow and desolation, it is watched by the Dragon.

You must, therefore, see who the Dragon was, and what of dragon.

The reader will, perhaps, remember that we traced in an earlier chapter, the birth of the Gorgons, through Phryx and Ceto, from Nereus. The youngest child of Phryx and Ceto is the Dragon of the Hesperides; but her latest descent is not, as in Northern traditions, a sign of unfortunateness: on the contrary, the children of Nereus grow gradually more and more terror and power, as they

their name is also that of the Hesperid nymph; but I give the *Latin* her Greek form of name, to distinguish her from the goddess. The Hesperid *Arethusa* has the same subordinate relation to Ceres; *Erytheia*, to Venus. *Æglé* signifies especially the spirit of brightness and cheerfulness; including even the subordinate idea of household or cleanliness.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

knows all just and gentle counsel."

§ 10. Now the children of Nereus, like themselves, bear a twofold typical character, the other moral. In his physical symbol self is the calm and gentle sea, from which, in case of increase of terror, the clouds and stormy character, Nereus is the type of the calm, untempered human mind, from which, in case of spring the troubling passions.

Keeping this double meaning in view, the line of descent to the Hesperides' Dragon Earth, begets (1) Thaumas (the wonder father of the Rainbow; morally, the temptations and dangers of imagination. His attendants the Rainbow, are the Harpies. (2) physically, the treachery or devouring; morally, covetousness or malignity of heart; locally, the deep places of the sea; morally, the heart, called "fair-cheeked," because of its aspect. (4) Eurybia (wide strength), physically, especially the tidal power of the sea (sons of Heaven, becomes the mother of one of whom, Astraea, and the Dawn.

But, in its moral significance, the descent is this. Covetousness, or malignity (Phorcys), and Secretness (Ceto), beget, first, the darkening passions, whose hair is always gray; then the stormy and merciless passions, brazen-winged (the Gorgons), of whom the dominant, Medusa, is ice-cold, turning all who look on her to stone. And, lastly, the consuming (poisonous and volcanic) passions—the “flame-backed dragon,” uniting the powers of poison, and instant destruction. Now the reader may have heard, perhaps, in other books of Genesis than Hesiod’s, of a dragon being busy about a tree which bore apples, and of crushing the head of that dragon; but seeing how, in the Greek mind, this serpent was descended from the sea, he may, perhaps, be surprised to remember another verse, bearing also on the matter:—“Thou brakest the heads of the dragons in the waters;” and yet more surprised, going on with the Septuagint version, to find where he is being led: “Thou brakest the head of the dragon, and gavest him to be meat to the Ethiopian people. Thou didst tear asunder the strong mountains and the storm-torrents; thou didst dry up the rivers of Etham,” *πηγάς καὶ χειμάρρους*, the Pegasus fountains—“Etham on the edge of the wilderness.”

§ 12. Returning then to Hesiod, we find he tells us of the Dragon himself:—“He, in the secret places of the desert land, kept the all-golden apples in his great knots” (coils of rope, or extremities of anything). With which compare Euripides’ report of him:—“And Hercules came to the Hesperian dome, to the singing maidens, plucking the apple-fruit from the golden petals; slaying the flame-backed dragon, who, twined round and round, kept guard in unapproachable spires” (spirals or whirls, as of a whirlwind-vortex).

Farther, we hear from other scattered syllables of tradition, that this dragon was sleepless, and that he was able to take various tones of human voice.

And we find a later tradition than Hesiod’s calling him child of Typhon and Echidna. Now Typhon is volcanic storm, generally the evil spirit of tumult.

Echidna (the adder) is a descendant of Medusa. She is daughter of Chrysaor (the lightning), by Callirhoë (the fair)

flowing), a daughter of Ocean;—that is to say, she the intense fatality of the lightning with perfect gentleness. In form she is half-maiden, half-serpent; therefore the spirit of all the fatallest evil, veiled in gentleness: one word, treachery;—having dominion over many things;—and chiefly over a kiss, given, indeed, in a garden than that of the Hesperides, yet in relation to the ing of treasure also.

§ 13. Having got this farther clue, let us look whom Dante makes the typical Spirit of Treachery. The eighth or lowest pit of hell is given to its keeping; the edge of which pit, Virgil casts a *rope* down for a servant; instantly there rises, as from the sea, “as one returning hath been down to loose some anchor,” “the fell monster with the deadly sting, who passes mountains, breaks through fenced walls, and firm embattled spears; and with his taints all the world.”

Think for an instant of another place:—“Sharp pains are under him, he laugheth at the shaking of a sea. We must yet keep to Dante, however. Echidna, remember, is half-maiden, half-serpent;—hear what Dante's *Fr* like:—

“Forthwith that image vile of Fraud appear'd,
His head and upper part exposed on land,
But laid not on the shore his bestial train.
His face the semblance of a just man's wore,
So kind and gracious was its outward cheer;
The rest was serpent all: two shaggy claws
Reach'd to the armpits; and the back and breast,
And either side, were painted o'er with nodes
And orbits. Colours variegated more
Nor Turks nor Tartars e'er on cloth of state
With interchangeable embroidery wove,
Nor spread Arachne o'er her curious loom.
As oft-times a light skiff moor'd to the shore,
Stands part in water, part upon the land;
Or, as where dwells the greedy German boor,
The beaver settles, watching for his prey;
So on the rim, that fenced the sand with rock,
Sat perch'd the fiend of evil. In the void
Glancing, his tail upturn'd, its venomous fork
With sting like scorpion's arm'd.”

§ 14. You observe throughout this description the meaning on the character of the *Sea Dragon*; a little farther on, his way of flying is told us:—

“As a small vessel, backing out from land,
Her station quits; so thence the monster loos'd,
And, when he felt himself at large, turn'd round
There, where the breast had been, his forked tail.
Thus, like an eel, outstretch'd, at length he steer'd,
Gathering the air up with retractile claws.”

And, lastly, his name is told us: Geryon. Whereupon, looking back to Hesiod, we find that Geryon is Echidna's mother. Man-serpent, therefore, in Dante, as Echidna is a man-serpent.

We find next that Geryon lived in the island of Erytheia (blushing), only another kind of blushing than that of the Hesperid Erytheia. But it is on, also, a western island, and Geryon kept red oxen in it (said to be near the red setting sun); and Hercules kills him, as he does the Hesperian dragon: but in order to be able to reach him, a golden boat is given to Hercules by the Sun, to cross the sea in.

§ 15. We will return to this part of the legend presently, having enough of it now collected to get at the complete character of the Hesperian dragon, who is, in fine, the “*Pluto gran nemico*” of Dante; the demon of all evil passions connected with covetousness; that is to say, essentially of avarice, rage, and gloom. Regarded as the demon of Fraud, he is said to be descended from the viper Echidna, full of deadly cunning, in whirl on whirl; as the demon of consuming Rage from Phorcys; as the demon of Gloom, from Styx;—in his watching and melancholy, he is sleepless (compare the Micylus dialogue of Lucian); breathing whirlwind and fire, he is the destroyer, descended from Typhon as well as Phorcys; having, moreover, with all these, the irresistible strength of his ancestral sea.

§ 16. Now, look at him, as Turner has drawn him (328.) I cannot reduce the creature to this scale without losing half his power; his length, especially, seems to diminish more than it should in proportion to his bulk. In the picture he is far in the distance, cresting the
VOL. V.



enough: and among all the wonderful
did in his day, I think this nearly the
How far he had really found out for him-
bearings of the Hesperid tradition I know
had got the main clue of it, and knew
was, there can be no doubt; the strange
conception of it throughout, down to the
fits every one of the circumstances of the
There is, first, the Dragon's descent from
Typhon, indicated in the serpent-cloud
head (compare my sketch of the Medusa's
then note the grovelling and ponderous
serpent, of which we do not see the en-
weight of it forward by his claws, not
himself from the ground ("Mammon,
spirit that fell"); then the grip of the clouds
if they would clutch (rather than tear) the
pieces; but chiefly, the designing of the
one of the essential characters of the creature
from Medusa, is its coldness and petrifying
the demon of covetousness, must exist
breathing fire, he is yet himself of ice

but they have the form, but not the fragility of the ice; they are at once ice and iron. "His bones are like solid pieces of brass; his bones are like bars of iron; by their meetings a light doth shine."

§ 18. The strange unity of vertebrated action, and of a bony contour, infinitely varied in every vertebra, with its glacial outline;—together with the adoption of the head of the Ganges crocodile, the fish-eater, to show his descent (and this in the year 1806, when hardly a single fossil saurian skeleton existed within Turner's reach), renders the whole conception one of the most curious creations of the imaginative intellect with which I am acquainted in the arts.

§ 19. Thus far then, of the dragon; next, we have to examine the conception of the Goddess of Discord. We must return, for a moment, to the tradition about Geryon. I cannot yet decipher the meaning of his oxen, said to be kept together with those of Hades; nor of the journey of Hercules, in which, after slaying Geryon, he returns through Europe like a border forager, driving these herds, and led to farther battle in protection or recovery of them. But it seems to me the main drift of the legend cannot be mistaken; viz., that Geryon is the evil spirit of wealth, arising from commerce; hence, placed as a guardian of isles in the most distant sea, and reached in a golden boat; while the Hesperian dragon is the evil spirit of wealth, possessed in households; and associated, therefore, with the true household guardians, or singing nymphs. Hercules (manly labour), slaying both Geryon and Ladon, presents oxen and apples to Juno, who is their proper mistress; but the Goddess of Discord, contriving that one portion of this household wealth shall be ill bestowed by him, he, according to Coleridge's interpretation, choosing measure instead of wisdom or power;—there issue from his evil choice the catastrophe of the Trojan war, and the wanderings of Ulysses, which are essentially, both in the Iliad and Odyssey, the troubling of household peace; terminating with the restoration of this peace by repentance and patience; Helen and Penelope seen at last sitting in their household thrones, in the Hesperian light of age.



in mind or in words ;—the final work of Eris
“division,” and she is herself always
shouts two ways at once (in *Iliad*, xi. 6
mantle rent in half (*Æneid*, viii. 702). H
loud-voiced, and insatiably covetous. This
with him, the source of her usual title. S
she first is seen, then rises till her head
By Virgil she is called mad ; and her hair
bound with bloody garlands.

§ 21. This is the conception first adopted
but combined with another which he found
only note that there is some confusion in
English poets between Eris (Discord) and
who is a daughter of Discord, according to
is properly—mischievous error, tender-foot
not walk on the earth, but on heads of
92) ; *i.e.*, not on the solid ground, but
thoughts ; therefore, her hair is glittering
I think she is mainly the confusion of
pride, as Eris comes of covetousness ; then
makes her a daughter of Jove. Spenser,
of Atë, describes Eris. I referred to his

And as her cares, so eke her feet were odde,
 And much unlike ; th' one long, the other short,
 And both misplast ; that, when th' one forward yode,
 The other backe retired and contrarie trode.

' Likewise unequall were her handes twaine ;
 That one did reach, the other pusht away ;
 That one did make, the other mard againe,
 And sought to bring all things unto decay ;
 Whereby great riches, gathered manie a day,
 She in short space did often bring to nought,
 And their possessours often did dismay :
 For all her studie was, and all her thought,
 How she might overthrow the things that Concord wrought.

" So much her malice did her might surpas,
 That even th' Almighty selfe she did maligne,
 Because to man so merciful He was,
 And unto all His creatures so benigne,
 Sith she herself was of His grace indigne :
 For all this worlds faire workmanship she tride
 Unto his last confusion to bring,
 And that great golden chaine quite to divide,
 With which it blessed Concord hath together tide."

these circumstances of decrepitude and distortion
 er has followed, through hand and limb, with patient
 he has added one final touch of his own. The nymph
 brings the apples to the goddess, offers her one in
 hand ; and Eris, of the divided mind, cannot choose.

2. One farther circumstance must be noted, in order
 mplete our understanding of the picture,—the gloom
 ding, not to the dragon only, but also to the fountain
 the tree of golden fruit. The reason of this gloom
 be found in two other passages of the authors from
 1 Turner had taken his conception of Eris—Virgil
 Spenser. For though the Hesperides in their own
 ater, as the nymphs of domestic joy, are entirely
 t (and the garden always bright around them), yet
 or remembered in sorrow, or in the presence of dis-
 they deepen distress. Their entirely happy character
 en by Euripides :—"The fruit-planted shore of
 rides,—songstresses,—where the ruler of the po

boughs of the trees; sprinkling about them
poppy; who also has power over ghosts; “
shakes and the forests stoop from the hills at

§ 23. This passage Turner must have known
his continual interest in Carthage: but his
the splendour of the old Greek garden was
chiefly by Spenser's describing the Hesper
growing first in the garden of Mammon:—

“There mournfull cypresse grew in greates
And trees of bitter gall; and heben sad
Dead sleeping poppy; and black hellet
Cold coloquintida; and tetra mad;
Mortal samnitis; and cicuta bad,
With which th' unjust Atheniens made:
Wise Socrates, who, thereof quaffing gl
Poured out his life and last philosophy.

* * * *

“The garden of Proserpina this hight:
And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
With a thick arbor goodly over-dight,
In which she often used from open heat
Herself to shroud, and pleasures to ent
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With branches broad dispredd and boc

There are two collateral evidences in the pictures of Turner's mind having been partly influenced by this assage. The excessive darkness of the stream,—though one of the Cyrene fountains—to remind us of Cocytus; and the breaking of the bough of the tree by the weight of its apples—not healthily, but as a diseased tree would break.

§ 24. Such then is our English painter's first great religious picture; and exponent of our English faith. A sad-coloured work, not executed in Angelico's white and gold; nor in Perugino's crimson and azure; but in a sulphurous hue, as relating to a paradise of smoke. That power, it appears, on the hill-top, is our British Madonna: whom, reverently, the English devotional painter must paint, thus enthroned, with nimbus about the gracious head. Our Madonna,—or our Jupiter on Olympus,—or, perhaps, more accurately still, our unknown god, sea-born, with the cliffs, not of Cyrene, but of England, for his altar; and no chance of any Mars' Hill proclamation concerning him, "whom therefore ye ignorantly worship."

§ 25. This is no irony. The fact is verily so. The greatest man of our England, in the first half of the nineteenth century, in the strength and hope of his youth, perceives this to be the thing he has to tell us of utmost moment, connected with the spiritual world. In each city and country of past time, the master-minds had to declare the chief worship which lay at the nation's heart; to define it; adorn it; show the range and authority of it. Thus in Athens, we have the triumph of Pallas; and in Venice the Assumption of the Virgin; here, in England, is our great spiritual fact for ever interpreted to us—the Assumption of the Dragon. No St. George any more to be heard of; no more dragon-slaying possible: this child, born on St. George's Day, can only make manifest the dragon, not slay him, sea-serpent as he is; whom the English Andromeda, not fearing, takes for her lord. The fairy English Queen once thought to command the waves, but it is the sea-dragon now who commands her valleys; of old the Angel of the Sea ministered to them, but now the Serpent of the Sea; where once flowed their clear springs now spreads the black Cocytus

pool; and the fair blooming of the Hesperid meadows fa
into ashes beneath the Nereid's Guard.

Yes, Albert of Nuremberg; the time has at last co
Another nation has arisen in the strength of its Black an
and another hand has portrayed the spirit of its
Crowned with fire, and with the wings of the bat.





W. Rich

79. The Hospitable Night

W. Rich

CHAPTER XI

THE HESPERID ÆGLÉ

I. FIVE years after the Hesperides were painted, another great mythological subject appeared by Turner's hand. Another dragon—this time not triumphant, but in death—slaying, the Python slain by Apollo.

Not in a garden, this slaying, but in a hollow, among the oldest rocks, beside a stagnant pool. Yet, instead of the sombre colouring of the Hesperid hills, strange gleams of blue and gold flit around the mountain peaks, and colour the clouds above them.

The picture is at once the type, and the first expression of a great change which was passing in Turner's mind. A change, which was not clearly manifested in all its results till much later in his life; but in the colouring of this picture are the first signs of it; and in the subject of this picture, its symbol.

§ 2. Had Turner died early, the reputation he would have left, though great and enduring, would have been strangely different from that which ultimately must now attach to his name. He would have been remembered as one of the severest of painters; his iron touch and austere forms would have been continually opposed to the delicacy of Claude and richness of Titian; he would have been spoken of, popularly, as a man who had no eye for colour. Perhaps here and there a watchful critic might have shown this popular idea to be false; but no conception could have been formed by any one of the man's real position or capacity.

It was only after the year 1820 that these were discernible, and his peculiar work discerned.

LIBRARY

MICHIGAN

UNIVERSITY OF

Claude and Cuyp had painted the alone, the sun *colour*.

Observe this accurately. Those easily of afternoon light, gracious and sweet so are produced by the softly warm or yellow falling through mist. They are low in tone and disguise the colours of objects. Even by persons who have little or no guess, the tones of the picture are kept low and the reflected lights warm. But the picture painted by great colourists. The fact of being effaced by yellow and gray, puts it out of the notice or thought of a colourist. Some special interest in the motive of it. We will ask a musician to compose with only one note. We will ask Titian to paint without crimson and blue. The colourists in general, feeling that no picture of yellow sunshine was imitable, refused to paint at twilight, when the colour was full. The imperfect colourists,—from Cuyp, Claude to the present,—get the deceptive effect of sunshine; never from Rubens, Reynolds, or Velasquez.

le must paint the sun in his strength, the sun rising *not* through vapour. If you glance at that Apollo slaying the Python, you will see there is rose colour and blue on the clouds, as well as gold; and if then you turn to the Apollo the Ulysses and Polyphemos—his horses are rising beyond the horizon,—you see he is not “rising through vapour,” but above it;—gaining somewhat of a victory over vapour, it appears.

The old Dutch brewer, with his yellow mist, was a great man and a good guide, but he was not Apollo. He and his dray-horses led the way through the flats, cheerily, for a little time; we have other horses now flaming out beyond the mighty sea.”

A victory over vapour of many kinds; Python-slaying in general. Look how the Python’s jaws smoke as he coils back between the rocks:—a vaporous serpent! We will see who he was presently.

The public remonstrated loudly in the cause of Python: He had been so yellow, quiet, and pleasant a creature; that meant these azure-shafted arrows, this sudden glare to darkness, this Iris message;—Thaumantian;—miracle-working; scattering our slumber down in Cocytus?” It meant much, but that was not what they should have first asked about it. They should have asked simply was it true message? Were these Thaumantian things so in the real universe?

It might have been known easily they were. One fair dawn or sunset, obediently beheld, would have set them right; and shown that Turner was indeed the only true painter concerning such things that ever yet had appeared in the world. They would neither look nor hear;—only shouted continuously, “Perish Apollo. Bring us back Python.”

§ 5. We must understand the real meaning of this cry, for herein rests not merely the question of the great right or wrong in Turner’s life, but the question of the right or wrong of all painting. Nay, on this issue hangs the nobleness of painting as an art altogether, for it is distinctly an art of colouring, not of shaping or relating. Sculptors and poets can do these, the painter’s own work is colouring; thus, then, for the last time, rises the question

s the true dignity of colour? We left that doubt a little while ago among the clouds, wondering what they had been made so scarlet for. Now Turner brings the doubt back to us, unescapable any more. No man, hitherto, had painted the clouds scarlet. Hesperid Æglé, and Erytheia, throned there in the west, fade into the twilights of four thousand years, unconfessed. Here is at last one who confesses them, but is it well? Men say these Hesperides are sensual goddesses,—traitresses,—that the Graiæ are the only true ones. Nature made the western and the eastern clouds splendid in fallacy. Crimson is impure and vile; let us paint in black if we would be virtuous.

§ 6. Note, with respect to this matter, that the peculiar innovation of Turner was the perfection of the colour chord by means of *scarlet*. Other painters had rendered the golden tones, and the blue tones, of sky; Titian especially the last, in perfectness. But none had dared to paint, none seem to have seen, the scarlet and purple.

Nor was it only in seeing this colour in vividness when it occurred in full light, that Turner differed from preceding painters. His most distinctive innovation as a colourist was his discovery of the scarlet *shadow*. "True, there is a sunshine whose light is golden, and its shadow gray; but there is another sunshine, and that the purest, whose light is white, and its shadow scarlet." This was the essentially offensive, inconceivable thing, which he could not be believed in. There was some ground for the incredulity, because no colour is vivid enough to express the pitch of light of pure white sunshine, so that the colour given without the true intensity of light *looks* false. Nevertheless, Turner could not but report of the colour truly. "I must indeed be lower in the key, but that is no reason why I should be false in the note. Here is sunshine which glows even when subdued; it has not cool shade, but fiery shade."¹ This is the glory of sunshine.

¹ Not, accurately speaking, shadow, but dark side. All shadow proper is negative in colour, but, generally, reflected light is warmer than direct light; and when the direct light is warm, pure, and of the highest intensity, its reflection is scarlet. Turner habitually, in later sketches, used vermilion for his pen outline in effects of sun

7. Now, this scarlet colour,—or pure red, intensified expression of light,—is, of all the three primitive colours, which is most distinctive. Yellow is of the nature of ple light; blue connected with simple shade; but red is entirely abstract colour. It is red to which the colour-d are blind, as if to show us that it was not necessary ely for the service or comfort of man, but that there a special gift or teaching in this colour. Observe, er, that it is this colour which the sunbeams take in ing through the *earth's atmosphere*. The rose of dawn sunset is the hue of the rays passing close over the 1. It is also concentrated in the blood of man.

8. Unforeseen requirements have compelled me to erse through various works, undertaken between the and last portions of this essay, the examination of y points respecting colour, which I had intended to ve for this place. I can now only refer the reader hese several passages,¹ and sum their import; which

The following collected system of the various statements made cting colour in different parts of my works may be useful to the nt :—

Abstract colour is of far less importance than abstract form (I. Chap. v.); that is to say, if it could rest in our choice whether ould carve like Phidias (supposing Phidias had never used colour), range the colours of a shawl like Indians, there is no question as uch power we ought to choose. The difference of rank is vast : is no way of estimating or measuring it.

, again, if it rest in our choice whether it will be great in invention m, to be expressed only by light and shade, as Dürer, or great in tion and application of colour, caring only for ungainly form, as mo, there is still no question. Try to be Dürer, of the two. So , if we have to give an account or description of anything—if it object of high interest—its form will be always what we should tell. Neither leopard spots nor partridge's signify primarily in ibing either beast or bird. But teeth and feathers do.

Secondly. Though colour is of less importance than form, if you lude it at all, it must be right.

ople often speak of the Roman school as if it were greater than 'enetian, because its colour is "subordinate."

colour is not subordinate. It is BAD.

you paint coloured objects, you must either paint them right ngly. There is no other choice. You may introduce as as you choose—a mere tint of rose in a chalk drawing

LIBRARY

MICHIGAN

UNIVERSITY OF

the greater for that. Had Leonardo and Raphael col their work would have been greater, not less, than

3. To colour perfectly is the rarest and most power an artist can possess. There have been colourists among the true painters whose works gione, Titian, Veronese, Tintoret, Correggio, Rey but the names of great designers, including scul metal-workers, are multitudinous. Also, if you you are sure to be able to do everything else if you yet was colourist who could not draw ; but facult may exist alone. I believe, however, it will be f the *perfect* gifts of colour and form always go tog is nobler than Dürer's, and more subtle ; nor ha that Phidias could have painted as nobly as he ca powers are not supreme, the wisest men usually ne and develop that of form.

I have not thought it worth while at presen examination of the construction of Turner's colour public is at present so unconscious of the meaning that they would not know what I was talking of. crous folly of the system of modern water-colour is assumed that every hue in the drawing may b into every other, must prevent, as long as it in mind, even incipient inquiry respecting colour-a any solitary and painstaking student, it may be colour is founded more on Correggio and Bassano



Ruskin, after Turner

80. Rocks at Rest

J. C. Armytage





U. S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

81. Rocks in Unrest

Photomicrograph, after Turner



ctifying element of visible beauty, inseparably connected with purity and life.

ure, or intricacy) it stands unrivalled—no still-life painting by any other master can stand for an instant beside Turner's, when his work is life-size, as in his numerous studies of birds and their plumage. This "morbidezza" of colour is associated, precisely as it was in Correggio, with an exquisite sensibility to fineness and intricacy of curvature: curvature, as already noticed in the second volume, being to lines what radiation is to colours. This subject, also, is too difficult and too little regarded by the public to be entered upon here, but it must be observed that this quality of Turner's design, the one which of all is best expressible by engraving, has of all been least expressed, owing to the constant reduction or change of proportion in the plates. Publishers, of course, require generally their plates to be of one size (the plates in this book form an appalling exception to received practice in this respect); Turner always made his drawings longer or shorter by half an inch, or more, according to the subject; the engravers contracted or extended them to fit the books, with utter destruction of the nature of every curve in the design. Mere reduction necessarily involves such loss to some extent; but the degree in which it probably involves it has been curiously exemplified by the 61st Plate in this volume, reduced from a pen-drawing of mine, 18 inches long. Fig. 101 is a facsimile of the hook and piece of drapery, in the foreground, in my drawing, which is very nearly true to the Turner original; compare them with the engraving either in Plate 61, or in the published engraving in the Llanberis Gland Series. Plate 80 is a portion of the foreground of the drawing of the Llanberis Gland Series), also of its real size; and interesting as showing



Fig. 101.

the grace of Turner's curvature even when he was drawing fastest. As a hasty drawing throughout, and after finishing the rocks and river, being apparently a little tired, he has struck out the broken line of the watering-place for the cattle with a few impetuous dashes of his hand. Yet the curvature and grouping of line are still perfectly clear. How far the passage loses by reduction, may be seen by a comparison at the published engraving.

Colour, as stated in the text, is the purifying or sanctifying element of material beauty.

Is so, how less important than form? Because, on form depends existence; on colour, only purity. Under the Levitical law, neither silver nor hyssop could purify the deformed. So, under all natural

¹ [Reduced for this edition.]



law, there must be rightly shaped members first colour and fire in them.

Nevertheless, there are several great difficulties of aspect in this matter, which I must try to reach and finally. As colour is the type of Love, it resembles modes of operation; and in practical work of human changes of worthiness precisely like those of him. That love, when true, faithful, well-fixed, is an eminent element of human life: without it, the soul cannot height or holiness. But if shallow, faithless, misdirected, it is one of the strongest corrupting and degrading elements.

Between these base and lofty states of Love are two others: some cold and horrible; others chaste, childish, and to careless thinkers the semblance of purity higher than the others.

So it is with the type of Love—colour. Followed untruly, for the mere pleasure of it, with no reverence, temptation, and leads to corruption. Followed faithfully but reverent passion, it is the holiest of all aspects of Love.

Between these two modes of pursuing it, come two others: one, dark and sensual; the other, statelike, having great aspect of nobleness.

Thus we have, first, the coarse love of colour, as the choice of gaudy hues in dress.

Then, again, we have the base disdain of colour, spoken at length elsewhere. Thus we have the lofty

less popular language respecting the washing away of sins has been borrowed, he will find that the fountain, in which sins are indeed to be washed away, is that of love, not of agony.

§ 9. But, without approaching the presence of this deeper meaning of the sign, the reader may rest satisfied with the connection given him directly in written words, between the cloud and its bow. The cloud, or firmament, as we have seen, signifies the ministration of the heavens to man. That ministration may be in judgment or mercy—in the lightning, or the dew. But the bow, or colour of the cloud, signifies always mercy, the sparing of life; such ministry of the heaven as shall feed and prolong life. And

the colour it has cast upon this single thing; to falsify that colour, to misrepresent and break the harmony of the day: also, by what colour it bears, this single object is altering hues all round it; reflecting its own into them, displaying them by opposition, softening them by repetition; one falsehood in colour in one place, implies a thousand in the neighbourhood. Hence, there are peculiar penalties attached to falsehood in colour, and peculiar rewards granted to veracity in it. Form may be attained in perfectness by painters who, in their course of study, are continually altering or idealizing it; but only the sternest fidelity will reach colouring. Idealize or alter in colour, and you are lost. Whether you alter by abasing or exaggerating,—by glare, or by decline, one fate is for you—ruin. Violate truth in colour in the slightest particular, or, at least, get into the habit of violating it, and all kinds of failure and error will surround and hunt you to your fall.

Therefore, also, as long as you are working with form only, you may amuse yourself with fancies; but colour is sacred—in that you must keep to facts. Hence the apparent anomaly that the only schools of colour are the schools of Realism. The men who care for form only, drift about in dreams of Spiritualism; but a colourist must keep to substance. The greater his power in colour enchantment, the more firm and constant will be his common sense. Fuseli may wander wildly among gray spectra, but Reynolds and Gainsborough must work in broad daylight, with pure humanity. Velasquez, the greatest colourist, is the most accurate portrait painter of Spain; Holbein, the most accurate portrait painter, is the only colourist of Germany; and even Tintoret had to sacrifice some of the highest qualities of his colour before he could give way to the flights of wayward thought in his *imagination*, in which his mind rises or declines from the *reality* of Titian.

as the sunlight, undivided, is the type of the wisdom and righteousness of God, so divided, and softened into colour by means of the firmamental ministry, fitted to every need of man, as to every delight, and becoming one chief source of human beauty, by being made part of the flesh of man—thus divided, the sunlight is the type of the wisdom of God, becoming sanctification and redemption. Various in work—various in beauty—various in power.

Colour is, therefore, in brief terms, the type of love. Hence it is especially connected with the blossoming of the earth; and again, with its fruits; also, with the spring and fall of the leaf, and with the morning and evening of the day, in order to show the waiting of love about the birth and death of man.

§ 10. And now, I think, we may understand, even far away in the Greek mind, the meaning of that Contest of Apollo with the Python. It was a far greater contest than that of Hercules with Ladon. Fraud and avarice might be overcome by frankness and force; but this Python was a darker enemy, and could not be subdued but by a greater god. Nor was the conquest slightly esteemed by the victor deity. He took his great name from it thenceforth—his prophetic and sacred name—the Pythian.

It could, therefore, be no merely devouring dragon—not mere wild beast with scales and claws. It must possess some more terrible character to make conquest over it so glorious. Consider the meaning of its name, "THE CORRUPTER." That Hesperid dragon was a treasure-guardian. This is the treasure-destroyer,—where moth and rust doth corrupt—the worm of eternal decay.

Apollo's contest with him is the strife of purity with pollution; of life with forgetfulness; of love, with the grave.

§ 11. I believe this great battle stood, in the Greek mind, for the type of the struggle of youth and manhood with deadly sin—venomous, infectious, irrecoverable sin. In virtue of his victory over this corruption, Apollo becomes thenceforward the guide; the witness; the purifying and helpful God. The other gods help waywardly, *we* choose. But Apollo helps always: he is by

not only Pythian, the conqueror of death ; but Pæan—thealer of the people.

Well did Turner know the meaning of that battle : he told its tale with fearful distinctness. The Mammon was armed with adamant ; but this dragon of decay a mere colossal worm : wounded, he bursts asunder in the midst,¹ and melts to pieces, rather than dies, vomiting smoke—a smaller serpent-worm rising out of his blood.

§ 12. Alas, for Turner ! This smaller serpent-worm, it seemed, he could not conceive to be slain. In the midst of all the power and beauty of nature, he still saw this death-worm writhing among the weeds. A little thing was, yet enough : you may see it in the foreground of the Bay of Baïæ, which has also in it the story of Apollo and the Sibyl ; Apollo giving love ; but not youth, nor immortality : you may see it again in the foreground of the Lake of Avernus—the Hades lake—which Turner surrounds with the loveliest beauty, the Fates dancing in circle ; but in front, the serpent beneath the thistle and the wild thorn. The same Sibyl, Deiphobe, holding the golden bough. I cannot get at the meaning of this legend of the bough ; but it was, assuredly, still connected, in Turner's mind, with the help from Apollo. He indicated the strength of his feeling at the time when he painted the Python contest, in the drawing exhibited the same year, of the Prayer of Priam. There the priest is on the beach alone, the sun setting. He prays to it as it descends ; flakes of its sheeted light are borne to him by the melancholy waves, and cast away with sighs upon the sand.

How this sadness came to be persistent over Turner, and to conquer him, we shall see in a little while. It is enough for us to know at present that our most wise and christian England, with all her appurtenances of school-arch and church-spire, had so disposed her teaching as to leave this somewhat notable child of hers without even the relief of Pandora's gift.

He was without hope.

*True daughter of Night, Hesperid Æglé was to him—
lingering between Censure, and Sorrow,—and the Destiny*

¹ Compare the deaths of Jehoram, Herod, and Judas.

§ 13. What, for us, his work yet may be, I know
But let not the real nature of it be misunderstood
more.

He is distinctively, as he rises into his own
strength, separating himself from all men who had
forms of the physical world before,—the painter
loveliness of nature, with the worm at its root: R
cankerworm,—both with his utmost strength;
never separate from the other.

In which his work was the true image of his own

I would fain have looked last at the rose; but
not the way Atropos will have it, and there is no
with her.

So, therefore, first of the rose.

§ 14. That is to say, of this vision of the loveliness
kindness of Nature, as distinguished from all vision
ever received by other men. By the Greek she had
distrusted. She was to him Calypso, the Concealer
the Sorceress. By the Venetian, she had been
Her wildernesses were desolate; her shadows stole
the Fleming, she had been despised; what matter
heavenly colours to him? But at last, the time came
her loveliness and kindness to be declared to men
they helped Turner, listened to him, believed in him,
done it wholly for them. But they cried out for
and Python came; came literally as well as spiritually
the perfectest beauty and conquest which Turner
is already withered. The cankerworm stood at his
hand, and of all his richest, most precious work, there
remains only the shadow. Yet that shadow is more
other men's sunlight; it is the scarlet shade, shade of
Rose. Wrecked, and faded, and defiled, his work
what remains of it, or may remain, is the loveliest
done by man, in imagery of the physical world.
There is there of fairest, you will find recorded by
and by him alone.

§ 15. I say *you* will find, not knowing to how
speak; for in order to find what is fairest, you must
in what is fair; and I know not how few or how many
may be who take such delight. Once I could speak

beautiful things, thinking to be understood ;—now I
 any more ; for it seems to me that no one regards
 Wherever I look or travel in England or abroad, I
 men, wherever they can reach, destroy all beauty.
 to have no other desire or hope but to have
 es and to be able to move fast. Every perfect
 ovely spot which they can touch, they defile.¹

6. Nevertheless, though not joyfully, or with any hope
 ing at present heard, I would have tried to enter here
 some examination of the right and worthy effect of
 y in Art upon human mind, if I had been myself able
 me to demonstrable conclusions. But the question is
 mplicated with that of the enervating influence of all
 y, that I cannot get it put into any tractable compass.
 I have many inquiries to make, many difficult pas-
 of history to examine, before I can determine the just
 of the hope in which I may permit myself to continue
 our in any cause of Art.

or is the subject connected with the purpose of this
 I have written it to show that Turner is the greatest
 cape painter who ever lived ; and this it has sufficiently
 nplished. What the final use may be to men, of land-
 painting, or of any painting, or of natural beauty, I
 ot yet know. Thus far, however, I *do* know.

7. Three principal forms of asceticism have existed in
 weak world. Religious asceticism, being the refusal of
 ure and knowledge for the sake (as supposed) of re-
 ; seen chiefly in the middle ages. Military asceticism,
 the refusal of pleasure and knowledge for the sake of
 r ; seen chiefly in the early days of Sparta and Rome.
 monetary asceticism, consisting in the refusal of pleasure
 knowledge for the sake of money ; seen in the present
 of London and Manchester.

Ve do not come here to look at the mountains," said
 arthusian to me at the Grande Chartreuse. "We do
 ome here to look at the mountains," the Austrian

us, the railroad bridge over the Fall of Schaffhausen, and
 the Clarens shore of the lake of Geneva, have destroyed the
pieces of scenery of which nothing can ever supply the ;
to the higher ranks of European mind.

generals would say, encamping by the shores of C
"We do not come here to look at the mountains,"
thriving manufacturers tell me, between Rochdale
Halifax.

§ 18. All these asceticisms have their bright and dark sides. I myself like the military asceticism because it is not so necessarily a refusal of general knowledge as the two others, but leads to acute and marvellous use of mind, and perfect use of body. Nevertheless, none of the three are a healthy or central state of man. There is to be respected in each, but they are not what we wish large numbers of men to become. A monk, a La Trappe, a French soldier of the Imperial Guard, a thriving mill-owner, supposing each a type, and not more than a type, of his class, are all interesting specimens of humanity, but narrow ones,—so narrow that even the three together would not make up a perfect man. It does not appear in any way desirable that either of the three classes should extend itself so as to include a majority of the persons in the world, and turn large cities into groups of monastery, barracks, or factory. I do not think that it may not be desirable that one city, or one country, sacrificed for the good of the rest, should become a city of barracks or factories. Perhaps, it may be well that England should become the furnace of the world; so that the smoke of the island, rising out of the sea, should be seen from a hundred leagues away, as if it were a fire of fierce volcanoes; and every kind of sordid, foul, or unmanly work which, in other countries, men dreaded and shunned, it should become England's duty to do,—become thus the offscourer of the earth, and taking the hyena instead of the lion upon her shield. I do not, for a moment, recommend this; but, looking broadly, not at the destiny of England or of any country in particular, but of the world, I am certain—that men exclusively occupied either in sport, reverie, mechanical destruction, or mechanical production, fall below the proper standard of their race, and *into a lower form of being*; and that the true perfection of *the race*, and, therefore, its power and happiness, are

oductive ; but essentially contemplative and protective, which (A) does not lose itself in the monk's vision or hope, but delights in seeing present and real things as they truly are ; which (B) does not mortify itself for the sake of obtaining powers of destruction, but seeks the more easily attainable powers of affection, observance, and protection ; which (C), finally, does not mortify itself with a view to productive accumulation, but delights itself in peace, with its appointed portion. So that the things to be desired for man in a healthy state, are that he should not see dreams, but realities ; that he should not destroy life, but save it ; and that he should be not rich, but content.

§ 19. Towards which last state of contentment, I do not see that the world is at present approximating. There are, indeed, two forms of discontent : one laborious, the other indolent and complaining. We respect the man of laborious desire, but let us not suppose that his restlessness is peace, or his ambition meekness. It is because of the special connection of meekness with contentment that it is promised that the meek shall "inherit the earth." Neither covetous men, nor the Grave, can *inherit* anything ;¹ they can but consume. Only contentment can possess.

§ 20. The most helpful and sacred work, therefore, which is at present to be done for humanity, is to teach people chiefly by example, as all best teaching must be done) not how "to better themselves," but how to "satisfy themselves." It is the curse of every evil nation and evil creature to eat, and *not* be satisfied. The words of blessing are, that they shall eat and be satisfied. And as there is only one kind of water which quenches all thirst, so there is only one kind of bread which satisfies all hunger—the bread of justice, or righteousness ; which hungering after, men shall always be told, that being the bread of Heaven ; but hungering after the bread, or wages, of unrighteousness, shall not be filled, but being the bread of Sodom.

§ 21. And, in order to teach men how to be satisfied, it is necessary fully to understand the art and joy of humble

"There are three things that are never satisfied, yea, four things say *It is enough* ; the grave ; and the barren womb ; the earth that is *filled with water* ; and the fire, that saith not, *It is enough* !"

LIBRARY

MICHIGAN

UNIVERSITY OF

elements of costless and kind pleasure to the loveliness of the natural world.

§ 22. What length and severity of labour found necessary for the procuring of life, I do not know ; neither what degree is possible to unite with the so-called secular life : but this I know, that right economy it is understood, assign to each man as healthy for him, and no more ; and that desirable which cannot be connected with

I say, first, that due economy of labour to each man the share which is right. labour be wasted on things useless or let all physical exertion, so far as possible it will be found no man need ever

¹ A bad word, being only "foresight" again no other good English word for the sense into which

² I cannot repeat too often (for it seems almost the public mind in the least to a sense of the benevolent and helpful action towards the labourer the wise direction of purchase ; that is to say, far as possible, only for products of healthful and work with fire is more or less harmful and de

good for him. I believe an immense gain in the bodily health and happiness of the upper classes would follow on their steadily endeavouring, however clumsily, to make the physical exertion they now necessarily take in amusements, definitely serviceable. It would be far better, for instance, that a gentleman should mow his own fields, than ride over other people's.

§ 23. Again, respecting degrees of possible refinement, I cannot yet speak positively, because no effort has yet been made to teach refined habits to persons of simple life.

The idea of such refinement has been made to appear absurd, partly by the foolish ambition of vulgar persons in low life, but more by the worse than foolish assumption, acted on so often by modern advocates of improvement, that "education" means teaching Latin, or algebra,

one who sincerely desires to act upon such knowledge will find no difficulty in obtaining it.

I have also several series of experiments and inquiries to undertake before I shall be able to speak with security on certain points connected with education; but I have no doubt that every child in a civilized country should be taught the first principles of natural history, physiology, and medicine; also to sing perfectly, so far as it has capacity, and to draw any definite form accurately, to any scale.

These things it should be taught by requiring its attendance at school not more than three hours a day, and less if possible (the best part of children's education being in helping their parents and families). The other elements of its instruction ought to have respect to the trade by which it is to live.

Modern systems of improvement are too apt to confuse the recreation of the workman with his education. He should be educated for his work before he is allowed to undertake it; and refreshed and relieved while he practises it.

Every effort should be made to induce the adoption of a national costume. Cleanliness and neatness in dress ought always to be rewarded by some gratification of personal pride; and it is the peculiar value of a national costume that it fosters and gratifies the wish to look well, without inducing the desire to look better than one's neighbour. There is the hope, peculiarly English, of being mistaken for a person in a higher position of life. A costume may indeed become coquettish, and even indecent or vulgar; and though a French *bonne* or Swiss *foot* may dress so as sufficiently to mortify her equals, neither of them desires or expects to be mistaken for her mistress.



his life may render accessible to him. I would not have taught the science of music ; but most assuredly I would have taught him to sing. I would not have taught him drawing ; but certainly I would teach him to learn. If, in learning a single term of botany, he should acquire the habits and uses of every leaf and flower unencumbered by any theories of moral philosophy, he should help his neighbour, and

§ 24. Many most valuable conclusions may be drawn from the degree of nobleness and refinement which is attainable in servile or in rural life may be arrived at from the noble writings of Blitzius (Jeremias). His works contain a record of Swiss character not less true than that which Scott has left of the Scotch. We know no ideal characters of women, whatever, more majestic than that of Freneli, in *Ulric le Fermier*, and *Ulric le Fermier* ; or of Elise, in *Jacob* ; nor any more exquisitely tender than that of Aenneli in the *Fromagerie*, and Aenneli in the *Paysans*.¹

§ 25. How far this simple and useful plainness of innocence, might be adorned, or how far

me this radical question: "What is indeed the noblest use and reach of life for men; and how can the possibility of it be extended to the greatest numbers?" It is answered, broadly and rashly, that wealth is good; that knowledge is good; that art is good; that luxury is good. Whereas none of them are good in the abstract, but good only if rightly received. Nor have any steps whatever been yet securely taken,—nor, otherwise than in the resultless rhapsody of moralists,—to ascertain what luxuries and what aiming it is either kind to bestow, or wise to desire. This, however, at least we know, shown clearly by the history of all time, that the arts and sciences, ministering to the pride of nations, have invariably hastened their ruin; and this, also, without venturing to say that I know, I nevertheless firmly believe, that the same arts and sciences will tend as distinctly to exalt the strength and quicken the soul of every nation which employs them to increase the comfort of lowly life, and grace with happy intelligence the ambitious courses of honourable toil.

Thus far, then, of the Rose.

§ 26. Last, of the Worm.

I said that Turner painted the labour of men, their sorrow, and their death. This he did nearly in the same lines of mind which prompted Byron's poem of Childe Harold, and the loveliest result of his art, in the central period of it, was an effort to express on a single canvas the meaning of that poem. It may be now seen, by strange coincidence, associated with two others—Caligula's Bridge and the Apollo and Sibyl; the one illustrative of the vanity of human labour, the other of the vanity of human life.¹ He painted these, as I said, in the same tone of mind which formed the Childe Harold poem, but with different capacity: Turner's sense of beauty was perfect; deeper,

¹ "The Cumæan Sibyl, Deiphobe, was, in her youth, beloved by Apollo; who promising to grant her whatever she would ask, she took up handful of earth, and asked that she might live as many years as there be grains of dust in her hand. She obtained her petition. Apollo had *granted her perpetual youth in return for her love, but he left her to waste away*—I him, and wasted into the long ages—known, at last, only by his voice."—(See my notes on the Turner Gallery.)

therefore, far than Byron's; only that of Keats and Tennyson being comparable with it. And Turner's love of life was as stern and patient as Dante's; so that when these great capacities come the shadows of despair, wreck is infinitely sterner and more sorrowful. With his sweet home for his childhood,—friendless in youth, homeless in manhood,—and hopeless in death, Turner was what Dante might have been, without the "bello ovile," without Casella, without Beatrice, and without Him who gave them all, and took them all away.

§ 27. I will trace this state of his mind farther, in a little while. Meantime, I want you to note only the result of his work;—how, through all the remainder of his life, wherever he looked, he saw ruin.

Ruin, and twilight. What was the distinctive effect of the light which he introduced, such as no man had painted before? Brightness, indeed, he gave, as we have seen, because it was true and right; but in this he only perfected what others had attempted. His own favourite light was not Æglé, but Hesperid Æglé. Fading of the last rays of sunset. Faint breathing of the sorrow of night.

§ 28. And fading of sunset, note also, on ruin and decay. I cannot but wonder that this difference between Turner's work and previous art-conception has not been generally observed. None of the great early painters draw ruin except compulsorily. The shattered buildings introduced by them are shattered artificially, like models. There is no real sense of decay; whereas Turner only momentarily dwells on anything else than ruin. Take up the *Interior of the Studiorum*, and observe how this feeling of decay and humiliation gives solemnity to all its simplest subjects, even to his view of daily labour. I have marked this tendency in examining the design of the Mill and the *Interior of the Studiorum*, but observe its continuance through the book. The no exultation in thriving city, or mart, or in happy toil, or harvest gathering. Only the grinding at the mill, and patient striving with hard conditions of life. Observe the two disordered and poor farm-yards, cart, and plough, and harrow rotting away: note the pastoral beauty of the river-side, with its neglected stream and haggard

and bridge with the broken rail, and decrepit children—
 ver-struck—one sitting stupidly by the stagnant stream,
 the other in rags, and with an old man's hat on, and lame,
 leaning on a stick. Then the "Hedging and Ditching,"
 with its bleak sky and blighted trees—hacked, and bitten,
 and starved by the clay soil into something between trees
 and firewood; its meanly-faced, sickly labourers—pollard
 labourers, like the willow trunk they hew; and the slat-
 tered peasant-woman, with worn cloak and battered bonnet
 —an English Dryad. Then the water-mill, beyond the
 open steps, overgrown with the thistle: itself a ruin, mud-
 dilt at first, now propped on both sides;—the planks torn
 from its cattle-shed; a feeble beam, splintered at the end,
 set against the dwelling-house from the ruined pier of the
 water-course; the old mill-stone—useless for many a day—
 half buried in slime, at the bottom of the wall; the listless
 children, listless dog, and the poor gleaner bringing her
 single sheaf to be ground. Then the "Peat Bog," with its
 cold, dark rain, and dangerous labour. And last and chief,
 the mill in the valley of the Chartreuse. Another than
 Turner would have painted the convent: but he had no
 sympathy with the hope, no mercy for the indolence of
 the monk. He painted the mill in the valley. Precipice
 overhanging it, and wildness of dark forest round; blind
 age and strength of mountain torrent rolled beneath it,—
 calm sunset above, but fading from the glen, leaving it to
 the roar of passionate waters and sighing of pine-branches
 at the night.

§ 29. Such is his view of human labour. Of human
 life, see what records. Morpeth tower, roofless and
 black; gate of old Winchelsea wall, the flock of sheep
 given round it, not through it; and Rievaulx choir, and
 Kirkstall crypt; and Dunstanborough, wan above the
 sea; and Chepstow, with arrowy light through traceried
 windows; and Lindisfarne, with failing height of wasted
 raft and wall; and last and sweetest, Raglan, in utter
 solitude, amidst the wild wood of its own pleasure; the
 towers rounded with ivy, and the forest roots choked
 with undergrowth, and the brook languid amidst
 the sedges. Legends of gray knights and encha

ladies keeping the woodman's children away
sunset.

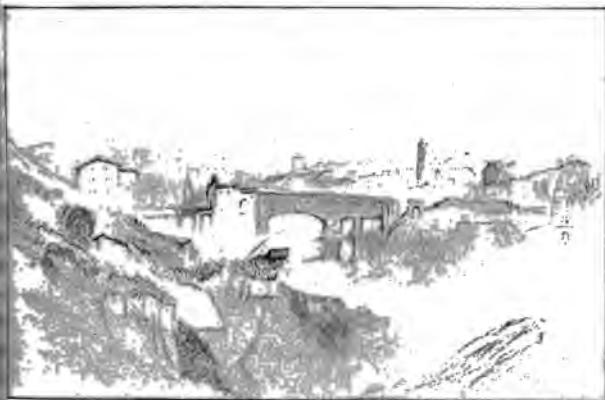
These are his types of human pride. Of hun
Procris, dying by the arrow; Hesperie, by th
fang; and Rizpah, more than dead, beside her ch

§ 30. Such are the lessons of the Liber S
Silent always with a bitter silence, disdaining t
meaning, when he saw there was no ear to r
Turner only indicated this purpose by slight
contemptuous anger, when he heard of any on
to obtain this or the other separate subject
beautiful than the rest. "What is the use of t
said, "but together?"¹ The meaning of th
book was symbolized in the frontispiece, whic
graved with his own hand: Tyre at sunset,
Rape of Europa, indicating the symbolism of t
of Europa by that of Tyre, its beauty passing
terror and judgment (Europa being the mother
and Rhadamanthus).²

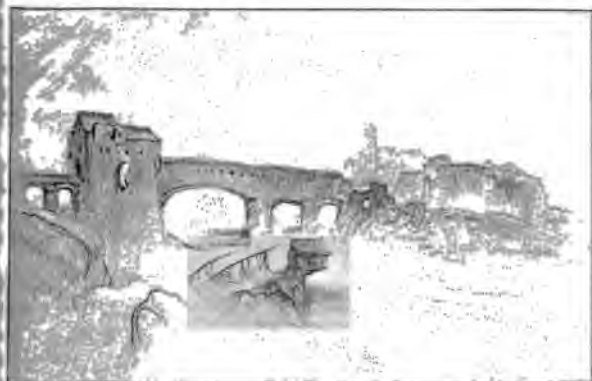
¹ Turner appears never to have desired, from any o
favour of his separate works. The only thing he woul
times was, "Keep them together." He seemed not to
much they were injured, if only the record of the thought
them, and they were kept in the series which would give the
meaning. I never saw him, at my father's house, look for
at any of his own drawings: I have watched him sitting at d
opposite one of his chief pictures—his eyes never turned to

But the want of appreciation, nevertheless, touched
chiefly the not understanding his meaning. He tried hard
a quarter of an hour to make me guess what he was doing in
of Napoleon, before it had been exhibited, giving me hint
a rough way: but I could not guess, and he would not tell:

² I limit myself in this book to mere indication of the
mind, illustration of them at any length being as yet
It will be found on examining the series of drawings made
during the late years of his life, in possession of the nation
are nearly all made for the sake of some record of hun
partly victorious, partly conquered. There is hardly a sin
of landscape painted for its own abstract beauty. Power
tion, or soft pensiveness, are the elements sought chiefly in
"nce the later sketches are nearly all among mountain s
"fly of fortresses, villages or bridges and roads among

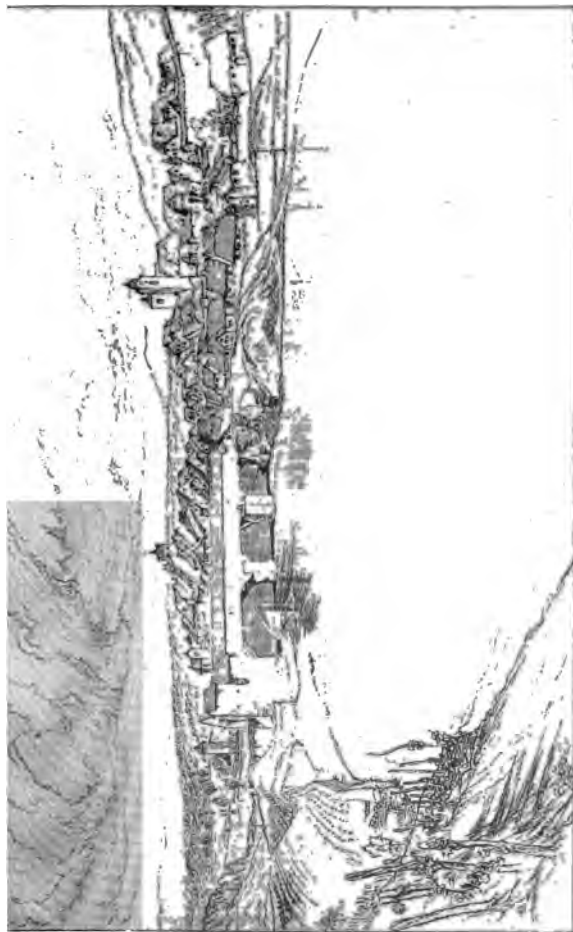


J. M. W. Turner



J. H. To Kook





J. Ruskin

82 The Bridge of Rheinfelden

J. H. Le Keux





J. Ruskin

84. Peace

J. H. Le Keux



§ 31. I need not trace the dark clue farther, the reader may follow it unbroken through all his work and life,

I kept possession of his mind, not as a piece of mountain scenery, but as a marvellous road; and the great drawing which I have tried to illustrate with some care in this book, the last he made of the Alps, his unfailing energy, was wholly made to show the surviving of this threatened path through avalanche and storm, from the day when he first drew its two bridges, in the *Liber Studiorum*. Plate 81, which shows the piece of the torrent bed on the left, of the real size,¹ where the stones of it appear just on the point of being swept away, and the ground we stand upon with them, completes the series of illustrations of this subject, for the present, sufficiently; and, if compared with Plate 80, will be serviceable, also, in showing how various in its grasp and its delight was this strange human mind, capable of all patience and all energy, and perfect in its sympathy, whether with wrath or quietness. Though lingering always with chief affection about the St. Gothard pass, he seems to have gleaned the whole of Switzerland for every record he could find of grand human effort of any kind; I do not believe there is one baronial tower, one shattered arch of Alpine bridge, one gleaming tower of decayed village or deserted monastery, which he has not drawn; in many cases, round and round, again and again, on every side. Now that I have done this work, I purpose, if life and strength are spared to me, to trace him through these last turnings, and take such record of his best-beloved places as may fully interpret the designs he left. I have given in the three following plates an example of the kind of work which needs doing, and which, as stated in the preface, I have partly already begun. Plate 82 presents roughly two of Turner's memoranda of a bridge over the Rhine. They are quite imperfectly represented, because I do not choose to take any trouble about them on this scale.¹ If I can engrave them at all, it must be of their own size; but they are enough to give an idea of the way he used to walk round a place, taking a sketch after sketch of its aspects, from every point or half-point of the compass. There are three other sketches of this bridge, far more detailed than these, in the National Gallery.

A scratched word on the back of one of them, "Rheinfels," which I knew could not apply to the Rheinfels near Bingen, gave me the clue to the place;—an old Swiss town, seventeen miles above Basle, celebrated in Swiss history as the main fortress defending the frontier toward the Black Forest. I went there the moment I had got Turner's sketches arranged in 1858, and drew it with the pen (or point of brush, more difficult to manage, but a better instrument) on every side on which Turner had drawn it, giving every detail with servile accuracy,

¹ [Reduced for this edition.]



to get a group of firm lines pointing to his m
(compare § 12, p. 190, above); and throws a
away to the left, in order to give a better ide
the modifications of form in the tower itself are
in the highest degree. The throwing the whole
bridge, taking off the peak from its gable on th
little roof-window in the centre, make it a pe
stead of a broken and common one. I have ad
Plate 84,—though I could not give the Tur
illustrates,—merely to show the kind of scene w
and folly are destroying, throughout Switzer
small dark tower is seen in the distance, just o
of the bridge. Getting round nearly to the fo
of the town, and then turning back so as to
your right, you may, I hope, still see the subj
the old bridge over the moat, and older wall a
nest on the top of the nearest one; the moat i
with softest grass and flowers; a little mountai
through the midst of them, and the first woo
Jura beyond. Had Rheinfelden been a place
stead of an early ruinous village, it is just this
costing little or nothing, would have been ma
and its refreshment-room would have been bui
the towers.

¹ I have not followed out, as I ought to ha
been less painful my assertion that Turner has



Drawn by J. M. W. Turner

Etched by J. Ruskin

66. Dawn after the Wreck

Engraved by T. Lupton





Designed by J. M. W. Turner

Engraved by J. Ruskin

Engraved by T. Lupton





Drawn by J. M. W. Turner

Etched by J. Ruskin

Engraved by T. Lupton

87. The Lake of Zug



thage in connection especially with the thoughts and
 dy which led to the painting of the Hesperides' Garden,
 owing the death which attends the vain pursuit of
 alth; Rome showing the death which attends the vain
 rsuit of power; Venice, the death which attends the
 n pursuit of beauty.

How strangely significant, thus understood, those last

re, between it and the overhanging wall of rock, hollow, polished,
 pale with dreadful cloud and grasping foam.

And remember also, that the very sign in heaven itself which, truly
 understood, is the type of love, was to Turner the type of death. The
 net of the clouds was his symbol of destruction. In his mind it
 the colour of blood. So he used it in the Fall of Carthage. Note
 own written words—

“While o’er the western wave the *ensanguined* sun,
 In gathering huge a stormy signal spread,
 And set portentous.”

So he used it in the Slaver, in the Ulysses, in the Napoleon, in
 Goldau; again and again in slighter hints and momentary dreams,
 which one of the saddest and most tender is a little sketch of dawn,
 de in his last years. It is a small space of level sea shore; beyond
 a fair, soft light in the east; the last storm-clouds melting away,
 ize into the morning air; some little vessel—a collier, probably—
 gone down in the night, all hands lost; a single dog has come
 ore. Utterly exhausted, its limbs failing under it, and sinking into
 sand, it stands howling and shivering. The dawn clouds have the
 t scarlet upon them, a feeble tinge only, reflected with the same
 ble blood-stain on the sand. (Plate 86.)

The morning light is used with a loftier significance in a drawing
 de as a companion to the Goldau, engraved in the fourth volume.
 e Lake of Zug, which ripples beneath the sunset in the Goldau,
 ulled in the level azure of early cloud; and the spire of Arth, which
 here a dark point at the edge of the golden lake, is, in the opening
 ht, seen pale against purple mountains. The sketches for these
 subjects were, I doubt not, made from the actual effects of a
 my evening, and the next following daybreak; but both with
 nest meaning. The crimson sunset lights the valley of rock tombs,
 t upon it by the fallen Rossberg; but the sunrise gilds with its
 el rays the two peaks which protect the village that gives name t
 itzerland; and the orb itself breaks first through the darkness
 the very point of the pass to the high lake of Egeri, where
 ties of the cantons were won by the battle-charge of Morgan
 e 87.)



cloud, on the Fondaco de Tedeschi.¹
scarlet cloud (sanguigna e fiammeggiante)
ture cominciarono con dolce violenza a

¹ I have engraved, at the beginning of this volume, the original of the first of the elements of these frescoes, preserved, all imperfect feeling of their nobleness, by Zanetti, whose I have quoted in the text. The one I saw was in his book; the one engraven in my Plate, perished; but even this record of it by Zanetti, with its imperfections of form exist in it, too visibly, more than the translator's; nevertheless, for the sake of its beauty, I have chosen it, as the best specimen of Venetian art; which was derived, be it said, from the acceptance of natural truth, by men who thought she was to be won by falsehood.

The words of Zanetti himself respecting Giorgione are of great value, as they mark the first art: "Giorgione per tale o per altra che vi fosse, con spezie di mannaja che tiene in mano; per altro bellezze della natura, che poco pensando al colorito di quelle donne Friulane, che vengono per se alterandone nemmeno l' abito, è facendola alquanto forse ci la vede; senza voler sapere che per la sua suole da pittori belle è fresche giovani immagina

(1) may, indeed, melt away into paleness of night, and
 vice herself waste from her islands as a wreath of wind-
 en foam fades from their weedy beach ;—that which
 won of faithful light and truth shall never pass away.
 phobe of the sea,—the Sun God measures her im-
 mortality to her by its sand. Flushed, above the Avernus
 the Adrian lake, her spirit is still seen holding the
 den bough ; from the lips of the Sea Sibyl men shall
 m for ages yet to come what is most noble and most
 ; and, far away, as the whisper in the coils of the shell,
 drawn through the deep hearts of nations, shall sound
 ever the enchanted voice of Venice.

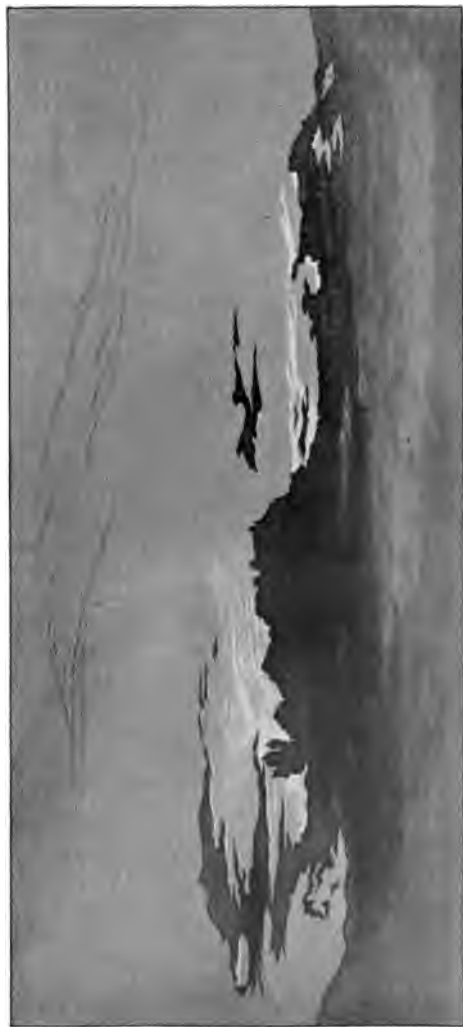
CHAPTER XII

PEACE

§ 1. LOOKING back over what I have written, I find I have only now the power of ending this work,—time that it should end, but not of “concluding” it has led me into fields of infinite inquiry, where it is impossible to break off with such imperfect result as at any given moment, have been attained.

Full of far deeper reverence for Turner’s art than when this task of his defence was undertaken (which perhaps, be evidenced by my having associated names with his—but of the dead—in my speaking throughout this volume¹), I am more in doubt of the real use to mankind of that, or any other true art; incomprehensible as it must always be to the men. Full of far deeper love for what I remember Turner himself, as I become better capable of understanding it, I find myself more and more unable to explain his errors and his sins.

§ 2. His errors, I might say, simply. Perhaps one day, people will again begin to remember the for-



J Ruskin

G. Cook

68. Monte Rosa. Sunset



pilt ; it cannot be judged by us. It is this of which the words are spoken so sternly, "Judge not;" which words people always quote, I observe, when they are called upon to "do judgment and justice." For it is truly a pleasant thing to condemn men for their wanderings; but it is a bitter thing to acknowledge a truth, or to take any bold share in working out an equity. So that the habitual modern practical application of the precept "Judge not," is to avoid the trouble of pronouncing verdict by taking, of any matter, the pleasantest malicious view which first comes to hand, and to obtain licence for our own convenient iniquities, by being indulgent to those of others.

These two methods of obedience being just the two which are most directly opposite to the law of mercy and truth.

§ 3. "Bind them about thy neck." I said, but now, at of an evil tree men never gathered good fruit. And the lesson we have finally to learn from Turner's life is hardly this, that all the power of it came of its mercy and sincerity; all the failure of it, from its want of faith. It has been asked of me, by several of his friends, that I should endeavour to do some justice to his character, mistaken wholly by the world. If my life is spared, I will. But that character is still, in many respects, inexplicable to me; the materials within my reach are imperfect; and my experience in the world not yet large enough to enable me to use them justly. His life is to be written by a biographer, who will, I believe, spare no pains in collecting the few scattered records which exist of a career so uneventful and secluded. I will not anticipate the conclusions of this writer; but if they appear to me just, will endeavour afterwards, so far as may be in my power, to confirm and illustrate them; and, if unjust, to show in what degree.

§ 4. Which, lest death or illness should forbid me, this day I declare now of what I know respecting Turner's character. Much of his mind and heart I do not know;—perhaps never shall know. But this much I do: and there is anything in the previous course of this work to warrant trust in me of any kind, let me be trusted when I tell you that Turner had a heart as intensely kind, and as

speaking of the world, I never heard him say or
citing word of living man, or man's work ; I re-
him look an unkind or blameful look ; I never let
let pass, without some sorrowful remonstrance, or e-
at mitigation, a blameful word spoken by another.

Of no man but Turner, whom I have ever known
I say this. And of this kindness and truth¹ came,

¹ It may, perhaps, be necessary to explain one or two sing-
of Turner's character, not in defence of this statement, but
meaning. In speaking of his truth, I use the word in a double
—truth to himself, and to others.

Truth to himself, that is to say, the resolution to do his
art, and carry all work out as well as it could be done. Others
for the most part, modify their work by some reference to price
or measure out a certain quantity of it for a certain price, or
to show their power. Turner never did any of these things
thing the public asked of him he would do, but whatever
as he thought it ought to be done. People did not buy
pictures ; he, with avowed discontent, painted small ones ;
of taking advantage of the smaller size to give, proportion-
labour, he instantly changed his execution so as to be as
nearly as much work into his small drawings as into his
though he gave them for half the price. But his aim was
make the drawing as good as he could, or as the subject

his highest power. And all his failure and error, deep and strange, came of his faithlessness.

An engraver came with a plate to be touched, he would take a piece of white chalk in his right hand and of black in his left : " Which will I have it done with ? " The engraver chose black or white as he thought his plate weak or heavy. Turner threw the other piece of chalk away, and would reconstruct the plate, with the added lights or darks, in ten minutes. Nevertheless, even this concession to false principle, so far as it had influence, was injurious to him : he had better not have scorned the engravings, but either done nothing with them, or done his best. His best, in a certain way, he did, never sparing pains, if he thought the plate worth it : some of his touched proofs are elaborate drawings.

Of his earnestness in his main work, enough, I should think, has been already related in this book ; but the following anecdote, which I repeat here from my notes on the Turner Gallery, that there may be a chance of its being lost, gives, in a few words, and those his own, a spirit of his labour, as it possessed him throughout his life. The anecdote was communicated to me in a letter by Mr. Kingsley, late of Trinity College, Cambridge ; whose words I give :—" I had taken my mother and a cousin to see Turner's pictures ; and, as my mother knows nothing about art, I was taking her down the gallery to look at a large Richmond Park, but as we were passing the Sea-storm, she stopped before it, and I could hardly get her to look at any other picture ; and she told me a great deal more about it than I had any notion of, though I have seen many sea-storms. She had been in such a scene on the coast of Holland during the war. When, some time afterwards, I thanked Turner for his permission for her to see the pictures, I told him that he would not guess which had caught my mother's fancy, and then named the picture ; and he then said, ' I did not paint it to be understood, but I wished to show what such a scene was like : I got the sailors to lash me to the mast to observe it ; I was lashed for four hours, and I did not expect to escape, but I felt bound to record it if I did. But no one had any business to like the picture.' But," said I, " my mother once went through just such a scene, and brought it all back to her." " Is your mother a painter ? " " No." " When she ought to have been thinking of something else." These were nearly his words ; I observed at the time, he used ' record ' and ' minting,' as the title ' author ' had struck me before."

He was true to others. No accusation has ever been brought forward against Turner by his most envious enemies, of his breaking promise, or failing in an undertaken trust. His sense of justice was strangely acute ; it was like his sense of balance in colour, and showed continually in little crotchets of arrangement of price, or other affairs, among the buyers of his pictures. For instance, one

Faithlessness, or despair, the despair which has been shown already (Vol. III., Chap. XVI. § 31) to be characteristic

friends had long desired to possess a picture which Turner would not sell. It had been painted with a companion; which was sold, but this reserved. After a considerable number of years had passed, Turner consented to part with it. The price of canvases of its size having, in the meantime, doubled, question arose as to what was the value to be its price. "Well," said Turner, "Mr. — had the companion for so much. You must be on the same footing." This was in answer to the desire to do my friend a favour; but in mere instinct of equity. Had the prices of his pictures fallen instead of risen in the meantime, Turner would have said, "Mr. — paid so much; and so must you."

But the best proof to which I can refer of this character of his mind is in the wonderful series of diagrams executed by him for his lectures on perspective at the Royal Academy. I had heard it said that these lectures were inefficient. Barely intelligible in expression they might be, but the zealous care with which Turner endeavoured to do his duty is proved by a series of large drawings, exquisitely tinted, and often completely coloured, all by his own hand, of the most difficult perspective subjects; illustrating not only directions of line, but effects of light, with a care and completion which would put the work of an ordinary teacher to utter shame. In teaching generally, he would neither waste his time nor spare it; he would look over a student's drawing, at the Academy,—point to a defective part, make a scratch on the paper at the side, saying nothing; if the student saw what was wanted, and did it, Turner was delighted, and would go on with him giving hint after hint; but if the student could not follow, Turner left him. Such experience as I have had in teaching, leads me more and more to perceive that he was right. Explanations are wasted time. A man who can see, understands a touch; a man who cannot, misinterprets an oration.

One of the points in Turner which increased the general falseness of impression respecting him was a curious dislike he had to appear in public. Drawing, with one of his best friends, at the bridge of St. Martin's, the friend got into great difficulty over a coloured sketch. Turner looked over him a little while, then said, in a grumbling way,—“I haven't got any paper I like; let me try yours.” Receiving a block book, he disappeared for an hour and a half. Returning, he threw the book down, with a growl, saying,—“I can't make anything of your paper.” There were three sketches on it, in three distinct states of progress, showing the process of colouring from beginning to end, and clearing up every difficulty which his friend had got into. When he gave advice, it was also apt to come in the form of a keen question, or a quotation of some one else's opinion, rarely a statement of his own. To the same person producing a sketch, which had

his present century, and most sorrowfully manifested
s greatest men ; but existing in an infinitely more fatal
in the lower and general mind, reacting upon those
ought to be its teachers.

5. The form which the infidelity of England, especially,
taken, is one hitherto unheard of in human history.


al character : " What are you in *search* of ? " Note this expression.
er knew that passionate seeking only leads to passionate finding.
etimes, however, the advice would come with a startling distinct-

A church spire having been left out in a sketch of a town—
hy did you not put that in ? " " I hadn't time. " " Then you
ld take a subject more suited to your capacity. "

any people would have gone away considering this an insult,
as it was only a sudden flash from Turner's earnest requirement
holeness or perfectness of conception. " Whatever you do, large
nall, do it wholly ; take a slight subject if you will, but don't
: things out. " But the principal reason for Turner's having got
reputation of always refusing advice was, that artists came to him
state of mind in which he knew they could not receive it. Virtually,
entire conviction of the artists of his time respecting him was, that
ad got a secret, which he could tell if he liked, that would make
all Turners. They came to him with this general formula of
est clearly in their hearts, if not definitely on their lips : " You
r, Mr. Turner, we are all of us quite as clever as you are, and
d do all that very well, and we should really like to do a little of
asionally, only we haven't quite your trick ; there's something in
f course, which you only found out by accident, and it is very
atured and unkind of you not to tell us how the thing is done ;—
t do you rub your colours over with, and where ought we to put
e black patches ? " This was the practical meaning of the artis-
questioning of his day, to which Turner very resolutely made no
ver. On the contrary, he took great care that any tricks of execu-
he actually did use should not be known.

is *practical* answer to their questioning being as follows :—" You
indeed, many of you, as clever as I am ; but this, which you think
ret, is only the result of sincerity and toil. If you have not sense
ugh to see this without asking me, you have not sense enough to
ve me, if I tell you. True, I know some odd methods of colour-

I have found them out for myself, and they suit me. They would
suit you. They would do you no real good ; and it would do
h harm to have you mimicking my ways of work, without know-
e of their meaning. If you want methods fit for you, find them
for yourselves. If you cannot discover them, neither could
em. "



No nation ever before declared boldly, by pri-
or mouth, that its religion was good for show, but
not work." Over and over again it has hap-
pened that nations have denied their gods, but they did
not bravely. The Greeks in their decline jested
at religion, and frittered it away in flatteries and fri-
volities. The French refused theirs fiercely, tore down their
brake their carven images. The question about
both these nations was still, even in their de-
bate, though falsely answered. "Either there is
a Supreme Ruler; we consider of it, declare it
and proceed accordingly." But we English have
seen the matter in an entirely new light: "There is
no Ruler, no question of it, only He cannot rule.
It won't work. He will be quite satisfied with
our and respectful repetition of them. Execution was
dangerous under existing circumstances, which I
never contemplated."

I had no conception of the absolute darkness
covered the national mind in this respect, until
I came into collision with persons engaged in the
economical and political questions. The en-
tire and undisturbed imbecility with which I found
them declare that the laws of the Devil were the only
ones, and that the laws of God were merely
poetical language, passed all that I had ever be-
fore read of mortal infidelity. I knew the fool
said in his heart, there was *no* God; but to hear
him clearly out with his lips, "There is a foolish
something which my art studies had not prepa-

ises but those of the brute" (says the modern political economist) "are appealable to in the world. Faith, generosity, honesty, zeal, and self-sacrifice are poetical phrases. Of these things can, in reality, be counted upon; there is no truth in man which can be used as a moving or prove power. All motive force in him is essentially brutish, selfish, or contentious. His power is only power of the spider; otherwise than the spider, he cannot design; otherwise than the tiger, he cannot feed." This is the modern interpretation of that embarrassing article of the Creed, "the communion of saints."

7. It has always seemed very strange to me, not indeed that this creed should have been adopted, it being the only necessary consequence of the previous fundamental principle;—but that no one should ever seem to have any feelings about it;—that, practically, no one had *seen* how good work *was* done by man; how either for hire, or for love, it never had been done; and that no amount of pay had ever made a good soldier, a good teacher, a good artist, a good workman. You pay your soldiers and sailors so little pence a day, at which rated sum, one will do good work for you; another, bad fighting. Pay as you will, the entire goodness of the fighting depends, always, on its being done for nothing; or rather, less than nothing, in the expectation of no pay but death. Examine the work of spiritual teachers, and you will find the statistical law affecting them is, "The less pay, the better work." Examine also your writers and artists: for ten pounds you will have a *Paradise Lost*, and for a plate of figs, a *Dürer* engraving; but for a million of money sterling, neither. Examine your men of science: paid by starvation, Kepler discovered the laws of the orbs of heaven for you;—but, driven out to die in the street, *Swammerdam* shall discover the laws of life for you:—such hard terms do they set with you, these brutish men, who can only be had for hire.

8. Neither is good work ever done for hatred, any more than for hire;—but for love only. For love of their country, their leader, or their duty, men fight steadily; but for hire, they fight and plunder, feebly. Your signal, "En

expects every man to do his duty," they will answer; you show a signal of Black flag and death's-head, they will not answer. And verily they will answer it no more in commerce than in battle. The cross-bones will not make a good shop-sign; you will find ultimately, any more than a good battle-standard. Not the cross-bones, but the cross.

§ 9. Now the practical result of this infidelity in man, is the utter ignorance of all the ways of getting his right work out of him. From a given quantity of human power and intellect, to produce the least possible result, is a problem unsolved, nearly with mathematical precision, by the present methods of the nation's economical procedure. The power and intellect are enormous. With the best soldiers at present existing, we survive in battle, and but survive because, by help of Providence, a man whom we have kept all his life in command of a company forces his way at the age of seventy so far up as to obtain permission to save us, and die, unthanked. With the shrewdest thinkers in the world, we have not yet succeeded in arriving at any national conviction respecting the uses of life. And with the best artistical material in the world, we spend millions of money in raising a building for our Houses of Talk, of the delightfulness and utility of which (perhaps roughly classing the Talk and its tabernacle together,) posterity will, I believe, form no very grateful estimate;—while for sheer want of bread, we brought the question to the balance of a hair, whether the most earnest of our young painters should give up his art altogether, and go to Australia,—or fight his way through all neglect and obloquy to the painting of the Christ in the Temple.

§ 10. The marketing was indeed done in this case, as in all others, on the usual terms. For the millions of money, we got a mouldering toy: for the starvation, five years' work of the prime of a noble life. Yet neither that picture, great as it is, nor any other of Hunt's, are the best he could have done. They are the least he could have done. By no expedient could we have repressed him more than he has been repressed; by no abnegation received from him less than we have received.

My dear friend and teacher, Lowell, right as he is:

st everything, is for once wrong in these lines, though a noble wrongness :—

“ Disappointment’s dry and bitter root,
 Envy’s harsh berries, and the choking pool
 Of the world’s scorn, are the right mother-milk
 To the tough hearts that pioneer their kind.”

hey are *not* so ; love and trust are the only mother-
 of any man’s soul. So far as he is hated and mis-
 ed, his powers are destroyed. Do not think that
 impunity you can follow the eyeless fool, and shout
 the shouting charlatan ; and that the men you thrust
 e with gibe and blow, are thus sneered and crushed
 the best service they can do you. I have told you
will not serve you for pay. They *cannot* serve you
 scorn. Even from Balaam, money-lover though he be,
 useful prophecy is to be had for silver or gold. From
 ha, saviour of life though he be, no saving of life—
 of children’s, who “ know no better,”—is to be got
 the cry, Go up, thou bald-head. No man can serve
 either for purse or curse ; neither kind of pay will
 wer. No *pay* is, indeed, receivable by any true man ;
power is receivable by him, in the love and faith you
 : him. So far only as you give him these can he serve
 ; that is the meaning of the question which his Master
 : always, “ Believest thou that I am able ? ” And
 n every one of his servants—to the end of time—
 ou give them the Capernaum measure of faith, you
 ll have from them Capernaum measure of works, and
 more.

Do you think that I am irreverently comparing great
 small things ? The system of the world is entirely
 ; small things and great are alike part of one mighty
 le. As the flower is gnawed by frost, so every human
 rt is gnawed by faithlessness. And as surely,—as
 vocably,—as the fruit-bud falls before the east wind,
 ; the power of the kindest human heart, if you me
 a poison.

II. Now the condition of mind in which Tur
 is great work was simply this : “ What I do u

alone rightly; but I know also that no man now living in Europe cares to understand it; and the better I do it, the less he will see the meaning of it." There never was yet so far as I can hear or read, isolation of a great spirit so utterly desolate. Columbus had succeeded in making other hearts share his hope, before he was put to hardship; and knew that, by help of Heaven, he could finally show that he was right. Kepler and Galileo could demonstrate their conclusions up to a certain point; so far as they felt they were right, they were sure that after death their work would be acknowledged. But Turner could demonstrate nothing of what he had done;—saw no security that after death he would be understood more than he had been in life. Only another Turner could apprehend Turner. Such praise as he received was poor and superficial; he regarded it far less than censure. My own admiration of him was wild in enthusiasm, but it gave him no ray of pleasure; he could not make me at that time understand his main meanings; he loved me, but cared nothing for what I said, and was always trying to hinder me from writing, because it gave pain to his fellow-artists. To the praise of other persons he gave not even the acknowledgment of this sad affection; it passed by him as murmur of the wind: and most justly, for not one of his own special powers was ever perceived by the world. I have said in another place that all great modern artists will owe their obligation to him as a guide. They will; but they are in error in this gratitude, as I was, when I quoted it as a sign of their respect. Close analysis of the portions of modern art founded on Turner has since shown me that in every case his imitators misunderstood him:—that they caught merely at superficial brilliancies, and never saw the real character of his mind or of his work.

And at this day, while I write, the catalogue allowed to be sold at the gates of the National Gallery, for the instruction of the common people, describes Callcott and Claude as the greater artists.

§ 12. To censure, on the other hand, Turner was *extremely* sensitive, owing to his own natural kindness; he *hated* it, for himself, or for others, not as criticism, but as

ity. He knew that however little his higher power
 ld be seen, he had at least done as much as ought to
 e saved him from wanton insult ; and the attacks upon
 in his later years were to him not merely contemptible
 their ignorance, but amazing in their ingratitude. "A
 a may be weak in his age," he said to me once, at the
 e when he felt he was dying ; "but you should not tell
 i so."

§ 13. What Turner might have done for us, had he
 ived help and love, instead of disdain, I can hardly
 st myself to imagine. Increasing calmly in power and
 eliness, his work would have formed one mighty series
 poems, each great as that which I have interpreted,—

Hesperides ; but becoming brighter and kinder as he
 anced to happy age. Soft as Correggio's, solemn as
 ian's, the enchanted colour would have glowed, im-
 ishable and pure ; and the subtle thoughts risen into
 iest teaching, helpful for centuries to come.

What we have asked from him, instead of this, and
 at received, we know. But few of us yet know how true
 image those darkening wrecks of radiance give to the
 dow which gained sway at last over his once pure and
 ble soul.

§ 14. Not unresisted, nor touching the heart's core, nor
 y of the old kindness and truth : yet festering work of
 : worm—inexplicable and terrible, such as England, by
 goodly gardening, leaves to infect her earth-flowers.

So far as in it lay, this century has caused every one of
 great men, whose hearts were kindest, and whose spirits
 st perceptive of the work of God, to die without hope :
 Scott, Keats, Byron, Shelley, Turner. Great England,
 the Iron-heart now, not of the Lion-heart ; for these
 ills of her children an account may perhaps be one day
 quired of her.

§ 15. She has not yet read often enough that old story
 the Samaritan's mercy. He whom he saved was going
 wn from Jerusalem to Jericho—to the accursed city (the
 old Church used to understand it). He should
 e left Jerusalem ; it was his own fault that he went
 the desert, and fell among the thieves, and w

for dead. Every one of these English children, in their took the desert by-path as he did, and fell among fire—took to making bread out of stones at their bidding, then died, torn and famished; careful England, in pure, priestly dress, passing by on the other side. So as we are concerned, that is the account *we* have to of them.¹

§ 16. So far as *they* are concerned, I do not fear them;—there being one Priest Who never passes by. No longer I live, the more clearly I see how all souls are in His hand—the mean and the great. Fallen on the earth in their baseness, or fading as the mist of morning in the goodness;—still in the hand of the potter as the clay, in the temple of their master as the cloud. It was not the mere bodily death that He conquered—that death had no sting. It was this spiritual death which He conquered so that at last it should be swallowed up—mark the word—not in life; but in victory. As the dead body shall be raised to life, so also the defeated soul to victory, if it has been fighting on its Master's side, has made a covenant with death; nor itself bowed its forehead to his seal. Blind from the prison-house, maimed from battle, or mad from the tombs, their souls shall surely sit, astonished, at His feet Who giveth peace.

§ 17. Who *giveth* peace? Many a peace we have received and named for ourselves, but the *falsest* is in that vain, covetous thought that we, of all generations of the earth, know the right; and that to us at last,—to us alone,—the scheme of God, about the salvation of men, has been shown. "This is the light in which *we* are walking. The vain Greeks are gone down to their Persephone for ever. Egypt and Assyria, Elam and her multitude,—uncircumcised, their graves are round about them—Pathros and careless Ethiopia—filled with the slain. Rome, with her thirsty sword, and poison wine, how did she walk in

¹ It is strange that the last words Turner ever attached to a picture should have been these:—

"The priest held the poisoned cup."

Compare the words of 1798 with these of 1850.

ss ! We only have no idolatries—ours are the seeing
 n our pure hands at last, the seven-sealed book is
 o our true tongues entrusted the preaching of a
 gospel. Who shall come after us ? Is it not Peace ?
 or Jew, Zimri, who slew his master, there is no peace
 n : but, for us ? tiara on head, may we not look out
 windows of heaven ? ”

. Another kind of peace I look for than this, though
 it said of me that I am hopeless.

not hopeless, though my hope may be as Veronese's :
 ck-veiled.

ed, not because sorrowful, but because blind. I do
 ow what my England desires, or how long she will
 o do as she is doing now ;—with her right hand
 ; away the souls of men, and with her left the gifts of

he prayers which she dictates to her children, she
 em to fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil.
 day, perhaps, it may also occur to her as desirable to
 ose children what she means by this. What is the
 which they are to “ fight with,” and how does it differ
 he world which they are to “ get on in ” ? The
 ation seems to me the more needful, because I do
 the book we profess to live by, find anything very
 t about fighting with the world. I find something
 fighting with the rulers of its darkness, and something
 bout overcoming it ; but it does not follow that this
 est is to be by hostility, since evil may be overcome
 good. But I find it written very distinctly that God
 the world, and that Christ is the light of it.

o. What the much-used words, therefore, mean, I
 t tell. But this, I believe, they *should* mean. That
 is, indeed, one world which is full of care, and desire,
 atred : a world of war, of which Christ is not the
 which indeed is without light, and has never heard
 cat “ Let there be.” Which is, therefore, in truth, a
 o world ; but chaos, on the face of which, moving
 irt of God yet causes men to hope that a world will

The better one, they call it : perhaps they mis-
 visely, call it the real one. Also, I hear them s-
 2L. V.

continually of going to it, rather than of its coming to them; which, again, is strange, for in that prayer which they had straight from the lips of the Light of the world and which He apparently thought sufficient prayer for them, there is not anything about going to another world, only something of another government coming into this, or rather, not another, but the only government,—that government which will constitute it a world indeed. New heavens and new earth. Earth, no more without form and void, but sown with fruit of righteousness. Firmament, no more of passing cloud, but of cloud risen out of the crystal sea—cloud in which, as He was once received up, so He shall again come with power, and every eye shall see Him and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him.

Kindreds of the earth, or tribes of it! ¹ the “earth begotten,” the Chaos children—children of this present world, with its desolate seas and its Medusa clouds: the Dragon children, merciless: they who dealt as clouds with out water: serpent clouds, by whose sight men were turned into stone;—the time must surely come for their wailing.

§ 20. “Thy kingdom come,” we are bid to ask them. But how shall it come? With power and great glory, it is written; and yet not with observation, it is also written. Strange kingdom! Yet its strangeness is renewed to us with every dawn.

When the time comes for us to wake out of the world sleep, why should it be otherwise than out of the dreams of the night? Singing of birds, first, broken and low, as, not to dying eyes, but eyes that wake to life, “the casement slowly grows a glimmering square;” and then the gray, and then the rose of dawn; and last the light, whose going forth is to the ends of heaven.

This kingdom it is not in our power to bring; but it is, to receive. Nay, it is come already, in part; but not received, because men love chaos best; and the Night, with her daughters. That is still the only question for us, as in the old Elias days, “If ye will receive it.” With pains it may be shut out still from many a dark place of cruelty; but sloth it may be still unseen for many a glorious hour. But

¹ Compare Matt. xxiv. 30.

claim, namely, of the Personal relation of God to man as the source of all human, as distinguished from brutal, virtue and art. The assertion of this Personal character of God must be carefully and clearly distinguished by every reader who wishes to understand either "Modern Painters" or any of my more cautiously written subsequent books, from the statement of any Christian doctrine, as commonly accepted. I am always under the necessity of numbering with exactness, and frequently I can explain with sympathy, the articles of the Christian creed as it has been held by the various painters or writers of whose work I have to speak. But the religious faith on which my own art teaching is based never has been farther defined, nor have I wished to define it farther, than in the sentence beginning the theoretical part of "Modern Painters":—

"Man's use and purpose—and let the reader who will not grant me this, follow me no farther, for this I purpose always to assume—is to be the witness of the glory of God, and to advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness."

Nothing is here said of any tradition of Fall, or of any scheme of Redemption; nothing of Eternal Punishment, nothing of Immortal Life. It is assumed only that man can love and obey a living Spirit; and can be happy in the presence and guidance of a Personal Deity, otherwise than mollusc, a beetle, or a baboon.

But I will ask the reflective reader to note besides, that it is said to be the use of man to advance God's glory "by his obedience and happiness,"—not by lectures on the Divine wisdom, meant only to show his own. By his obedience, "reasonable," in submission to the Greater Being because He *is* the greater; not because we are as wise as He, and vouchsafe to approve His methods of creation. By our happiness, following on that obedience; not by any happiness snatched or filched out of disobedience; lighting our lives with lightning instead of sunshine—not blackening them with smoke in the day, instead of revealing God's night in its holiness.

Then, lastly, after the crowning of obedience, and fulfilment of joy, comes the joy of praise,—the "I will magnify

Thee, O God my *King*" of the hundred and forty-fifth Psalm;—the "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my *Saviour*," of the Magnificat— the "Bless ye the Lord" of the three Holy Children;— the "We praise thee, O Lord" of the Archangels with the Host of Heaven;—and in the hearts of all, the deep joy still in the Madonna's thought, For He hath regarded the lowliness—of His handmaiden,—of His Archangel, of His first-praying child;—and perfected praise on the lips of the Babe, as on the harp of David.

He hath regarded their *lowliness*. But not—their *vileness*! The horror and shame of the false Evangelical Religion is in its recommending its souls to God, not their humility, but their sin! Not because they cast their crowns before God's throne, but because they strewed the earth with their ashes.

All that is involved in these passionate utterances of youth was first expanded and then concentrated into the aphorism given twenty years afterwards in my inaugural Oxford lectures, "All great Art is Praise;" and on this aphorism, the yet bolder saying founded, "So far from Art's being immoral, in the ultimate power of it, nothing but Art is moral: Life without Industry is sin, and Industry without Art, brutality" (I forget the words, but that is the purport): and now, in writing beneath the cloudless peaks of the snows of Chamouni, what must be the really first words of the book which their beauty inspired and their strength guided, I am able, with yet happier and calmer heart than ever heretofore, to enforce its simplest assurance of Faith, that the knowledge of what is beautiful leads to God and is the first step, to the knowledge of the things which are lovely and of good report; and that the laws, the liberties and the joy of beauty in the material world of God, are eternal and sacred parts of His creation as, in the world of spirits, virtue; and in the world of angels, praise.

CHAMOUNI,

Sunday, September 16th, 1888.

ADDITIONAL NOTES TO VOL. V

PAGE 91.—“*The prettiest pine-glade in Chamouni.*”

Note 1.—The new road to Chamouni has been carried right through it. A cascade on the right, as you ascend, marks the place spoken of in the text,—once as lonely as *Errie-nan-shian*. (“*Frondes Agrestes*,” § 47, p. 120.)

Page 115.—“*The finest form you can give a heavy thing will not make it float in a light thing.*”

Note 2.—Compare the old note to § 6 (p. 117); but I did not, when I wrote it, enough reflect on the horrible buoyancy of smoke, nor did I know over what spaces volcanic ashes were diffusible. Will any of my scientific friends now state for me the approximate weight and bulk of a particle of dust of any solid substance, which would be buoyant in air of a given density? (“*Coeli Enarrant*,” 22.)

Page 164.—“*The law was given for a foundation; the grace (or mercy) and truth for fulfilment;—the whole forming the glorious Trinity of judgment, mercy, and truth.*”

Note 3.—A great deal of the presumption and narrowness caused by my having been bred in the Evangelical school, and which here fill me with shame and distress in re-reading “*Modern Painters*,” is, to my present mind, atoned for by the accurate thinking by which I broke my way through to the great truth expressed in this passage which all my later writings, without exception, have been directed to maintain and illustrate. (“*Frondes Agrestes*,” 176, p. 151.)

Page 345.—“*The Hesperid Æglé.*”

Note 4.—The Hesperid Æglé, from whom this chapter is named, was the daughter of Æsculapius by one of the daughters of the sun. She is the healing power of living light. (“Turner Notes,” 1878.)

Page 358.—“*Neither speculative nor productive.*”

Note 5.—“Mechanically” always to be understood; the produce of the earth for daily bread being always gleaned and stored to its last grain. (“Turner Notes,” 1878.)

Page 359.—“Can *inherit* anything.”

Page 360.—“*Every nation which desires to ennoble itself . . . no difficulty in obtaining it.*” [In italics.]

Page 366.—“*That they are nearly all made for the sake of some record of human power.*” [In italics.]

Note 6.—“These italics are put to mark what I wish especially to be noticed. I would not use them in my first text, which I intended to be read as a whole with equal attention. But the then supplementary notes are now of so much more importance to the general public than the text, that I print them in the same type (“Turner Notes,” 1878).”

THE END

The Popular Ruskin

Without Indices

MODERN PAINTERS

Pott 8vo, Gilt Top, Monogram on side

CLOTH	1/-	} Net per volume
LEATHER	1/6	

Volumes I. II. & VI. (Index).

CLOTH	1/6	} Net per volume
LEATHER	2/-	

Volumes III. IV. & V.

With the 315 Illustrations

THE STONES OF VENICE

With the 173 Illustrations. In 3 volumes

THE SEVEN LAMPS OF

ARCHITECTURE

With the 14 Illustrations. One volume

LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN

156 CHARING CROSS ROAD

The Popular Ruskin

Without Indices

Pott 8vo, cloth, gilt top, monogram on side, 1/- each net
Leather limp, 1/6 each net

SESAME AND LILIES. Two Lectures. With
Preface. 110th Thousand, in Original Form.

UNTO THIS LAST. Four Essays on Political
Economy. With Preface. 72nd Thousand.

FRONDES AGRESTES. Readings in "Modern
Painters." 54th Thousand.

TIME AND TIDE. On Laws of Work. 36th
Thousand.

THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE. Essays on
Work, Traffic, War, &c. 80th Thousand.

A JOY FOR EVER. On the Political Economy
of Art. 35th Thousand.

THE TWO PATHS. On Decoration and Manu-
facture. 36th Thousand.

THE QUEEN OF THE AIR. A Study of Greek
Myths. 32nd Thousand.

THE ETHICS OF THE DUST. On the Ele-
ments of Crystallisation. 39th Thousand.

*This Edition, containing the
Author's revision and latest
additions, will not be out of
Copyright for many years.*

LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN

156 CHARING CROSS ROAD

5314





by acci
in the :
on its
sion to
sail is
and if
will ha
on the
wears,
dress.

Ever
separ
more
into
is p
best
men
pleto
mer

I

1

p. 2